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THE EUTERPEAN

KG 767

2nd

THE EUTERPEAN.

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF POPULAR CHORUSES, QUARTETS AND PART-SONGS, DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF HIGH SCHOOLS, ACADEMIES, SEMINARIES, GRAMMAR SCHOOLS, CHORAL SOCIETIES, SINGING CLUBS, etc., etc.

COMPRISING

I. CHORUSES AND PART SONGS.

II. NATIONAL AND PATRIOTIC SONGS.

III. SELECTED HYMNS AND TUNES.

SELECTED, COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY

JOHN W. TUFTS.

Editor and Joint Author of the "Normal Music Course," by John W. Tufts and H. E. Holt — comprising Music Readers, Charts, and Supplementary Publications for every grade of School and Class Instruction in Vocal Music.

SILVER, BURDETT & CO., PUBLISHERS.

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F. H. GILSON, MUSIC TYPOGRAPHER, BOSTON.

PRESSWORK BY BERWICK & SMITH, BOSTON, MASS.

PREFACE.

IN the preparation of the EUTERPEAN, the editor has had in mind the needs of Classes and Choruses where the practice of vocal music is rather for recreation than for systematic and progressive drill in reading music, and where possibly there has not been sufficient previous study of the elements of vocal music to serve as a preparation for the reading at sight of the more difficult compositions in the best musical literature.

In order to form a better judgment of the needs of this class of singers, the editor has learned, by personal intercourse and correspondence, the views of a large number of the most successful teachers and directors of music throughout the country. From the mass of material suggested to him, he has endeavored to compile a book which shall present compositions that are attractive and, at the same time, of real musical value. To do this in the best manner, such arrangements have been made as will bring these compositions within the capacity of all singers and all voices. In order to sustain a full vocal harmony where few tenors are to be found, and those of low range, the altos are frequently called upon to sing the tenor notes, and in some selections the tenor melody is duplicated in the alto part.

While seeking to furnish selections of a somewhat popular character, there has been an endeavor to establish a standard that shall lead to the best compositions of acknowledged masters; as will be seen from the index.

Though primarily intended as an assistance to teachers of the Normal Music Course, the EUTERPEAN is not necessarily a part of the series, its educational value not being dependent upon special skill in *sight-reading* which the progressive methods and practice of that Course throughout the various preparatory steps so readily impart. It may, therefore, be used with satisfaction and profit by schools and choruses where other systems of elementary music instruction are followed, or where no such instruction is regularly given.

Schools and choruses using this volume, and desiring material for elementary instruction in vocal music, will find all needed helps of this kind in the several Readers and Charts of the Normal Music Course, by JOHN W. TUFTS and H. E. HOLT.

PREFACE.

It is believed that here will be found a valuable contribution to the repertory of Musical Clubs and Societies, and such will be amply repaid for the study required in learning the varied compositions.

To add further to the interest of the work, instrumental accompaniments have been arranged that are within the ability of ordinary players.

The addition of accompaniments and some longer compositions has somewhat diminished the number of selections, yet it is believed that these will be sufficient for all purposes, and the presentation of these works in their integrity will be a source of practical and profitable study.

Part I. comprises choruses, glees, and part songs, with other and somewhat peculiar vocal combinations. These will prove interesting to students, and will furnish work for choruses, quartets, and smaller groups of singers.

Part II. contains a collection of patriotic and national songs, suitable for festivals and public occasions.

Part III. consists of a choice collection of the best hymns and tunes, carefully selected for devotional exercises in school. The intention has been to give strong and characteristic hymns and melodies rather than a reproduction of those that are familiar and to be found in almost every book. A few of the old are retained for special use.

The editor would return his thanks to the many teachers and friends who have so kindly furnished suggestions in regard to voices and music, and he trusts that they will find here such material as will best meet their wants.

JOHN W. TUFTS.

BOSTON, November, 1888.

PART SONGS AND CHORUSES.

PART I.

No. 1. THE LARK.

JOHN L. HATTON, arr.

Allegro leggiero.

p 1ST & 2ND SOPRANO.

1. The grass is wet with shin - ing dews, Their sil - ver bells hang on each tree; While
2. Come, come, oh come, and may-dews shake In pail - fuls from each droop-ing bough; They

ALTO.

1. The grass is wet with shin - ing dews, Their sil - ver bells hang on each tree; While
2. Come, come, oh come, and may-dews shake In pail - fuls from each droop-ing bough; They

p BASS.

cres. *f*

op' - ning flowers Breathe in - cense forth un - ceas - ing - ly, breathe
give fresh lus - tre That breaks up - on thy young cheek now, that

cres. *f*

op' - ning flowers and burst - ing bud Breathe in - cense forth, breathe
to the bloom That breaks up - on, that

in - cense forth un-ceas-ing - ly; The mav - is pipes . . . . . The thros-tle glads
breaks up - on thy young cheek now. O'er hill and dale, ... Au - ro - ra's smiles
in greenwood shade, the
o'er waste and wood, are

p

in - cense forth un- ceas -ing - ly; in greenwood shade, the
breaks up - on thy young cheek now. o'er waste and wood, are

cres. *f*

. . . . . And mer - ri - ly the blithesome lark Sa - lutes the ro - sy face of
. . . . . With earth it is brave hol - i - day, In heaven it looks high ju - bi -
spreading thorn,
streaming free;

cres. *f*

spreading thorn, Sa - lutes the ro - sy face of
streaming free; In heaven it looks high ju - bi -

the lark sa - lutes the ro - sy face of
hol - i - day In heaven it looks high ju - bi -

p

morn. 'Tis ear - ly prime, And hark, hark, hark, His mer - ry chime, chir-rups the lark,
lee; And it is right, For mark, mark, mark, How, bathed in light, chir-rups the lark,

p

morn. 'Tis ear - ly prime, And hark, hark, hark, His mer - ry chime, chir-rups the lark,
lee; And it is right, For mark, mark, mark, How, bathed in light, chir-rups the lark,

morn.
lee;

mf *cres.* *ff* *rit.* *rall.*

Chir-rup, chir-rup, he her - alds in The jol - ly sun with mat - in hymn.
Chir-rup, chir-rup, he up - ward flies, Like ho - ly thoughts to cloud - less skies.

mf *cres.* *ff* *rit.* *rall.*

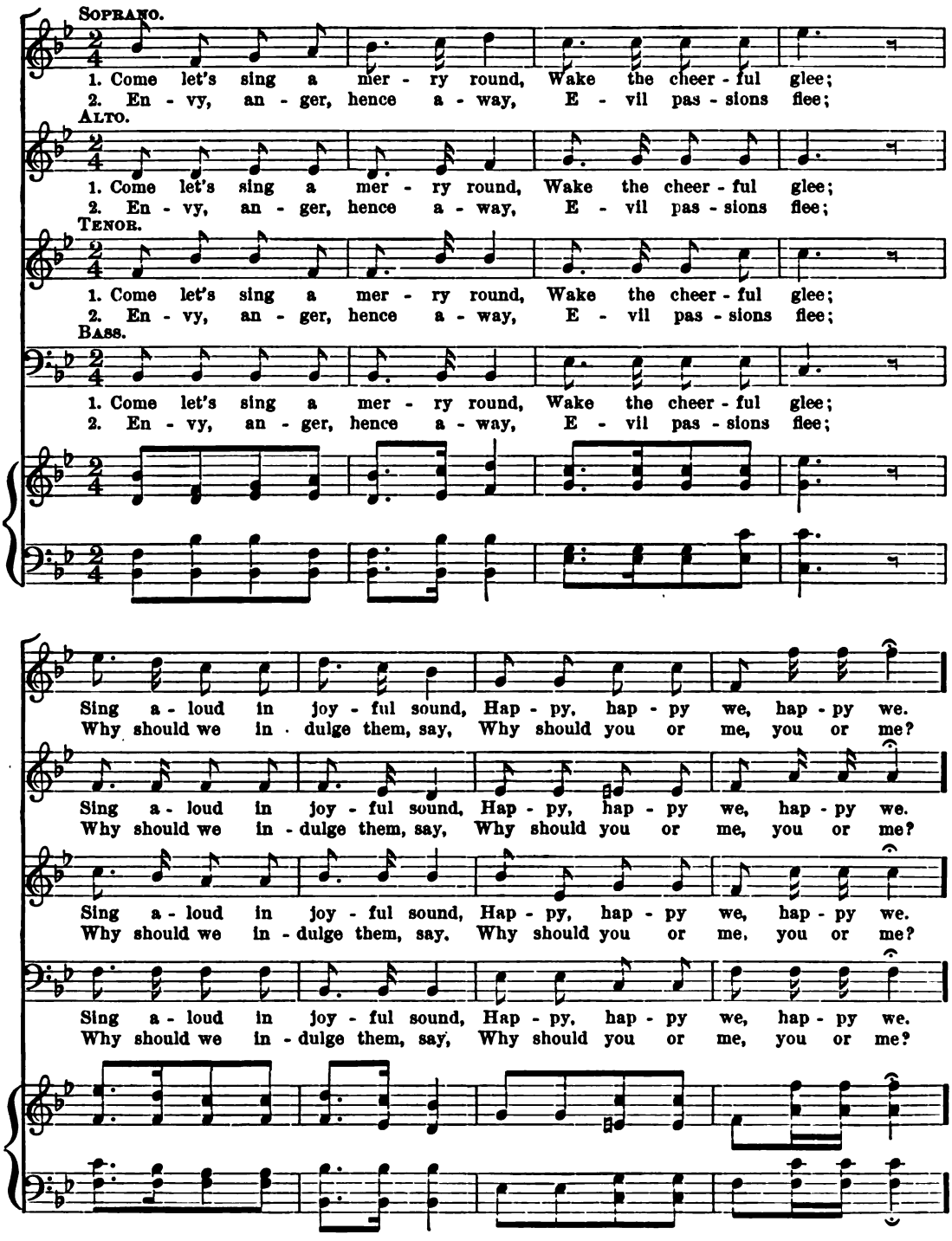
Chir-rup, chir-rup, he her - alds in The jol - ly sun with mat - in hymn.
Chir-rup, chir-rup, he up - ward flies, Like ho - ly thoughts to cloud - less skies.

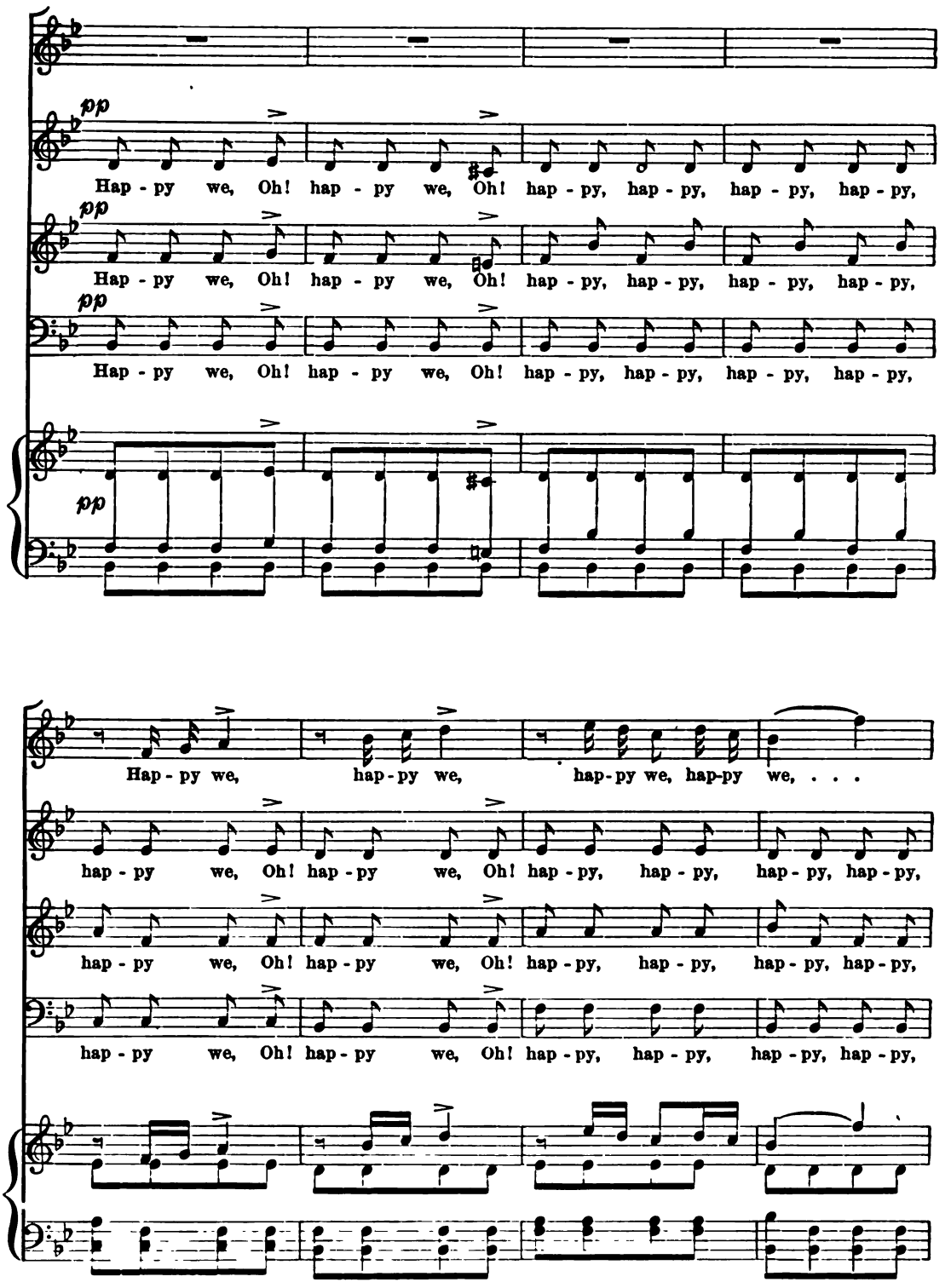
MOTHERWELL.

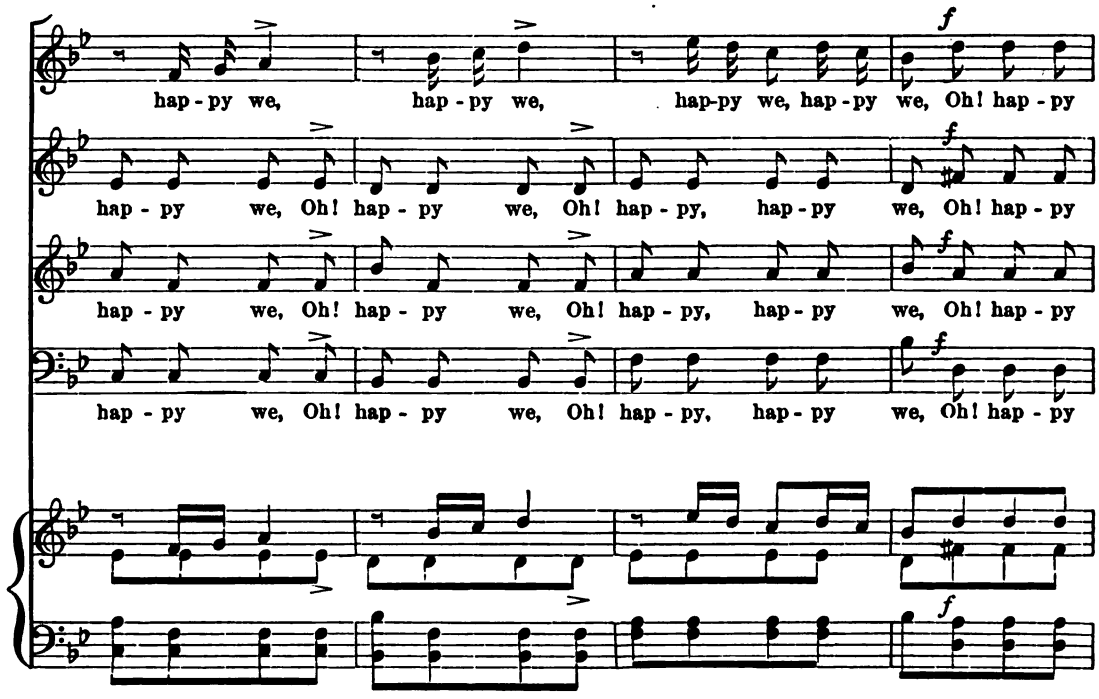
NO. 2. COME LET'S SING A MERRY ROUND.

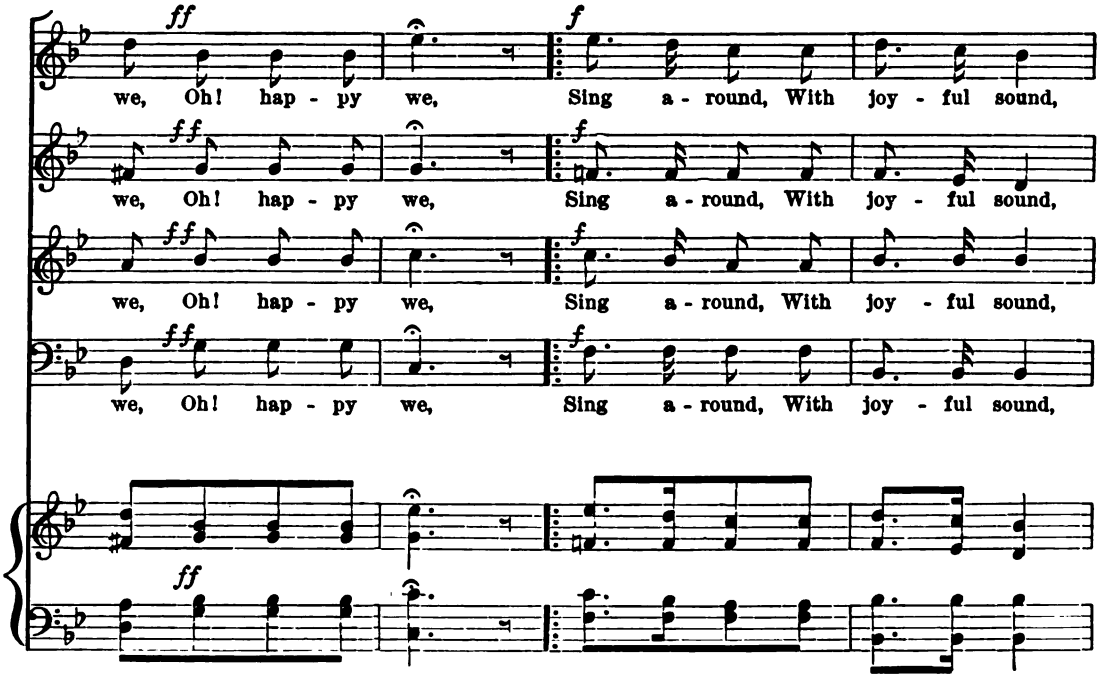
FOUR-PART SONG.

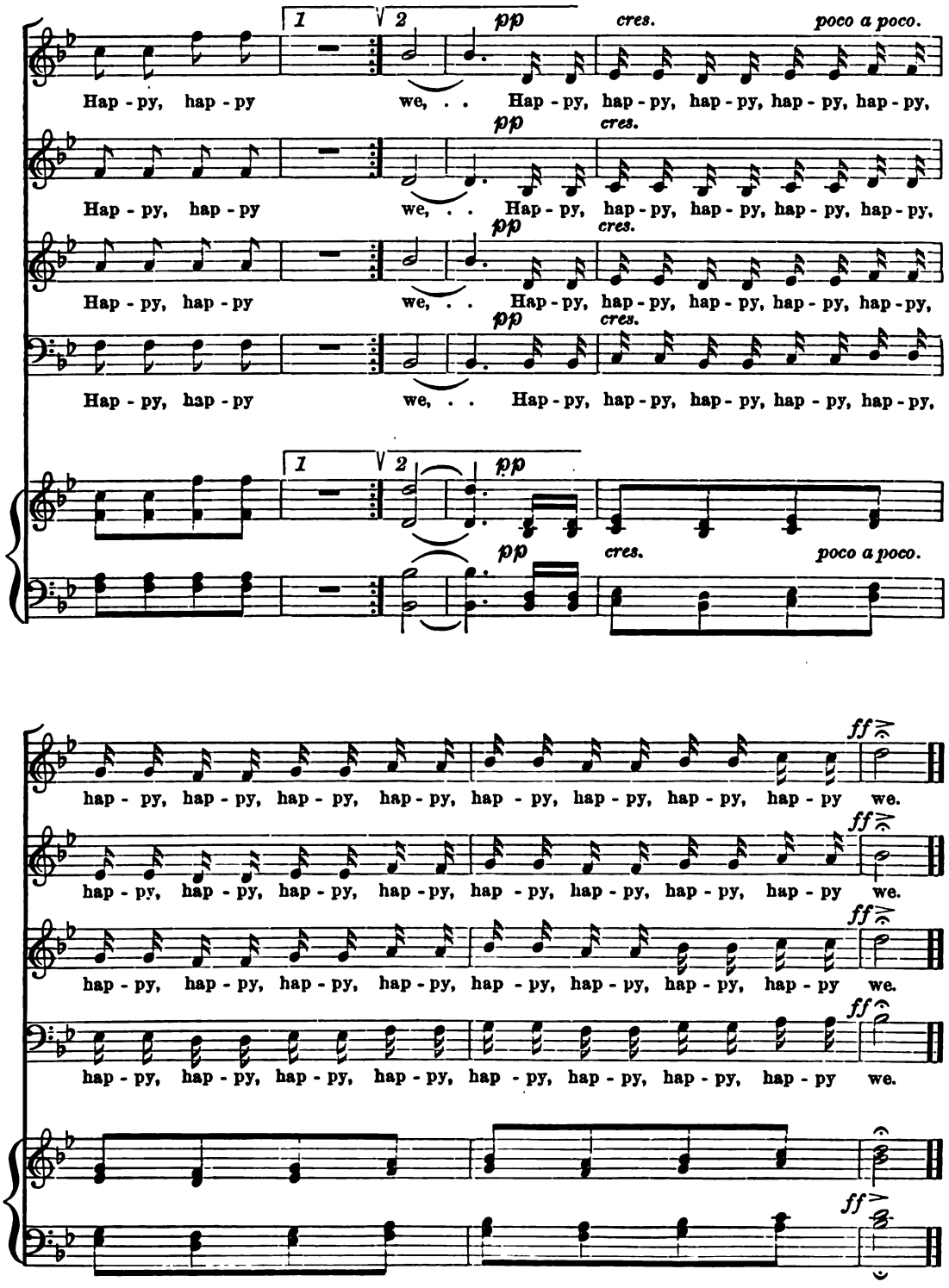
From MARSCHNER.




pp
Hap - py we, Oh! hap - py we, Oh! hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py,
pp
Hap - py we, Oh! hap - py we, Oh! hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py,
pp
Hap - py we, Oh! hap - py we, Oh! hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py,
pp
Hap - py we, hap - py we, hap - py we, hap - py we, . . .
hap - py we, Oh! hap - py we, Oh! hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py,
hap - py we, Oh! hap - py we, Oh! hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py,
hap - py we, Oh! hap - py we, Oh! hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py,


hap - py we, hap - py we, hap-py we, hap - py we, Oh! hap - py
hap - py we, Oh! hap - py we, Oh! hap - py, hap - py we, Oh! hap - py
hap - py we, Oh! hap - py we, Oh! hap - py, hap - py we, Oh! hap - py
hap - py we, Oh! hap - py we, Oh! hap - py, hap - py we, Oh! hap - py


we, Oh! hap - py we, Sing a - round, With joy - ful sound,
we, Oh! hap - py we, Sing a - round, With joy - ful sound,
we, Oh! hap - py we, Sing a - round, With joy - ful sound,
we, Oh! hap - py we, Sing a - round, With joy - ful sound,


1
2
pp
cres.
poco a poco.
Hap - py, hap - py we, . . Hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py,
Hap - py, hap - py we, . . Hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py,
Hap - py, hap - py we, . . Hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py,
Hap - py, hap - py we, . . Hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py,
hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py we.
ff

No. 3. JACK FROST.

Allegro. mf

Arr. from A. R. Gaul.

1st Soprano.

1. Jack Frost set out on a jour - ney From regions across the sea, And he
2. Jack Frost was real - ly good-na-tur'd, Tho' looking so cold and grim, And
3. Jack Frost soon end - ed his so - journ, And flew to a far - off land; But his

2nd Soprano.

1. Jack Frost went on a jour - ney, on a jour - ney, 'cross the sea,
2. Jack Frost good-na - tur'd was, good-natur'd was, Tho' look-ing grim,
3. Jack Frost soon end - ed his sojourn, And flew to a far land;

Alto.

1. Jack Frost went on a jour - ney, on a jour - ney, 'cross the sea, And he
2. Jack Frost good-na - tur'd was, good-natur'd was, Tho' look-ing grim, And
3. Jack Frost soon end - ed his sojourn, And flew to a far land: But his

Bass.

the sea,
cold and grim.
And flew, and flew to a far land

Piano. *mf* *p*

f

nev - er stay'd, or his steps de - lay'd, A trav - el - ler swift was he, He
none ev - er yet a trav - 'ler met Who'd en - ter Love's lists with him! He
stay, tho' short, to - geth-er had bro't Full ma - ny a warm young hand. And

was he, ...
with him, . . .
And maid - -

nev - er stay'd, or his steps de - lay'd, A trav - el - ler swift was he, He
none ev - er yet a trav - 'ler met Who'd en - ter Love's lists with him! He
stay, tho' short, to - geth-er had bro't Full ma - ny a warm young hand. And

f

cres.

start - led the scent - ed zeph - yr, And fright-en'd the purl - ing brook; Straight a -
answered to wishes un - spo - ken, And cov - er'd the streams with ice, Till each
maid - ens and youths now won-der, How hearts were so quick - ly lost? And

start - led the scent - ed zeph - yr, Straight a -
answered to wishes un - spo - ken, Till each
- - - ens and youths now won - der, And

start - led the scent - ed zeph - yr, And fright-en'd the purl - ing brook; Straight a -
answered to wishes un - spo - ken, And cov - er'd the streams with ice, Till each
maid - ens and youths now won - der, How hearts were so quick - ly lost? And

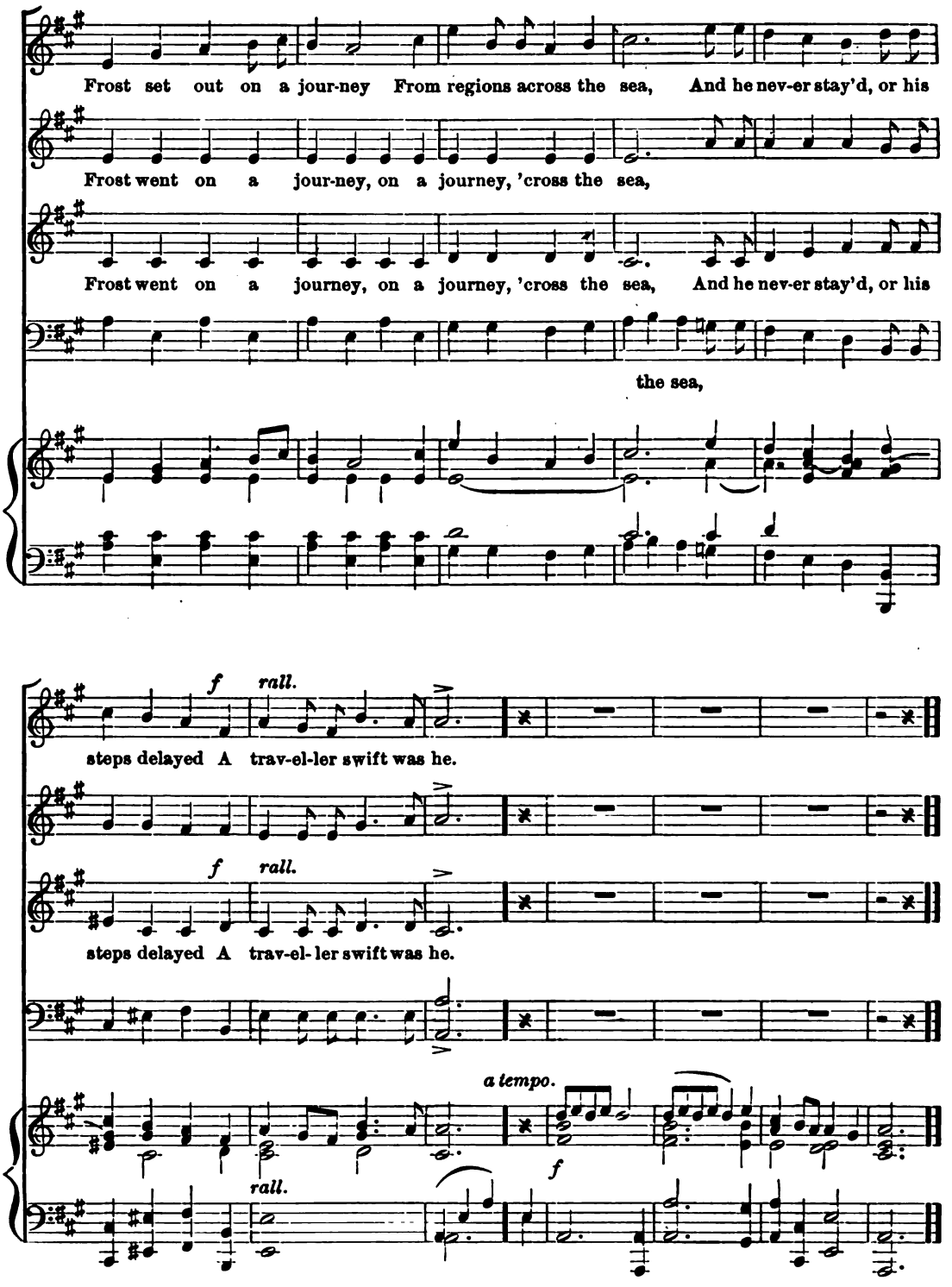
cres.

rall. *mf a tempo.*

head he went on his work in - tent, And grim was his ev - 'ry look. Jack
youth and maid, of ev - 'ry grade, Vowed deep that his ways were nice. Jack
ech - o re-plies, "The se - cret all lies With one, and his name's Jack Frost!" Jack

head he . . went, And grim his . . look. Jack
youth and . . maid Vow'd deep his ways were nice. Jack
ech - o re - plies, "All lies with Jack Frost!" Jack

head he . . went, And grim his . . look. Jack
youth and . . maid Vow'd deep his ways were nice. Jack
ech - o re - plies, "All lies with Jack Frost!" Jack


Frost set out on a jour-ney From regions across the sea, And he nev-er stay'd, or his
Frost went on a jour-ney, on a journey, 'cross the sea,
Frost went on a journey, on a journey, 'cross the sea, And he nev-er stay'd, or his
the sea,
f
rall.
steps delayed A trav-el-ler swift was he.
f
rall.
steps delayed A trav-el-ler swift was he.
a tempo.
f
rall.

No. 4. See Our Oars with Feather'd Spray.

GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES.

Sir John Stevenson.

Andante scherzando.

Piano. *p*

1st Soprano.

See our oars with fea- ther'd spray, Spar - kle in the beam of day;

2nd Soprano.

See our oars with fea- ther'd spray, Spar - kle in the beam of day;

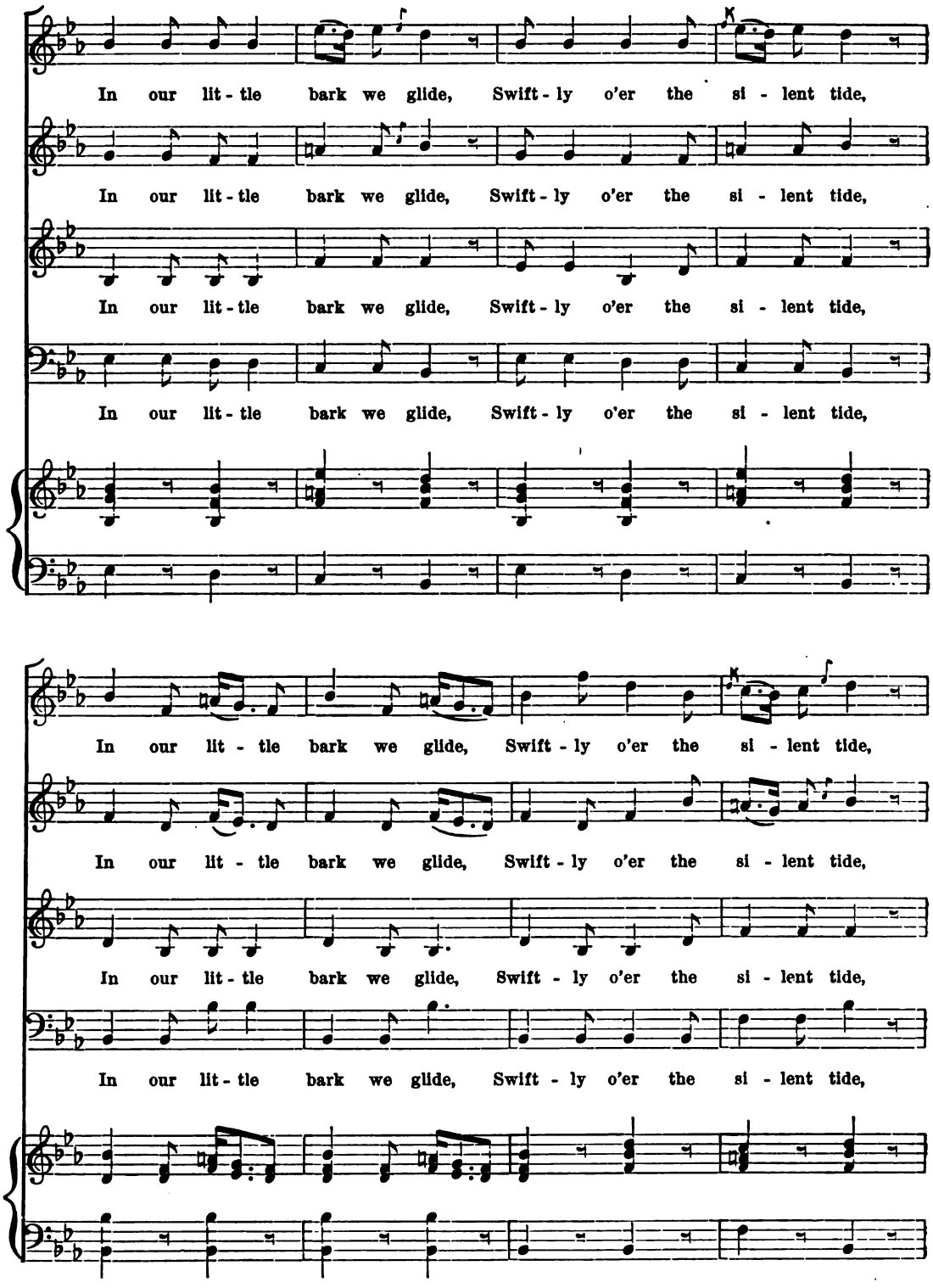
Alto.

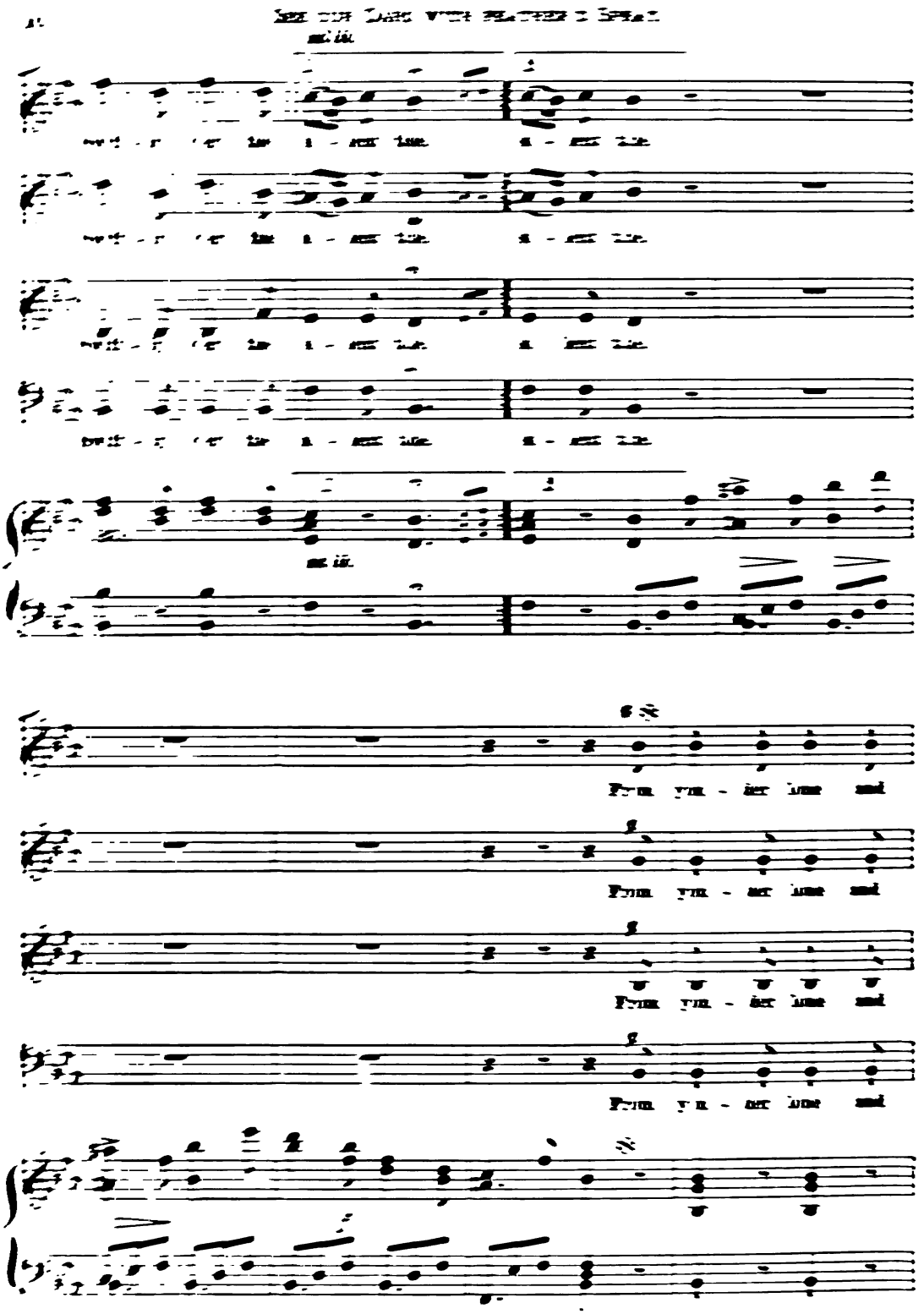
See our oars with fea- ther'd spray, Spar - kle in the beam of day;

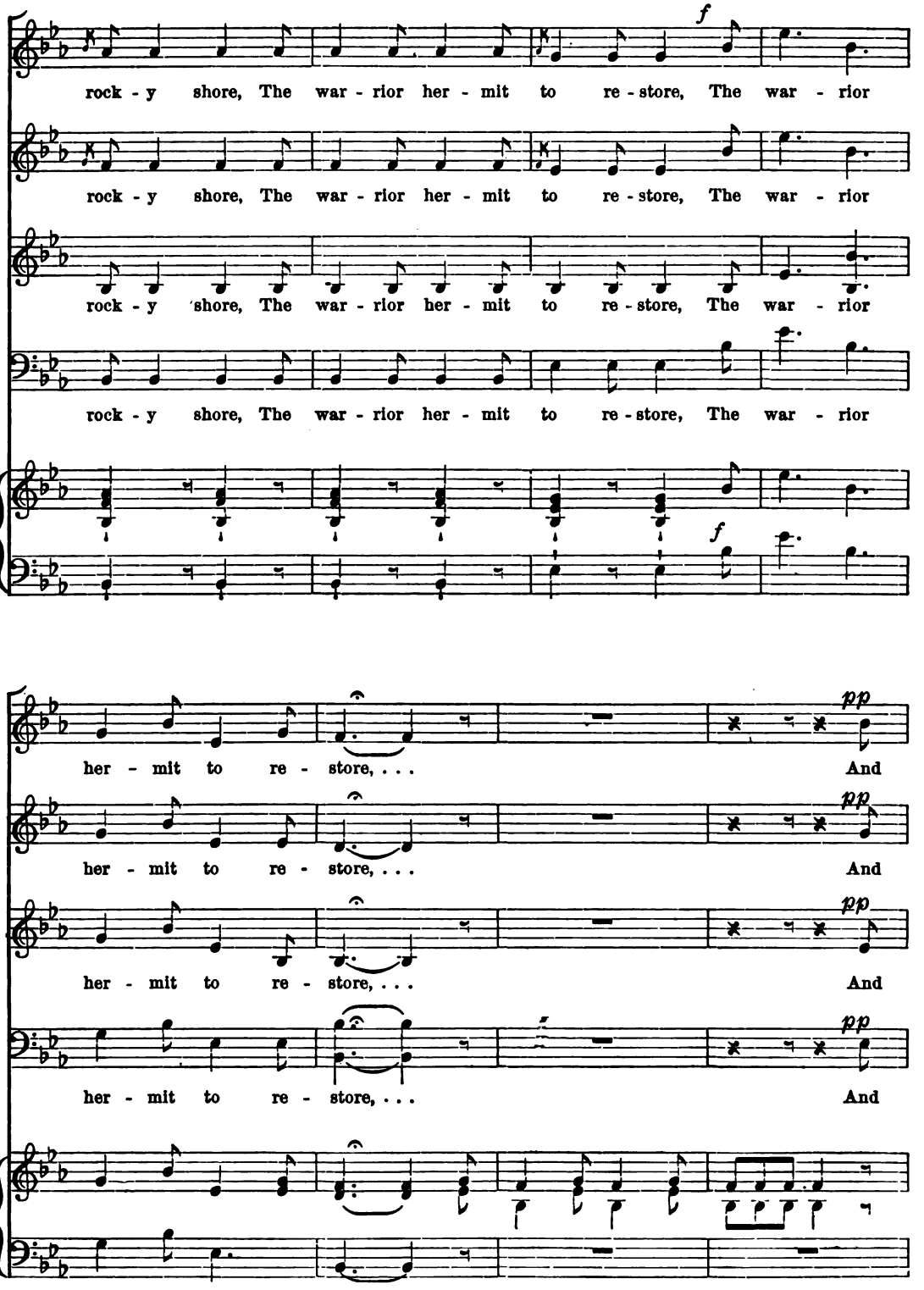
Bass.

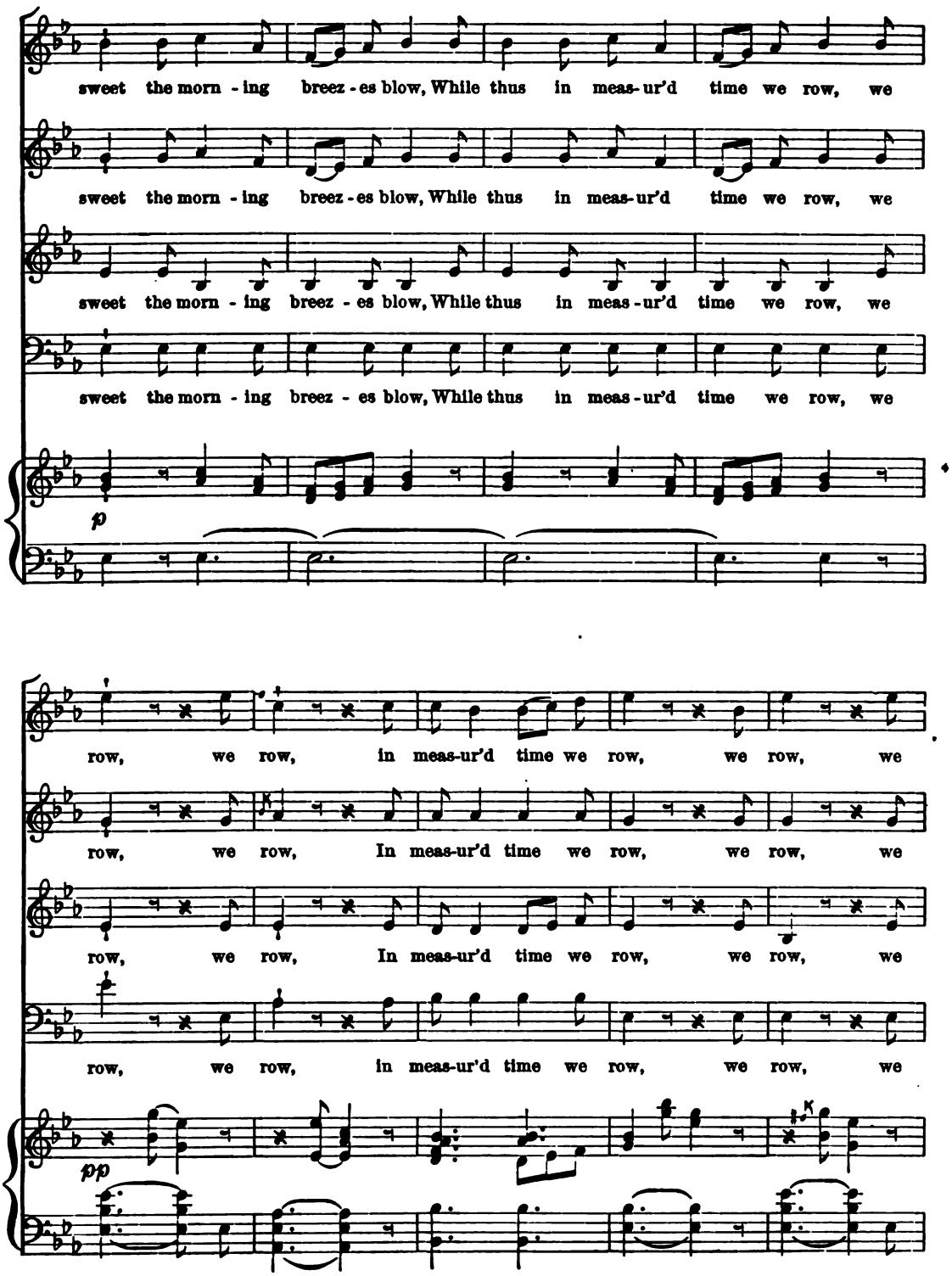
See our oars with fea- ther'd spray, Spar - kle in the beam of day;

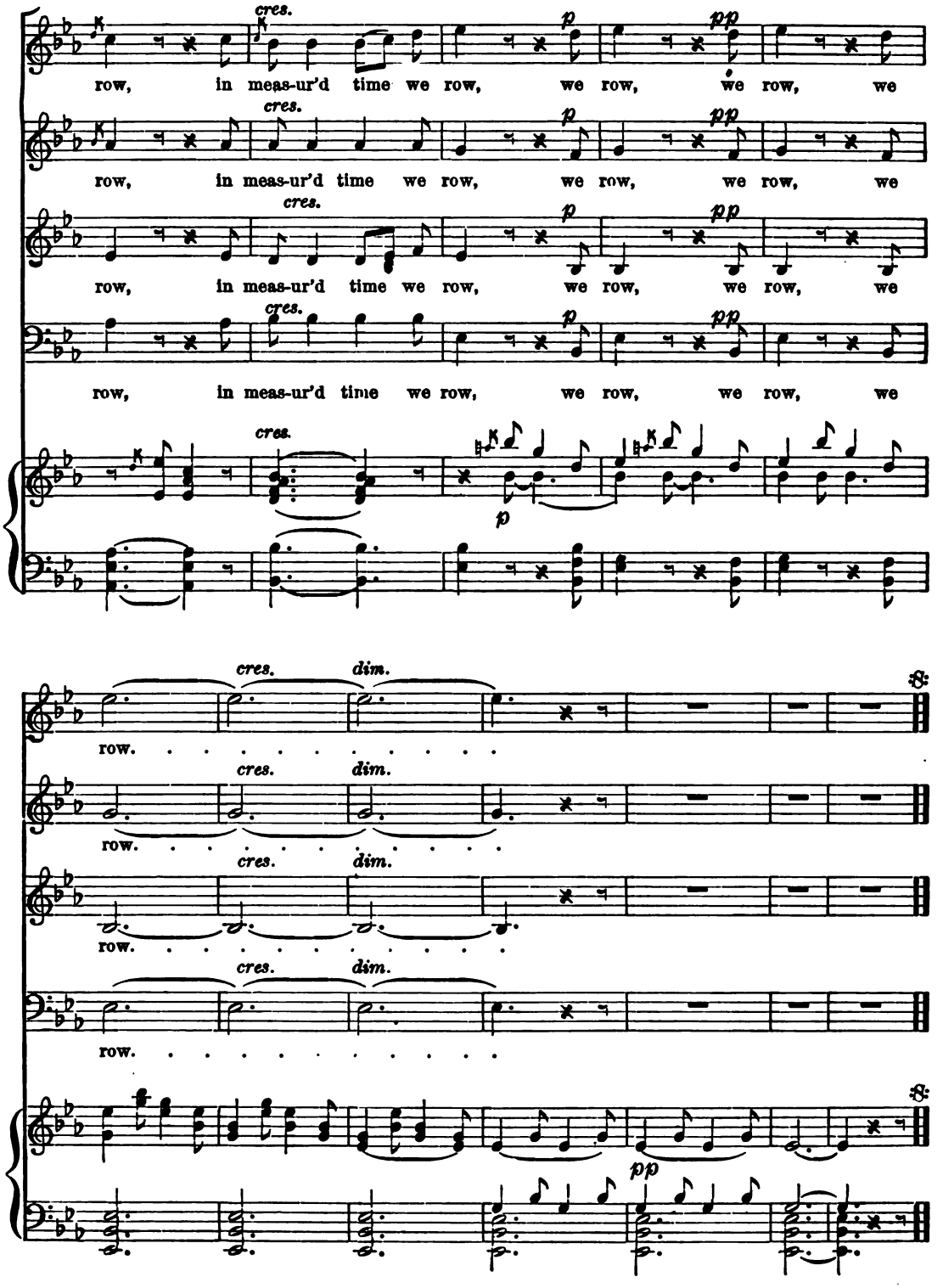
(6 pp.)


In our lit - tle bark we glide, Swift - ly o'er the si - lent tide,
In our lit - tle bark we glide, Swift - ly o'er the si - lent tide,
In our lit - tle bark we glide, Swift - ly o'er the si - lent tide,
In our lit - tle bark we glide, Swift - ly o'er the si - lent tide,
In our lit - tle bark we glide, Swift - ly o'er the si - lent tide,
In our lit - tle bark we glide, Swift - ly o'er the si - lent tide,
In our lit - tle bark we glide, Swift - ly o'er the si - lent tide,
In our lit - tle bark we glide, Swift - ly o'er the si - lent tide,
In our lit - tle bark we glide, Swift - ly o'er the si - lent tide,




f
rock - y shore, The war - rior her - mit to re - store, The war - rior
rock - y shore, The war - rior her - mit to re - store, The war - rior
rock - y shore, The war - rior her - mit to re - store, The war - rior
rock - y shore, The war - rior her - mit to re - store, The war - rior
f
her - mit to re - store, . . . And
her - mit to re - store, . . . And
her - mit to re - store, . . . And
her - mit to re - store, . . . And
pp


sweet the morn - ing breez - es blow, While thus in meas-ur'd time we row, we
sweet the morn - ing breez - es blow, While thus in meas-ur'd time we row, we
sweet the morn - ing breez - es blow, While thus in meas-ur'd time we row, we
sweet the morn - ing breez - es blow, While thus in meas-ur'd time we row, we
p
row, we row, in meas-ur'd time we row, we row, we
row, we row, In meas-ur'd time we row, we row, we
row, we row, In meas-ur'd time we row, we row, we
row, we row, in meas-ur'd time we row, we row, we
pp


cres.
p
pp
row, in meas-ur'd time we row, we row, we row, we
cres.
p
pp
row, in meas-ur'd time we row, we row, we row, we
cres.
p
pp
row, in meas-ur'd time we row, we row, we row, we
cres.
p
pp
row, in meas-ur'd time we row, we row, we row, we
cres.
p
cres.
dim.
row. . . . . .
cres.
dim.
row. . . . . .
cres.
dim.
row. . . . . .
cres.
dim.
row. . . . . .
pp

No. 5. HEDGE ROSES.

Arr. from Schubert.

Con tenerezza.

1st & 2nd Soprano.

1. On his way a boy es - pied Pret - ty blush - ing ros - es,
2. Thus, he speaks, I gath - er thee, Gay - est of the ros - es,

Alto.

3. Still the rude boy pulls a - way This fair queen of ros - es,

Bass.

Fresh and bright, the hedgerow's pride; To ad - mire he turns a - side, And to pluck pro -
Rose says; bet - ter let me be, Or you will get stung by me, Then her spikes dis -

With a wound he has to pay, But in vain the rose does pray, Him in vain op -

ritard. *a tempo.*

pos - es. Ros - es, ros - es, ros - es red, Pret - ty blush-ing ros - es.
clos - es. Ros - es, ros - es, ros - es red, Pret - ty blush-ing ros - es.

pos - es. Ros - es, ros - es, ros - es red, Pret - ty blush-ing ros - es.

Goethe.

NO. 6. THE POSTILLION.

J. L. MOLLOY, arr. by L. T. WADE.

Vivace.

f *p* *f*

1. The night is late, we dare not wait, The winds be - gin to blow, An'
2. Oh, I've a wife in Bris - tol town, A wife an' chil-dren three, An'

ere we gain the hol-low plain, There'll be a storm I trow, . . An' as we pass the
they are sleep - in' safe an' soun', But she keeps watch for me; . . . An' who would quake, the

Beggar's tree, Look out'n the dark, look out; . . The phantom horse-man you will see, He'll
road to take, With such a prize in store, . . Tho' rav - ens croak on Hangman's oak An' a

cres.

start - led the scent - ed zeph - yr, And fright-en'd the purl - ing brook; Straight a -
answered to wishes un - spo - ken, And cov - er'd the streams with ice, Till each
maid - ens and youths now won-der, How hearts were so quick - ly lost? And

start - led the scent - ed zeph - yr, Straight a -
answered to wishes un - spo - ken, Till each
- - - ens and youths now won - der, And

start - led the scent - ed zeph - yr, And fright-en'd the purl - ing brook; Straight a -
answered to wishes un - spo - ken, And cov - er'd the streams with ice, Till each
maid - ens and youths now won - der, How hearts were so quick - ly lost? And

cres.

rall. *mf a tempo.*

head he went on his work in - tent, And grim was his ev - 'ry look. Jack
youth and maid, of ev - 'ry grade, Vowed deep that his ways were nice. Jack
ech - o re-plies, "The se - cret all lies With one, and his name's Jack Frost!" Jack

head he . . went, And grim his . . look. Jack
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ech - o re - plies, "All lies with Jack Frost!" Jack

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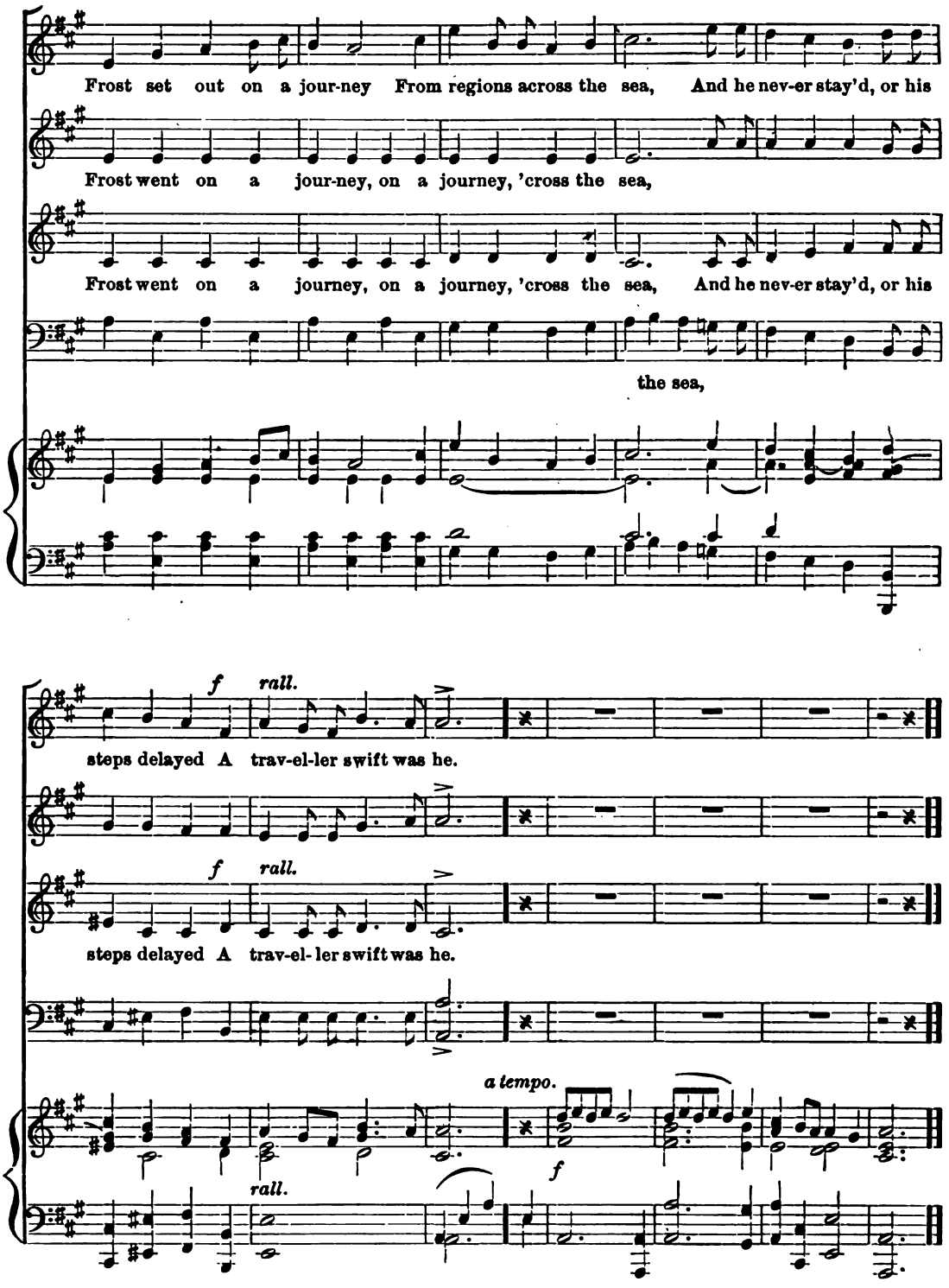
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Frost went on a jour-ney, on a journey, 'cross the sea,
Frost went on a journey, on a journey, 'cross the sea, And he nev-er stay'd, or his
the sea,
f
rall.
steps delayed A trav-el-ler swift was he.
f
rall.
steps delayed A trav-el-ler swift was he.
a tempo.
f
rall.

No. 4. See Our Oars with Feather'd Spray.

GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES.

Sir John Stevenson.

Andante scherzando.

Piano. *p*

1st Soprano.

See our oars with fea-ther'd spray, Spar-kle in the beam of day;

2nd Soprano.

See our oars with fea-ther'd spray, Spar-kle in the beam of day;

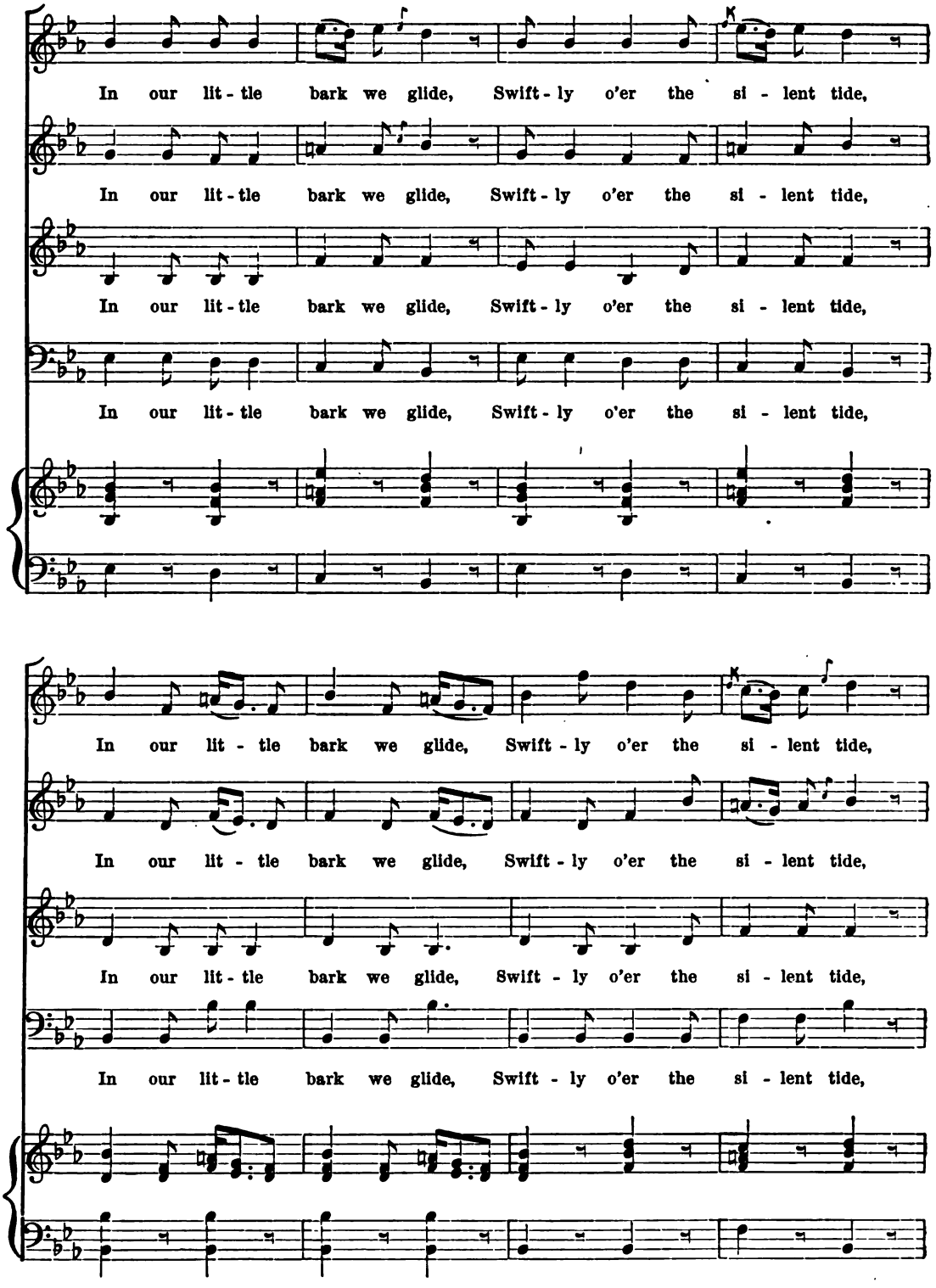
Alto.

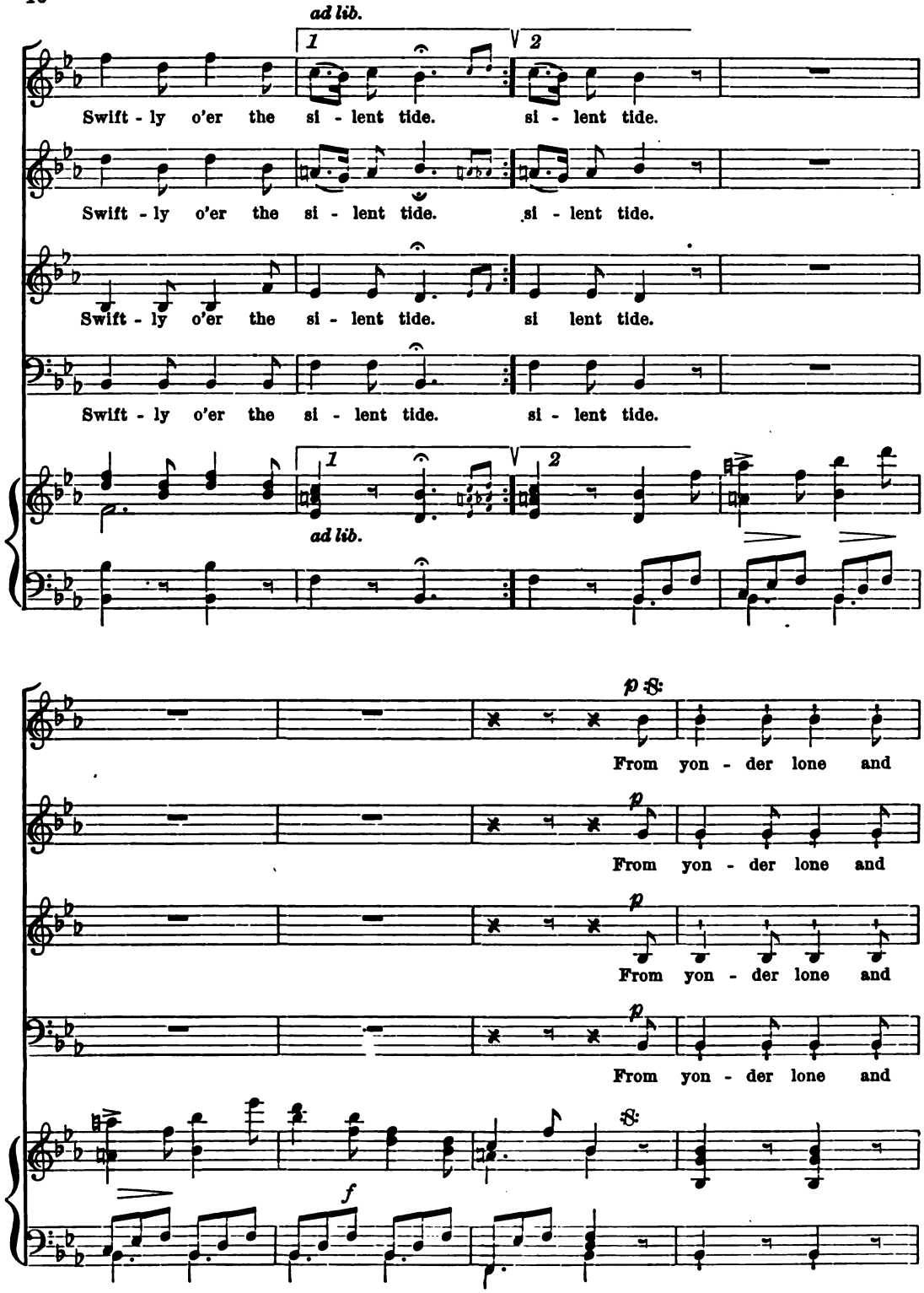
See our oars with fea-ther'd spray, Spar-kle in the beam of day;

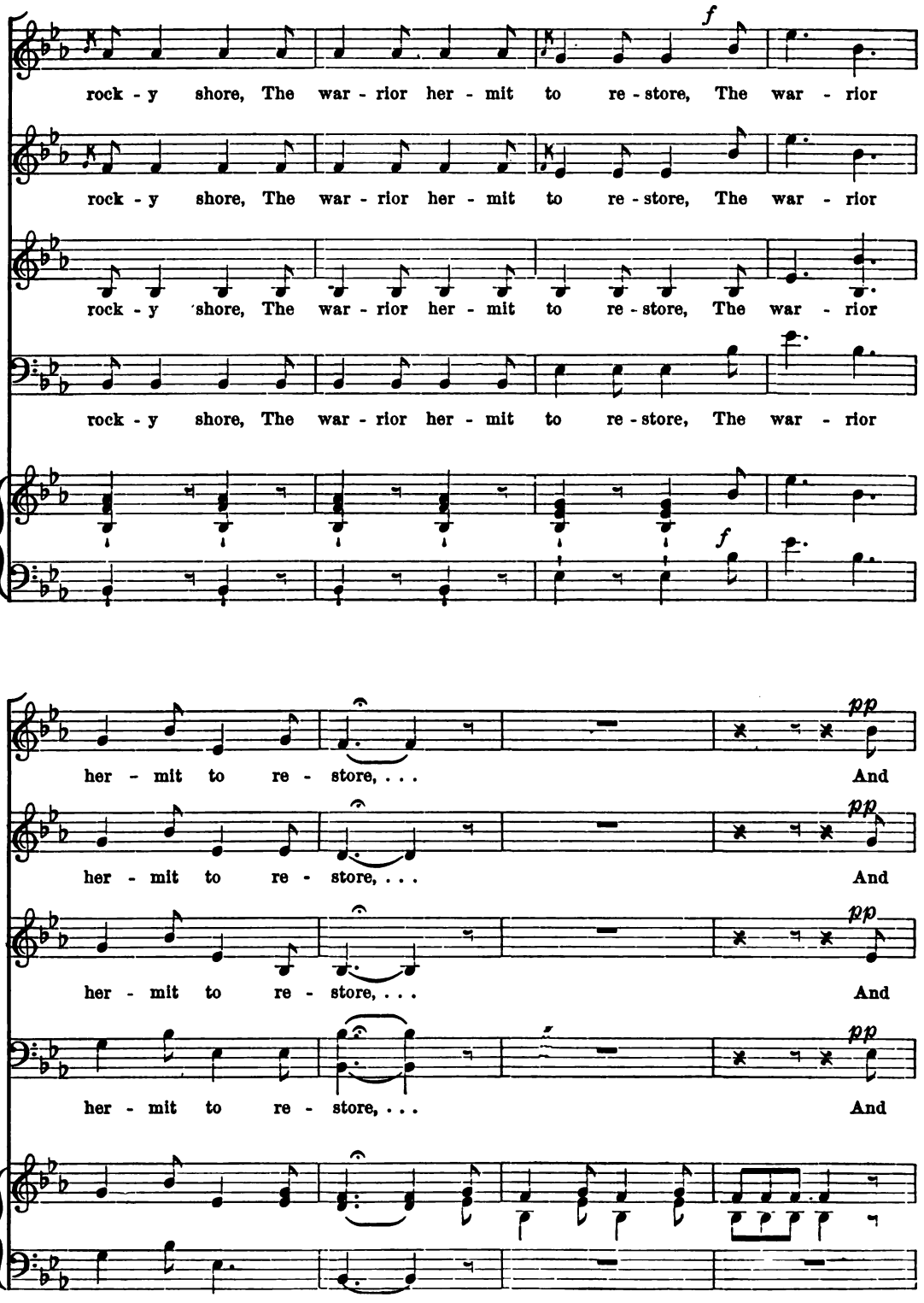
Bass.

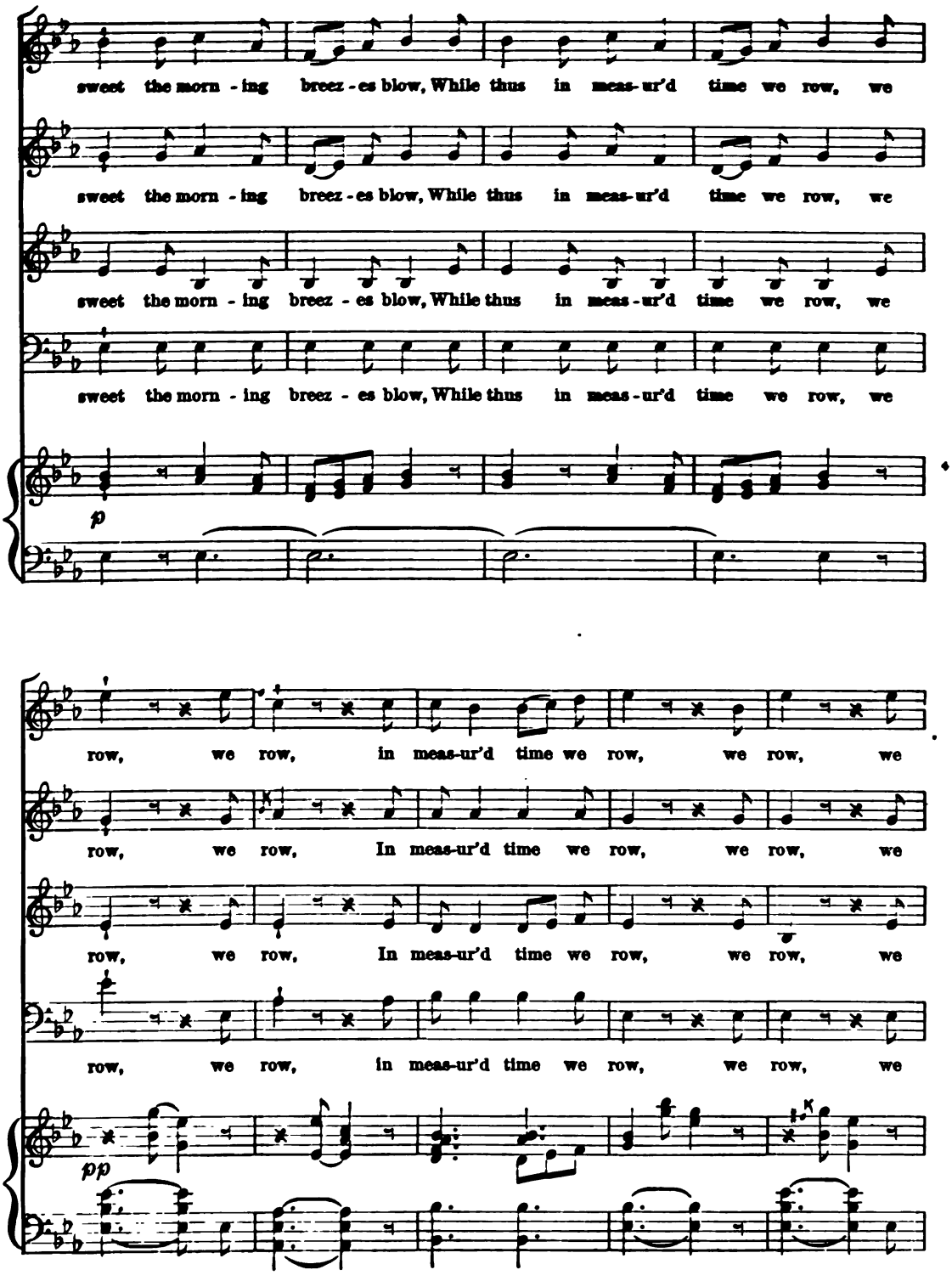
See our oars with fea-ther'd spray, Spar-kle in the beam of day;

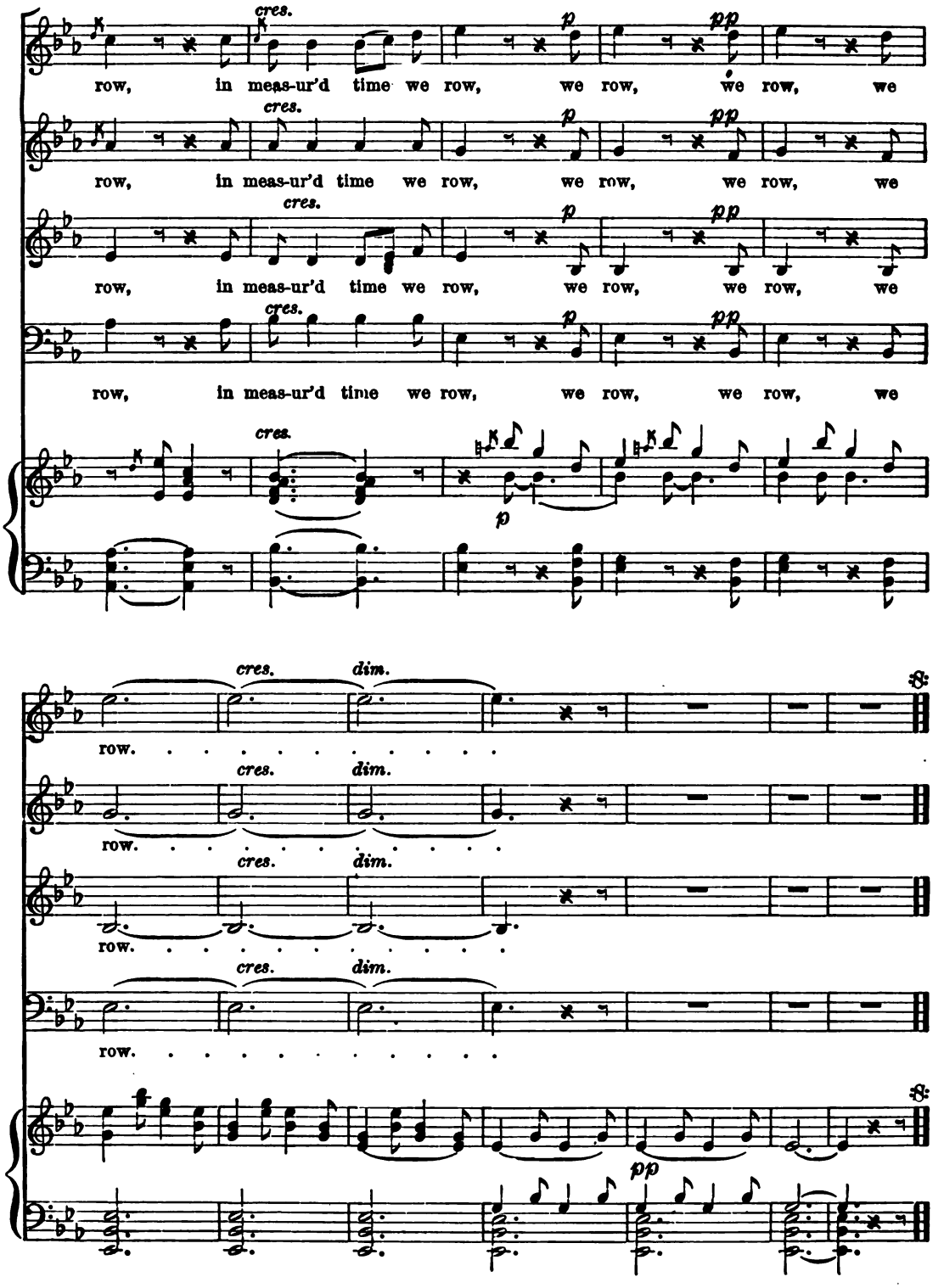
(6 pp.)


In our lit - tle bark we glide, Swift - ly o'er the si - lent tide,
In our lit - tle bark we glide, Swift - ly o'er the si - lent tide,
In our lit - tle bark we glide, Swift - ly o'er the si - lent tide,
In our lit - tle bark we glide, Swift - ly o'er the si - lent tide,
In our lit - tle bark we glide, Swift - ly o'er the si - lent tide,
In our lit - tle bark we glide, Swift - ly o'er the si - lent tide,
In our lit - tle bark we glide, Swift - ly o'er the si - lent tide,
In our lit - tle bark we glide, Swift - ly o'er the si - lent tide,
In our lit - tle bark we glide, Swift - ly o'er the si - lent tide,


ad lib.
1
2
Swift - ly o'er the si - lent tide. si - lent tide.
Swift - ly o'er the si - lent tide. si - lent tide.
Swift - ly o'er the si - lent tide. si lent tide.
Swift - ly o'er the si - lent tide. si - lent tide.
ad lib.
p
From yon - der lone and
From yon - der lone and
From yon - der lone and
From yon - der lone and
f


f
rock - y shore, The war - rior her - mit to re - store, The war - rior
rock - y shore, The war - rior her - mit to re - store, The war - rior
rock - y shore, The war - rior her - mit to re - store, The war - rior
rock - y shore, The war - rior her - mit to re - store, The war - rior
f
pp
her - mit to re - store, . . . And
her - mit to re - store, . . . And
her - mit to re - store, . . . And
her - mit to re - store, . . . And


sweet the morn - ing breez - es blow, While thus in meas-ur'd time we row, we
sweet the morn - ing breez - es blow, While thus in meas-ur'd time we row, we
sweet the morn - ing breez - es blow, While thus in meas-ur'd time we row, we
sweet the morn - ing breez - es blow, While thus in meas-ur'd time we row, we
p
row, we row, in meas-ur'd time we row, we row, we
row, we row, In meas-ur'd time we row, we row, we
row, we row, In meas-ur'd time we row, we row, we
row, we row, in meas-ur'd time we row, we row, we
pp


cres.
p
pp
row, in meas-ur'd time we row, we row, we row, we
row, in meas-ur'd time we row, we row, we row, we
row, in meas-ur'd time we row, we row, we row, we
row, in meas-ur'd time we row, we row, we row, we
cres.
dim.
row. . . . . .
pp

NO. 5. HEDGE ROSES.

Arr. from Schubert.

Con tenerezza.

1st & 2nd Soprano.

1. On his way a boy es - pied Pret - ty blush - ing ros - es,
2. Thus, he speaks, I gath - er thee, Gay - est of the ros - es,

Alto.

3. Still the rude boy pulls a - way This fair queen of ros - es,

Bass.

Fresh and bright, the hedgerow's pride; To ad - mire he turns a - side, And to pluck pro -
Rose says; bet - ter let me be, Or you will get stung by me, Then her spikes dis -

With a wound he has to pay, But in vain the rose does pray, Him in vain op -

ritard. *a tempo.*

pos - es. Ros - es, ros - es, ros - es red, Pret - ty blush-ing ros - es.
clos - es. Ros - es, ros - es, ros - es red, Pret - ty blush-ing ros - es.

pos - es. Ros - es, ros - es, ros - es red, Pret - ty blush-ing ros - es.

Goethe.

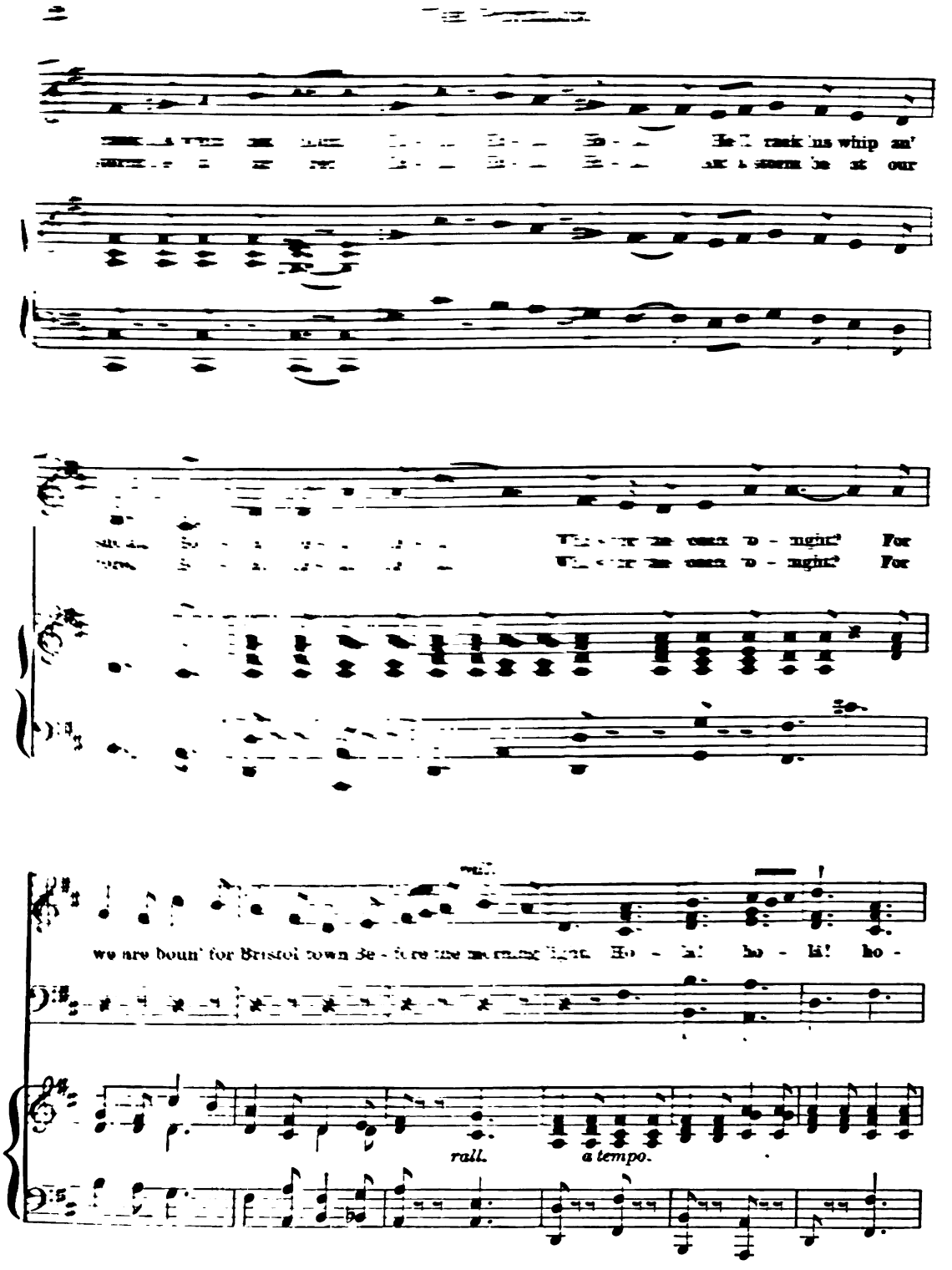
NO. 6. THE POSTILLION.

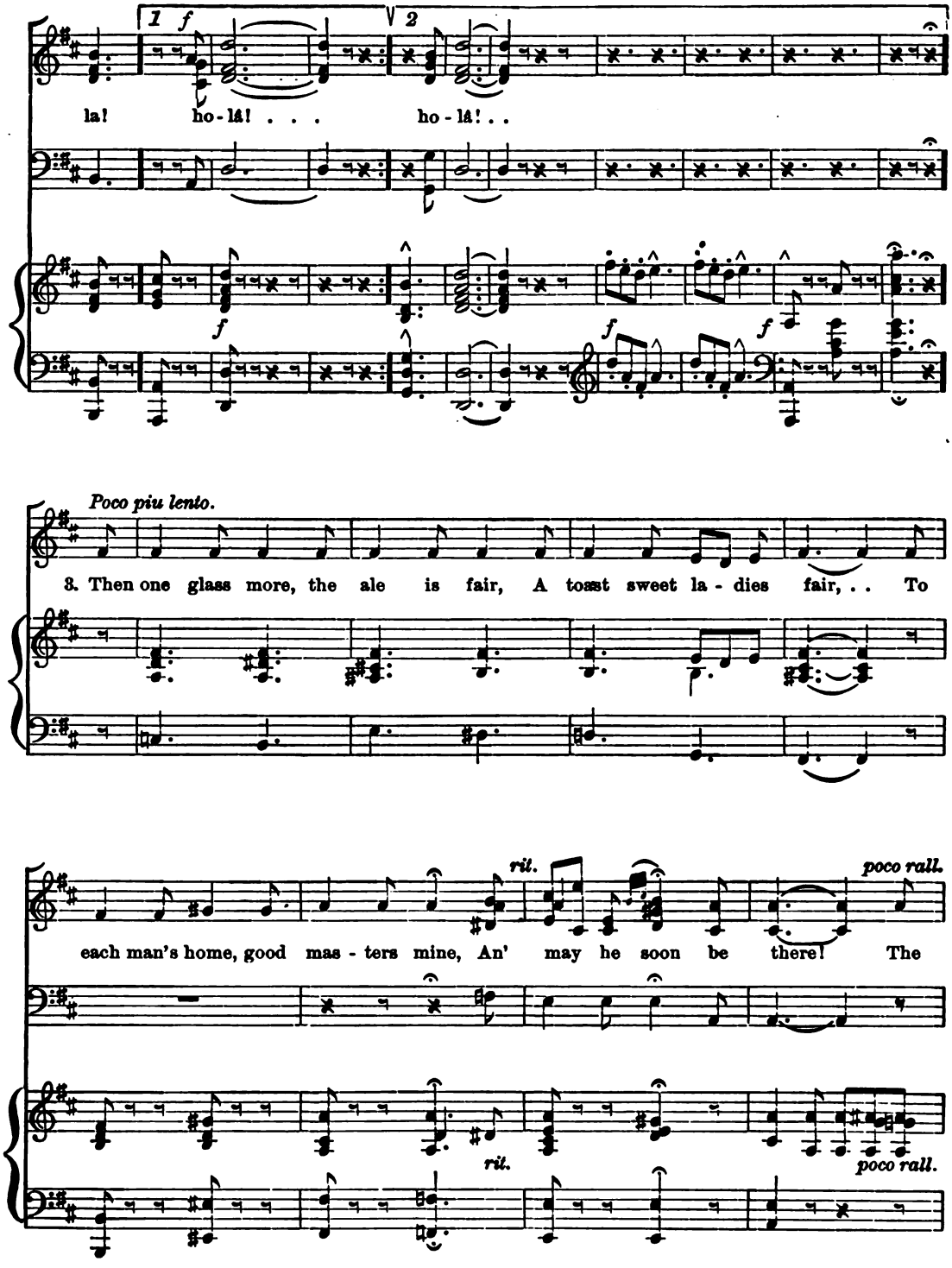
J. L. MOLLOY, arr. by L. T. WADE.

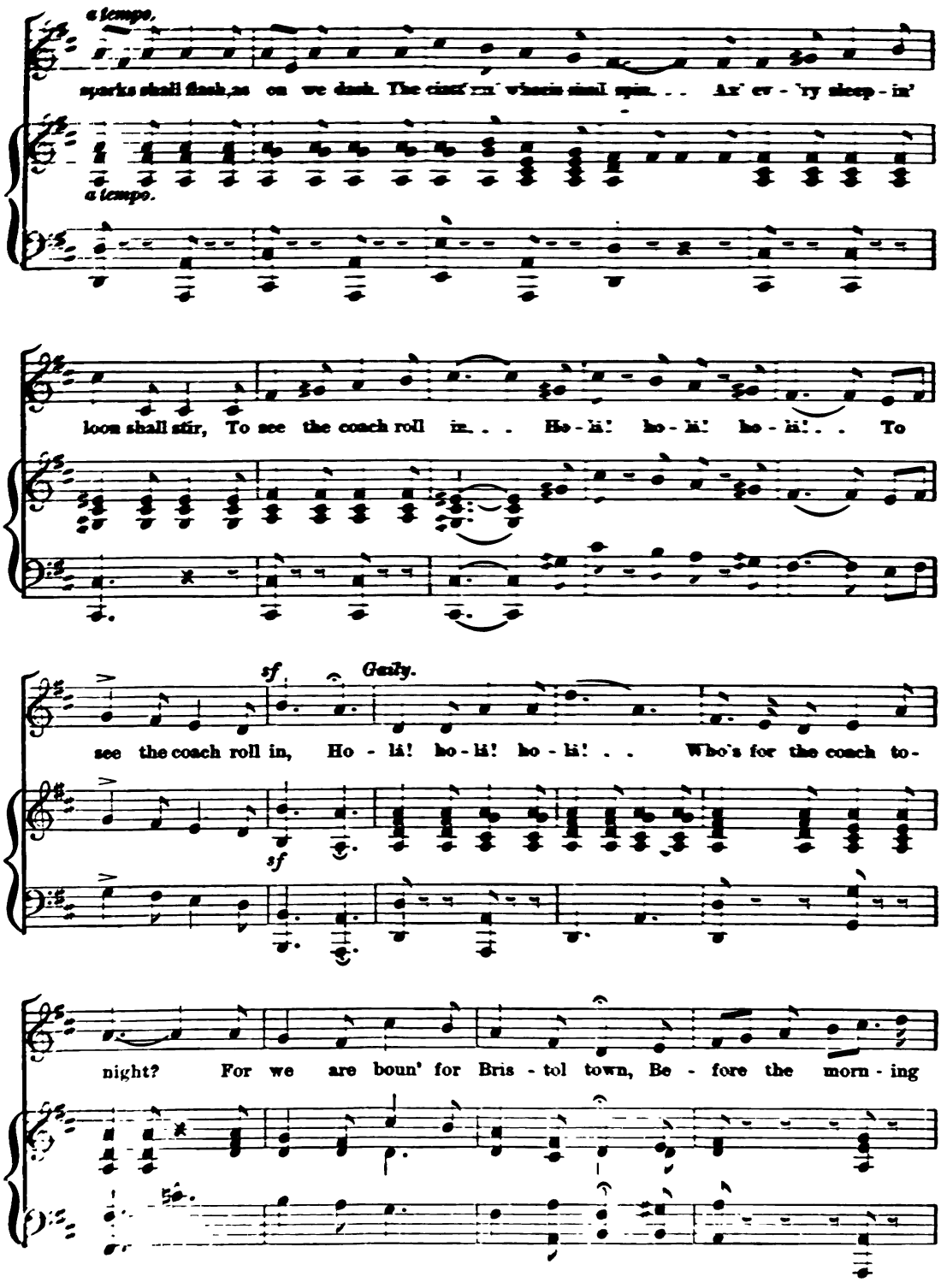
Vivace.

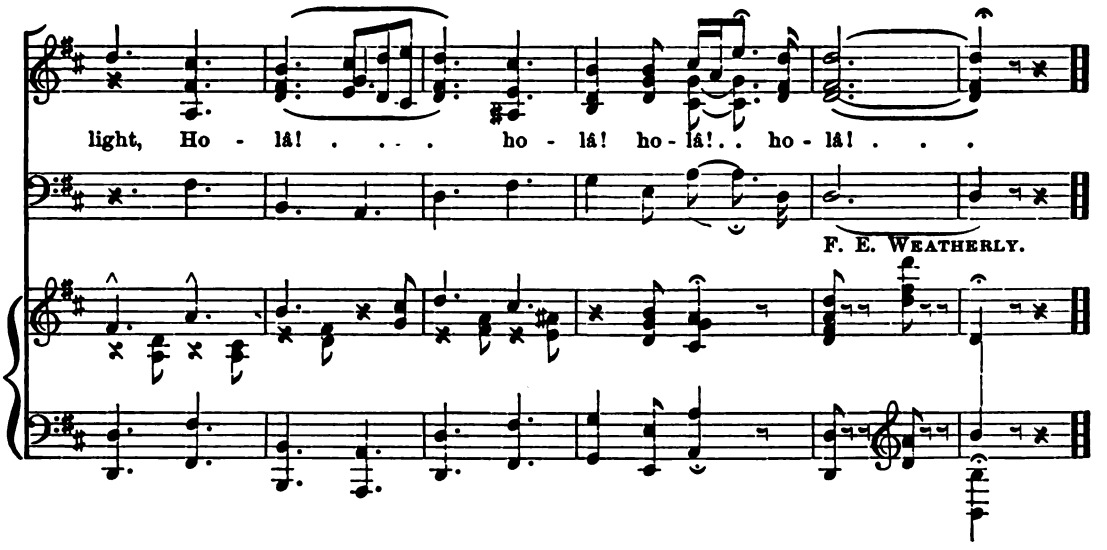
f *p* *f*

1. The night is late, we dare not wait, The winds be - gin to blow, An' ere we gain the hol-low plain, There'll be a storm I trow, . . An' as we pass the Beggar's tree, Look out'n the dark, look out; . . The phantom horse-man you will see, He'll
2. Oh, I've a wife in Bris - tol town, A wife an' chil-dren three, An' they are sleep - in' safe an' soun', But she keeps watch for me; . . . An' who would quake, the road to take, With such a prize in store, . . Tho' rav - ens croak on Hangman's oak An' a

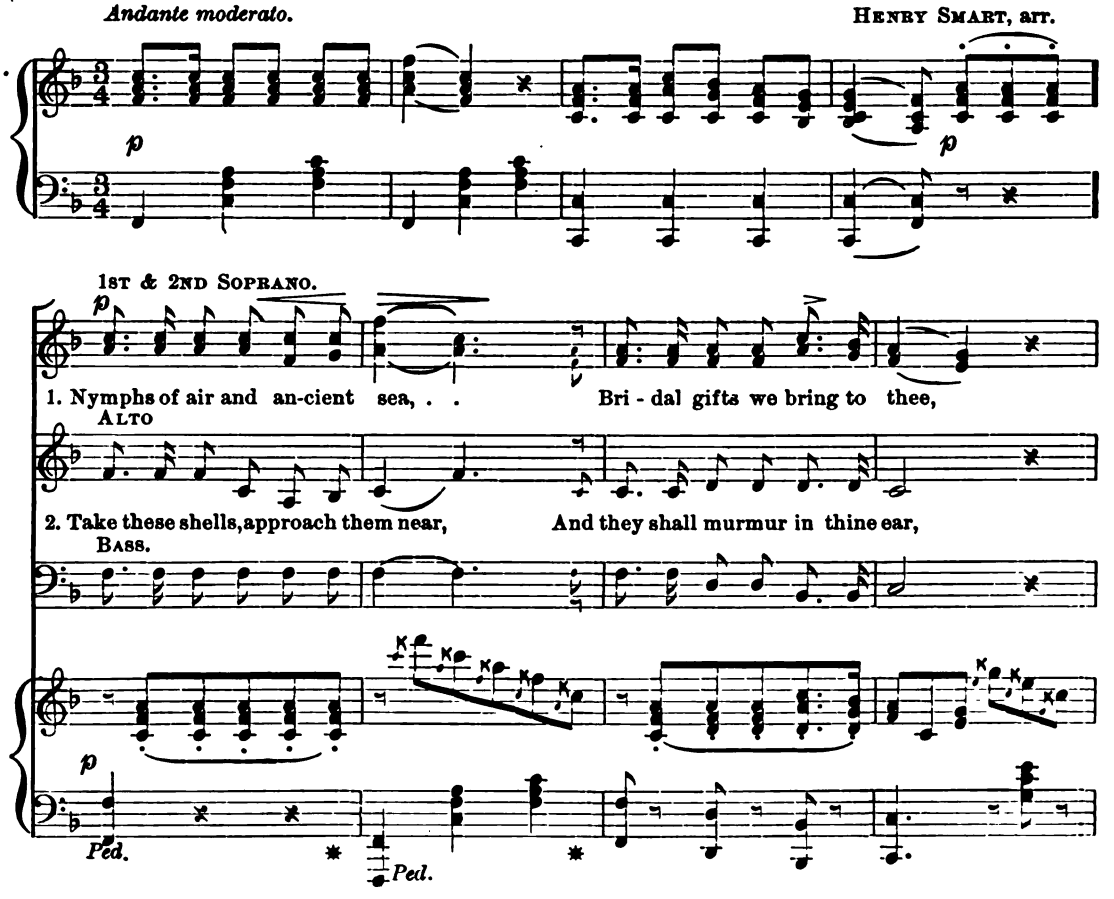

rank'ns whip an'
our
For
For
we are boun' for Bristol town be - fore the morning light. Ho - la! ho - la! ho -
rall.
a tempo.


1
f
2
la! ho-lá! . . . ho-lá! . .
f
f
f
Poco piu lento.
3. Then one glass more, the ale is fair, A toast sweet la-dies fair, . . To
rit.
poco rall.
each man's home, good mas-ters mine, An' may he soon be there! The
rit.
poco rall.


a tempo.
sparks shall flash, as on we dash. The cinder wheels shall spin. . . An' ev - 'ry sheep - in'
a tempo.
loon shall stir, To see the coach roll in. . . Ho - li! ho - li! ho - li! . . To
sf
Gaily.
see the coach roll in, Ho - li! ho - li! ho - li! . . Who's for the coach to-
sf
night? For we are boun' for Bris - tol town, Be - fore the morn - ing



NO. 7. NYMPHS OF AIR AND ANCIENT SEA.



1. Lo! these plumes of rich invice Plunk'd from birds of Par - a-dise!
2. Tunes that lull the slumb'ring sea More than mer - maid's harmony!

1. Lo! these plumes of rich invice Plucked from birds of Par - a-dise!
2. Tunes that lull the slumb'ring sea More than mermaid's harmony!

Lo! these drops of essence rare, Shook from wand'ring meteor's hair!
Take these pearls—no diving slave Drags their like from ocean cave!

Lo! these drops of essence rare, Shook from wand'ring meteor's
Take these pearls—no diving slave Drags their like from o-cean

f *p*

Nymphs of air and an - cient sea,

hair! Nymphs of an - cient sea, . . Such the gifts we bring to thee Nymphs of

cave. Nymphs of an - cient sea, Such can on - ly bring to thee Nymphs of

f *f* *cres.* *f*

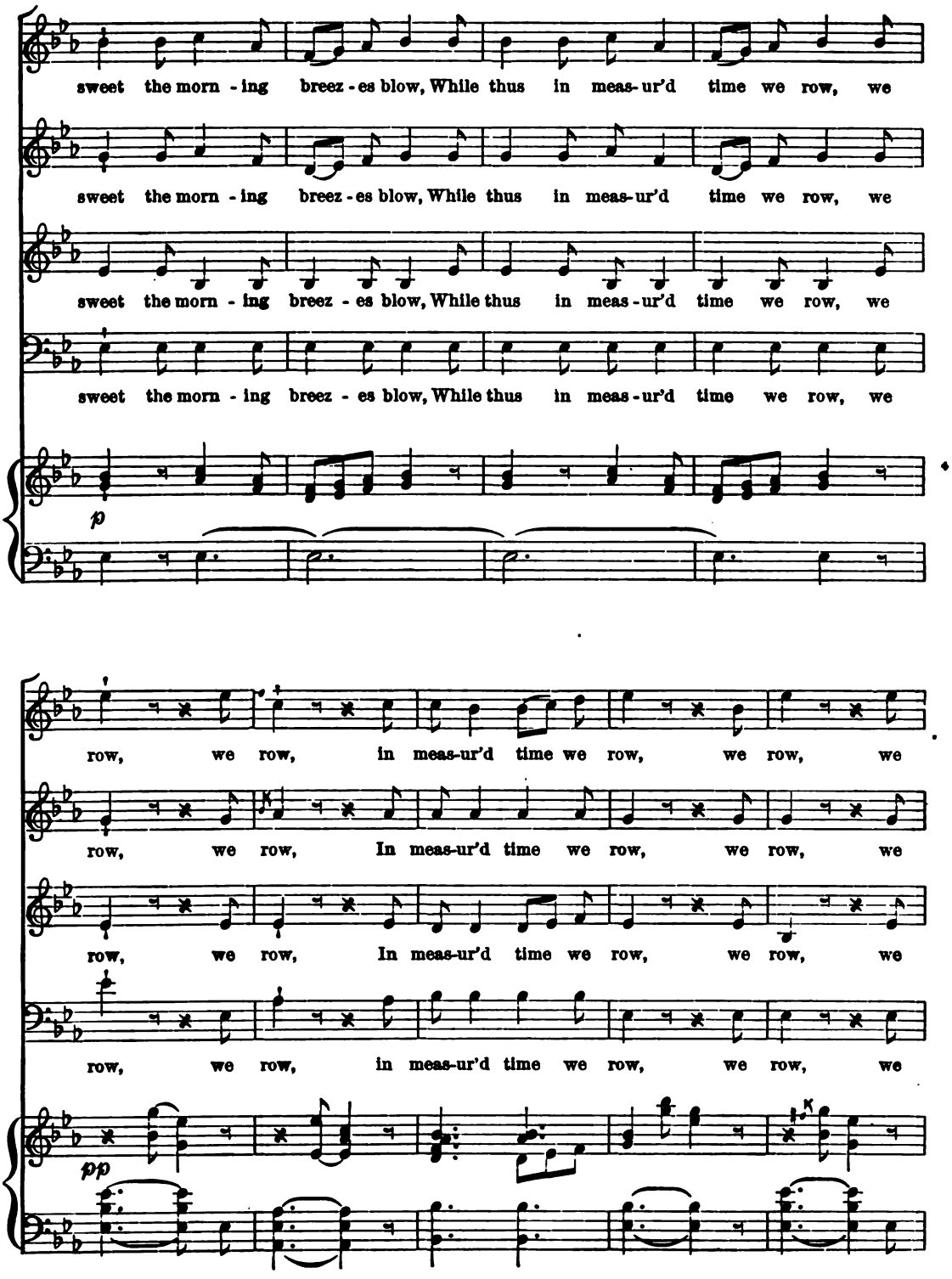
air . . and an - cient sea, . . Such the gifts we bring to thee.

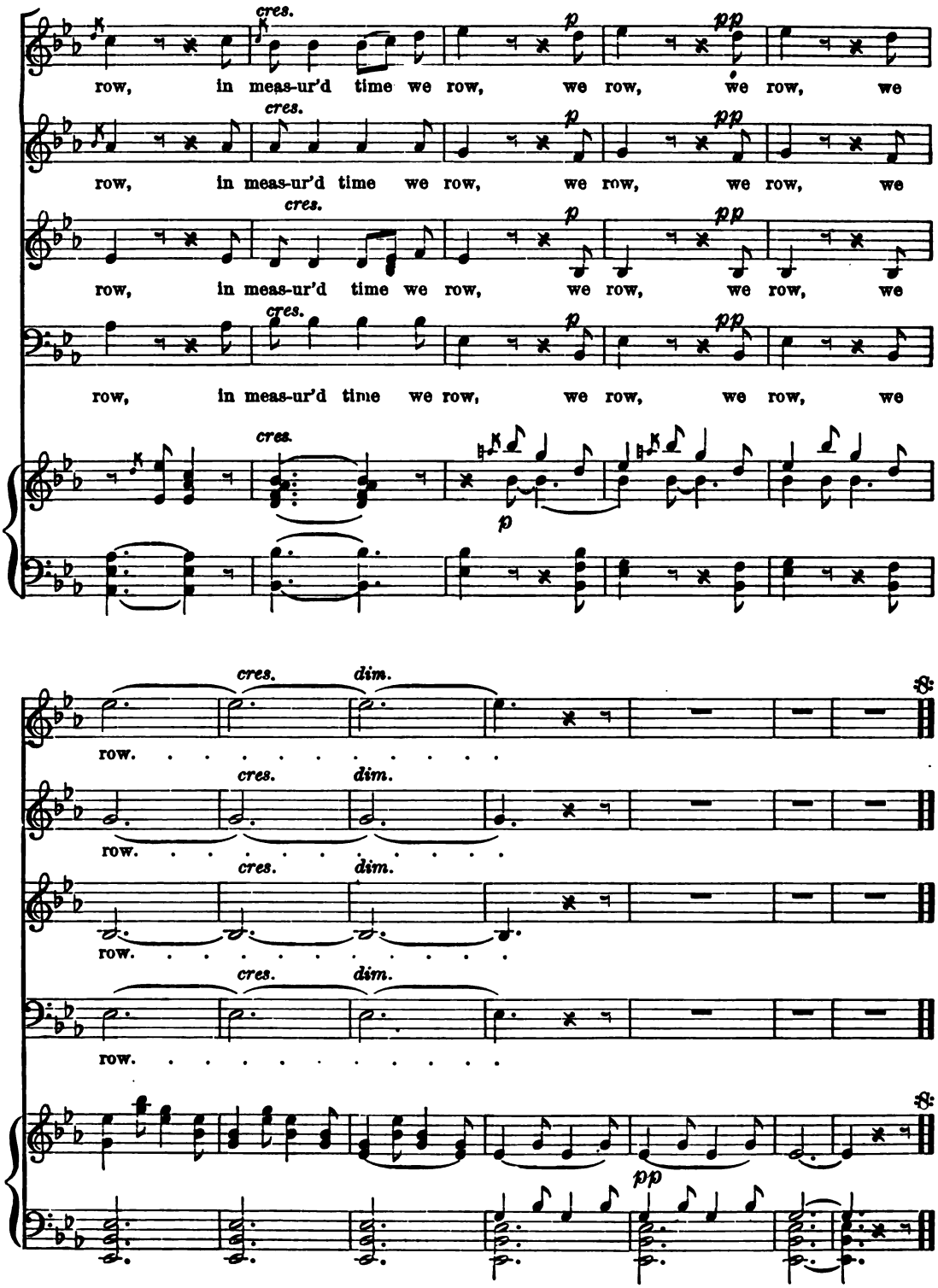
p *ritard.*

air and an - cient sea, Such can on - ly bring to thee.

BISHOP HEBER.

p


sweet the morn - ing breez - es blow, While thus in meas-ur'd time we row, we
sweet the morn - ing breez - es blow, While thus in meas-ur'd time we row, we
sweet the morn - ing breez - es blow, While thus in meas-ur'd time we row, we
sweet the morn - ing breez - es blow, While thus in meas-ur'd time we row, we
p
row, we row, in meas-ur'd time we row, we row, we
row, we row, In meas-ur'd time we row, we row, we
row, we row, In meas-ur'd time we row, we row, we
row, we row, in meas-ur'd time we row, we row, we
pp


cres.
p
pp
row, in meas-ur'd time we row, we row, we row, we
cres. dim.
row. . . . . .

No. 5. Hedge Roses.

Arr. from Schubert.

Con tenerezza.

1st & 2nd Soprano.

1. On his way a boy es - pied Pret - ty blush - ing ros - es,
2. Thus, he speaks, I gath - er thee, Gay - est of the ros - es,

Alto.

3. Still the rude boy pulls a - way This fair queen of ros - es,

Bass.

Fresh and bright, the hedgerow's pride; To ad - mire he turns a - side, And to pluck pro -
Rose says; bet - ter let me be, Or you will get stung by me, Then her spikes dis -

With a wound he has to pay, But in vain the rose does pray, Him in vain op -

ritard. *a tempo.*

pos - es. Ros - es, ros - es, ros - es red, Pret - ty blush-ing ros - es.
clos - es. Ros - es, ros - es, ros - es red, Pret - ty blush-ing ros - es.

pos - es. Ros - es, ros - es, ros - es red, Pret - ty blush-ing ros - es.

Goethe.

No. 6. THE POSTILLION.

J. L. Molloy, arr. by L. T. Wade.

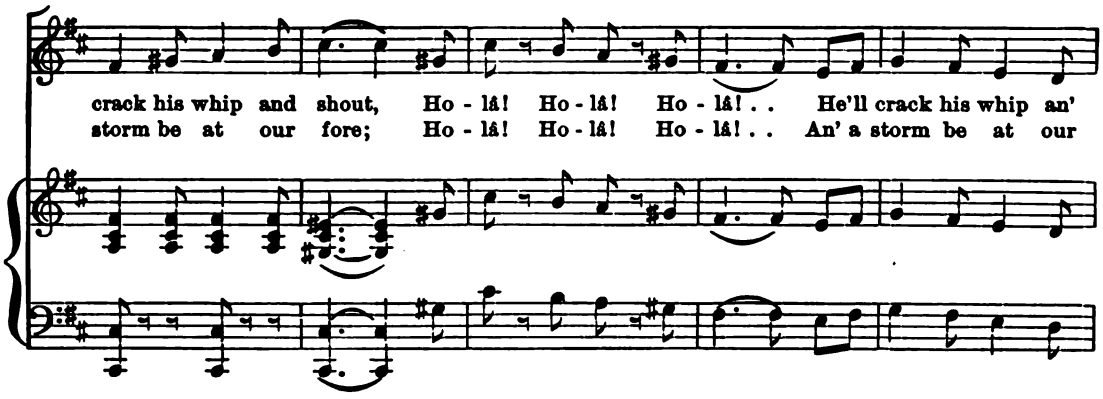
Vivace.

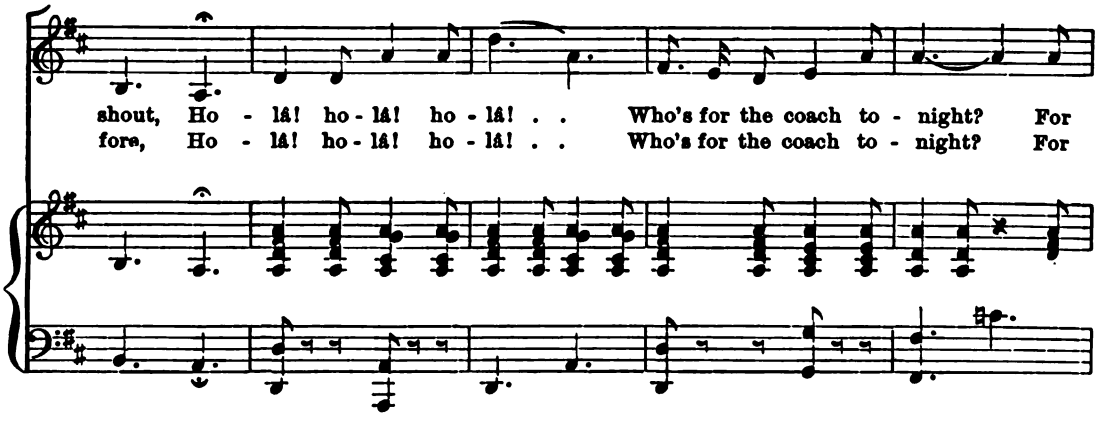
f *p* *f*

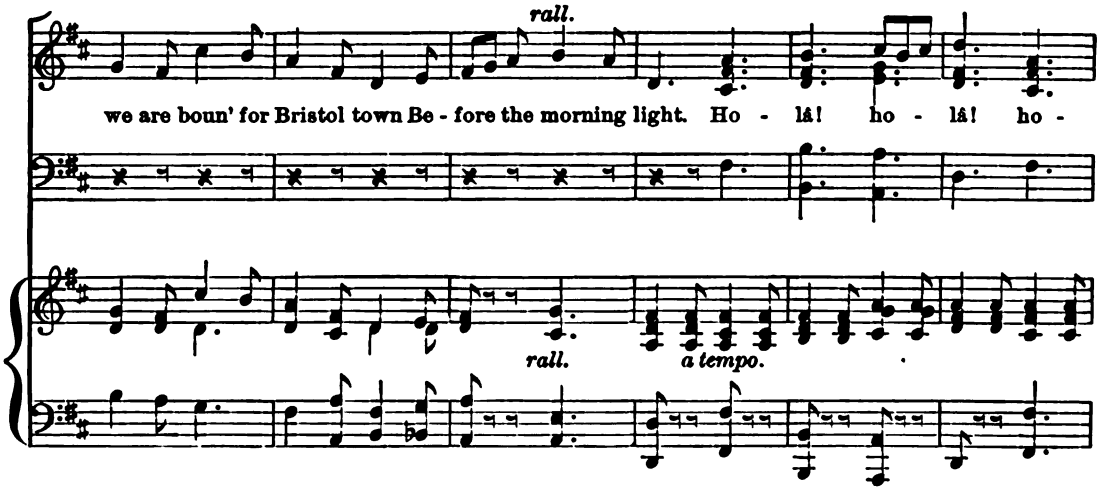
1. The night is late, we dare not wait, The winds be - gin to blow, An'
2. Oh, I've a wife in Bris - tol town, A wife an' chil-dren three, An'

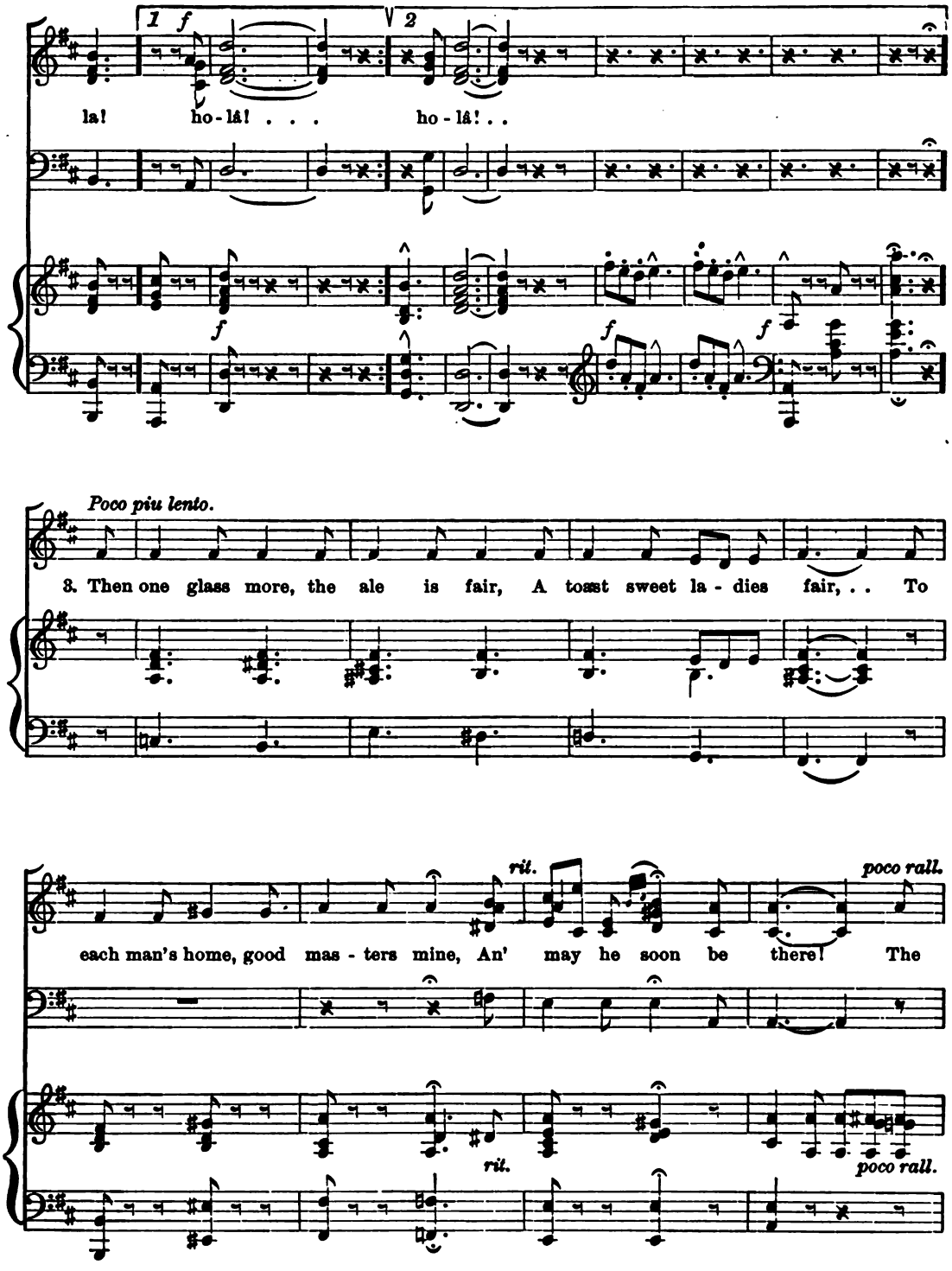
ere we gain the hol-low plain, There'll be a storm I trow, . . An' as we pass the
they are sleep - in' safe an' soun', But she keeps watch for me; . . . An' who would quake, the

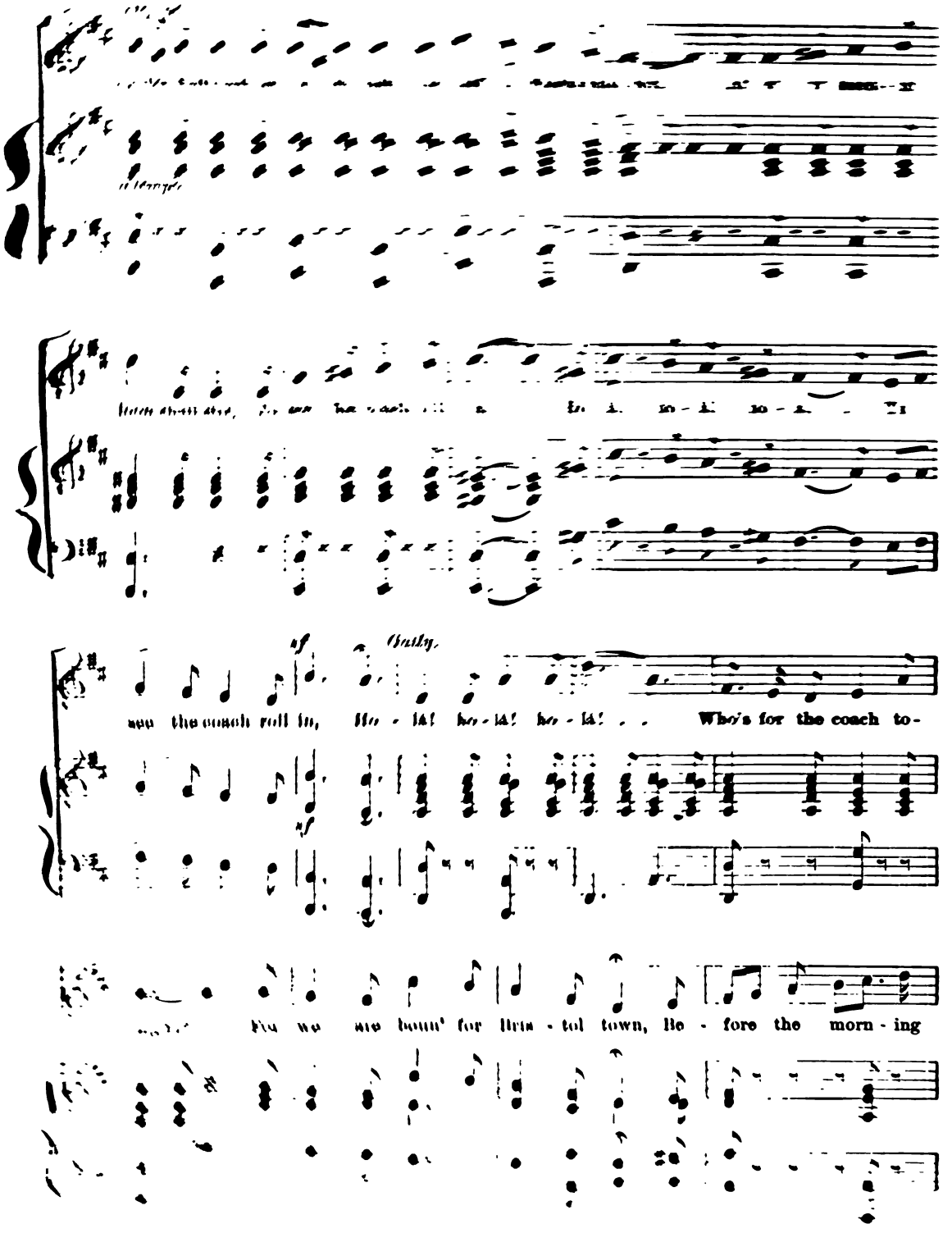
Beggar's tree, Look out'n the dark, look out; . . The phantom horse-man you will see, He'll
road to take, With such a prize in store, . . Tho' rav - ens croak on Hangman's oak An' a

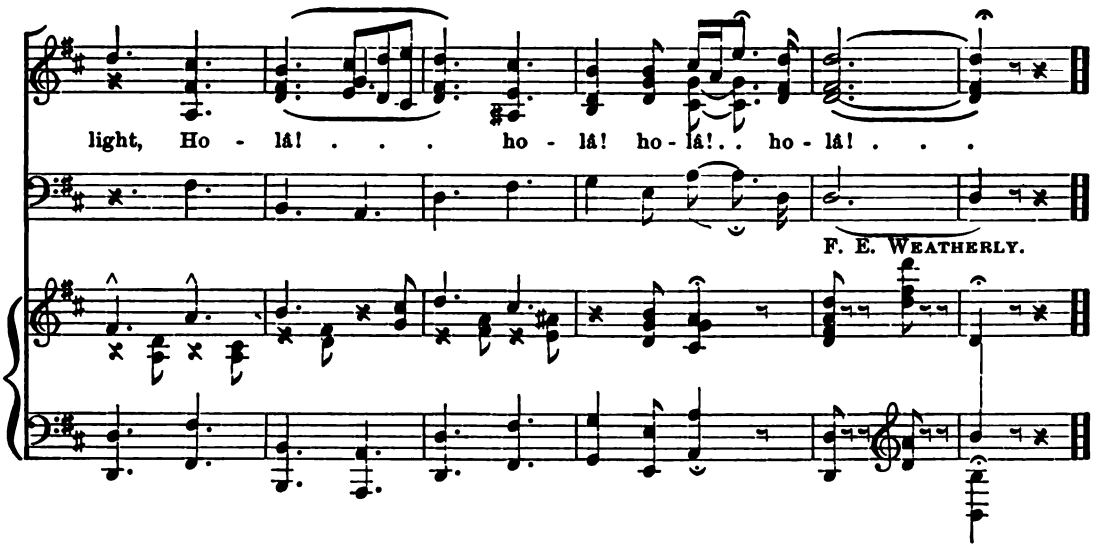

crack his whip and shout, Ho - lâ! Ho - lâ! Ho - lâ! . . He'll crack his whip an'
storm be at our fore; Ho - lâ! Ho - lâ! Ho - lâ! . . An' a storm be at our


shout, Ho - lâ! ho - lâ! ho - lâ! . . Who's for the coach to - night? For
fore, Ho - lâ! ho - lâ! ho - lâ! . . Who's for the coach to - night? For

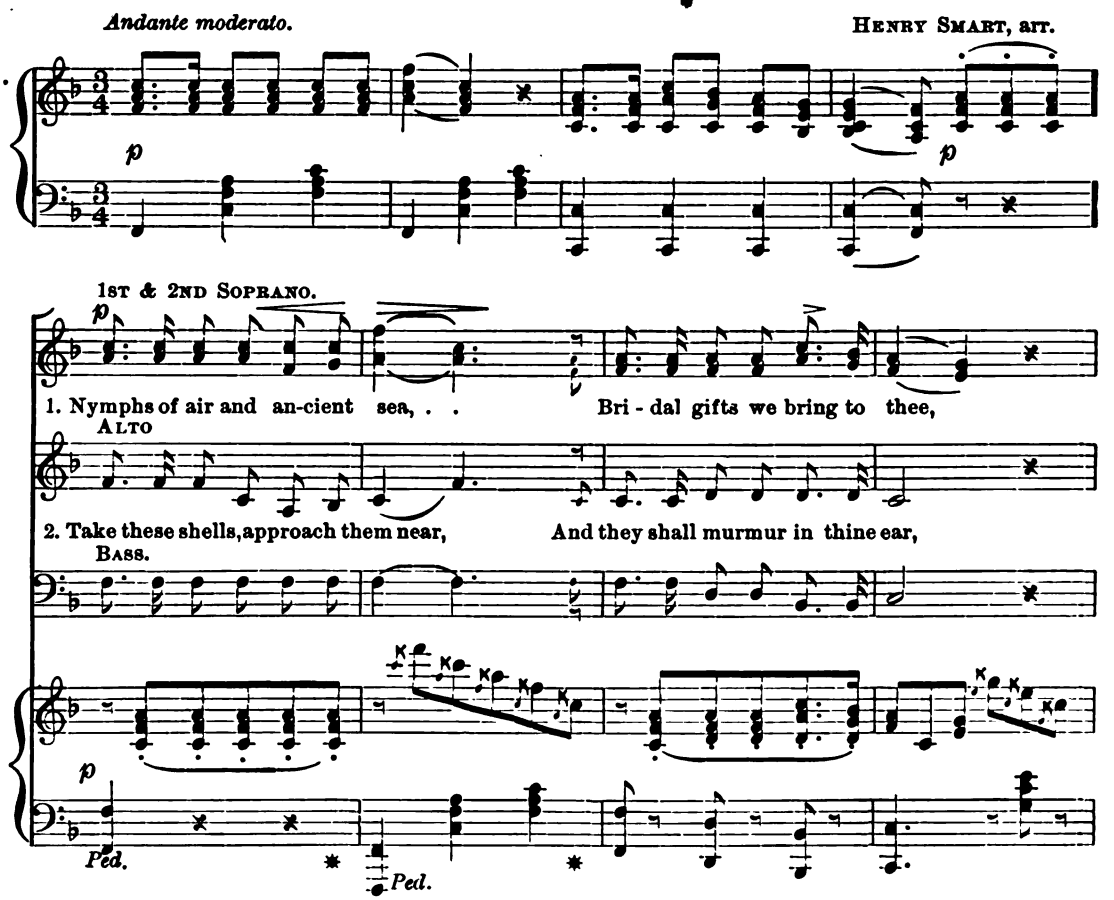

rall.
we are boun' for Bristol town Be - fore the morning light. Ho - lâ! ho - lâ! ho -
rall.
a tempo.


1
f
2
la! ho-lâ! . . . ho-lâ! . .
f
f
f
Poco piu lento.
3. Then one glass more, the ale is fair, A toast sweet la-dies fair, . . To
rit.
poco rall.
each man's home, good mas-ters mine, An' may he soon be there! The
rit.
poco rall.


Bally.
ho - la! ho - la! ho - la! Who's for the coach to-
Fro we are bound for Bris - tol town, Be - fore the morn - ing



NO. 7. NYMPHS OF AIR AND ANCIENT SEA.



1. Lo! these plumes of rich de-vice Pluck'd from birds of Par - a-dise!
2. Tunes that lull the slumb'ring sea More than mer - maid's harmony!

cres.

1. Lo! these plumes of rich device Plucked from birds of Par - a - dise!

2. Tunes that lull the slumb'ring sea More than mermaid's harmony!

cres.

cres.

Lo! these drops of essence rare, Shook from wan'dring meteor's hair!
Take these pearls—no diving slave Drags their like from ocean cave!

Lo! these drops of essence rare, Shook from wand'ring meteor's

Take these pearls—no diving slave Drags their like from o-cean

f p

Nymphs of air and an - cient sea,

hair! Nymphs of an - cient sea, . . Such the gifts we bring to thee Nymphs of

cave. Nymphs of an - cient sea, Such can on - ly bring to thee Nymphs of

f *f* *cres.* *f*

air . . and an - cient sea, . . Such the gifts we bring to thee.

p *ritard.*

air and an - cient sea, Such can on - ly bring to thee.

BISHOP HEBER.

p

No. 8. Song of the Skylark.

CANON.

1st Soprano. *Allegro vivace.* Mendelssohn.

O lark! thy sweet song On high floats a - long, As

2nd Soprano.

gai - ly thou greet - est the morn - ing; O had I thy wing I'd

mount and I'd sing, To wel - come the day at its dawn - ing. dawn - ing.

1st Soprano. *f*

O lark! thy sweet song On high floats a - long, at

2nd Soprano. *f*

O lark! thy sweet song On high floats a - long, and greet-est the

Alto. *f*

O lark! thy sweet song On high floats a - long, As gai - ly thou greet-est the

Bass. *f*

O lark! thy sweet song On high floats a - long, As gai - ly thou greet-est the

morn - ing; Oh had I thy wing I'd mount and I'd sing, the day at its

morn - ing; Oh had I thy wing I'd mount and I'd sing, the day at its

morn - ing; Oh had I thy wing I'd mount and I'd sing, To welcome the day at its

morn - ing; Oh had I thy wing I'd mount and I'd sing, To welcome the day at its

dawn - ing, the day at its dawn - ing, To wel - come the day, to

dawn - ing, the day at its dawn - ing, To wel - come the day, to

dawn - ing, To wel - come the day at its dawn - ing, To wel-come the

dawn - ing, To wel - come the day at its dawn - ing, To wel-come the

NO. 5. HEDGE ROSES.

ARR. from SCHUBERT.

Con tenerezza.

1st & 2nd SOPRANO.

1. On his way a boy es - pied Pret - ty blush - ing ros - es,
2. Thus, he speaks, I gath - er thee, Gay - est of the ros - es,

ALTO.

3. Still the rude boy pulls a - way This fair queen of ros - es,

BASS.

Fresh and bright, the hedgerow's pride; To ad - mire he turns a - side, And to pluck pro -
Rose says; bet - ter let me be, Or you will get stung by me, Then her spikes dis -

With a wound he has to pay, But in vain the rose does pray, Him in vain op -

ritard. *a tempo.*

pos - es. Ros - es, ros - es, ros - es red, Pret - ty blush-ing ros - es.
clos - es. Ros - es, ros - es, ros - es red, Pret - ty blush-ing ros - es.

pos - es. Ros - es, ros - es, ros - es red, Pret - ty blush-ing ros - es.

GOETHE.

No. 6. THE POSTILLION.

J. L. Molloy, arr. by L. T. Wade.

Vivace.

f *p* *f*

1. The night is late, we dare not wait, The winds be - gin to blow, An' ere we gain the hol-low plain, There'll be a storm I trow, . . An' as we pass the Beggar's tree, Look out'n the dark, look out; . . The phantom horse-man you will see, He'll
2. Oh, I've a wife in Bris - tol town, A wife an' chil-dren three, An' they are sleep - in' safe an' soun', But she keeps watch for me; . . . An' who would quake, the road to take, With such a prize in store, . . Tho' rav - ens croak on Hangman's oak An' a

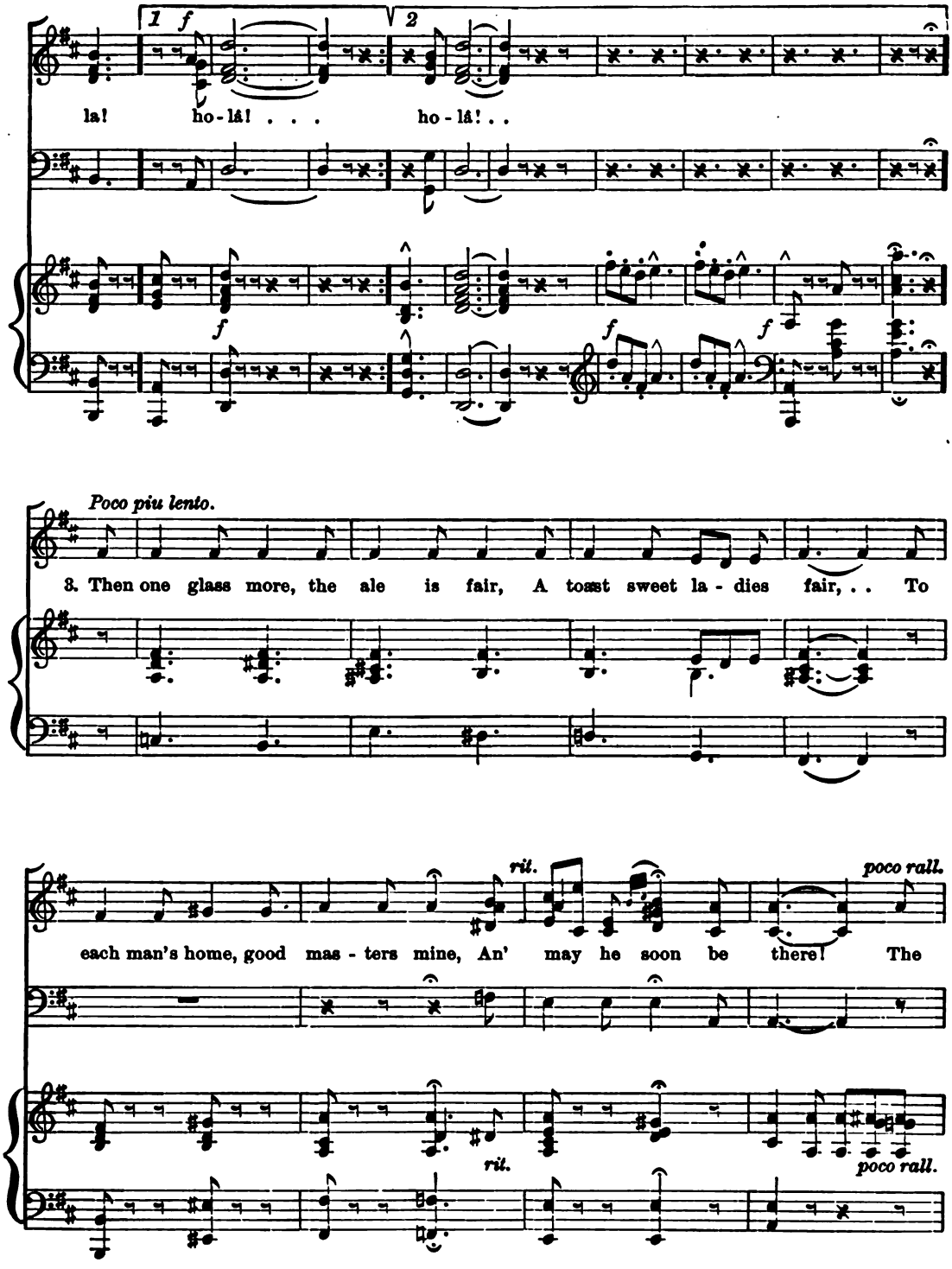
crack his whip and shout, Ho - lâ! Ho - lâ! Ho - lâ! . . He'll crack his whip an'
storm be at our fore; Ho - lâ! Ho - lâ! Ho - lâ! . . An' a storm be at our

shout, Ho - lâ! ho - lâ! ho - lâ! . . Who's for the coach to - night? For
fore, Ho - lâ! ho - lâ! ho - lâ! . . Who's for the coach to - night? For

rall.

we are boun' for Bristol town Be - fore the morning light. Ho - lâ! ho - lâ! ho -

rall. *a tempo.*


1
f
2
la! ho-lâ! . . . ho-lâ! . .
f
f
f
Poco piu lento.
3. Then one glass more, the ale is fair, A toast sweet la - dies fair, . . To
rit.
poco rall.
each man's home, good mas - ters mine, An' may he soon be there! The
rit.
poco rall.

a tempo.

sparks shall flash, as on we dash, The clatt'rin' wheels shall spin, . . An' ev - 'ry sleep - in'

a tempo.

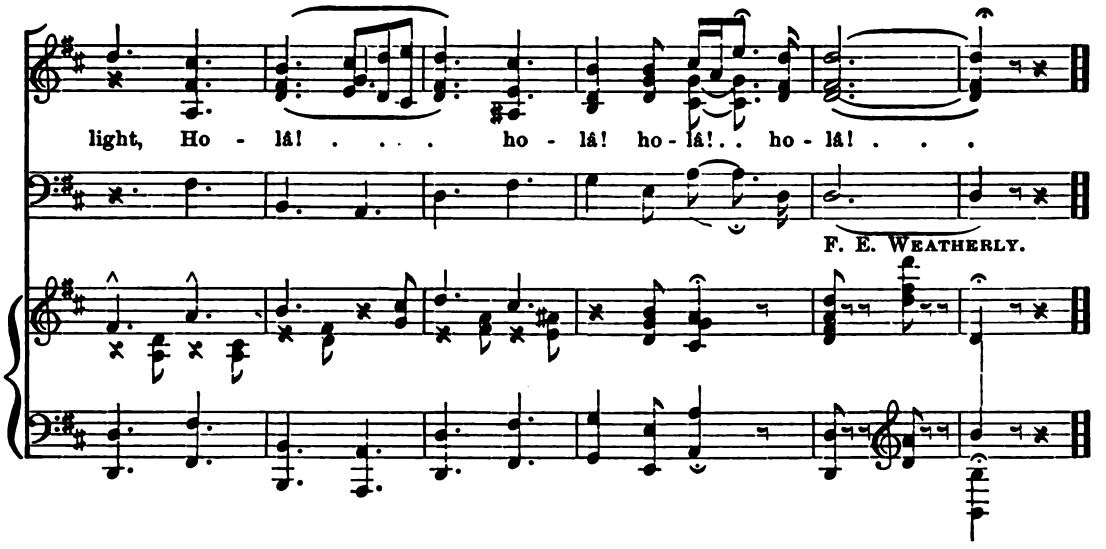
loon shall stir, To see the coach roll in, . . Ho - lâ! ho - lâ! ho - lâ! . . To

sf *Gaily.*

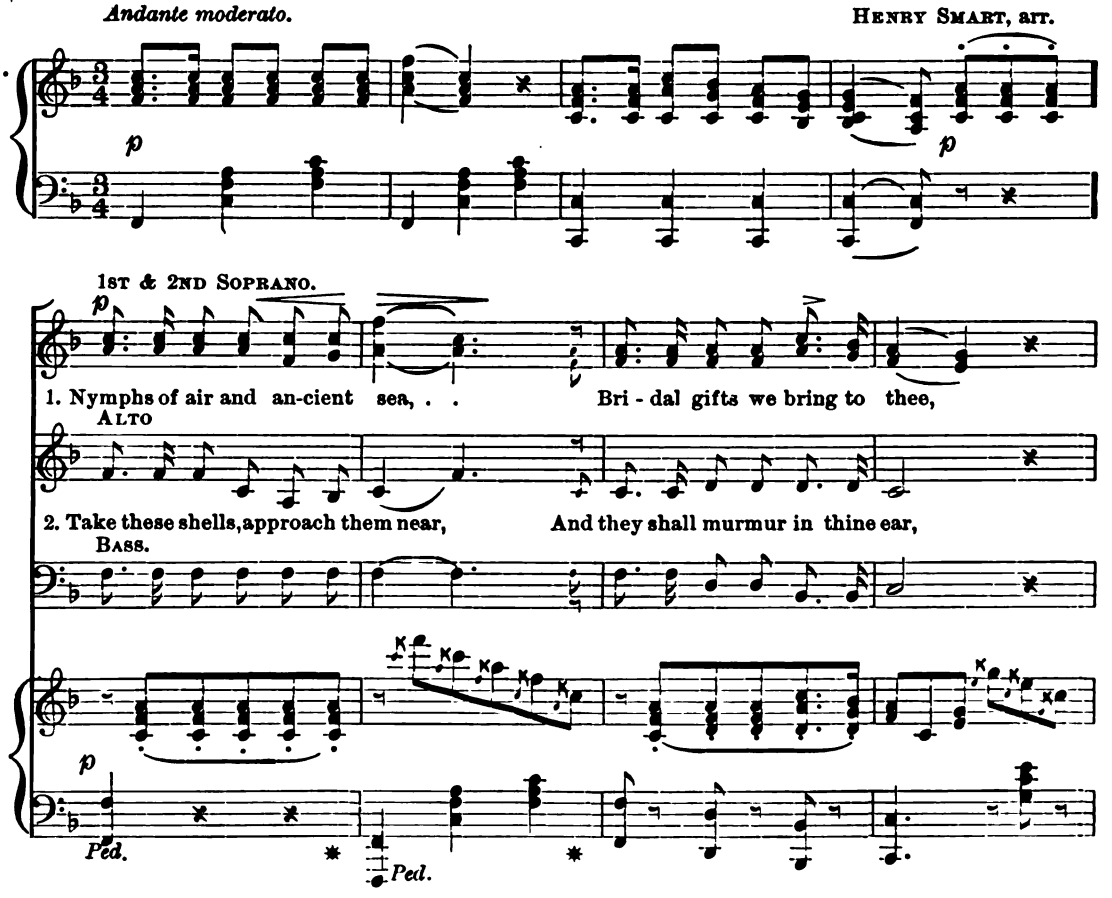
see the coach roll in, Ho - lâ! ho - lâ! ho - lâ! . . Who's for the coach to-

sf

night? For we are boun' for Bris - tol town, Be - fore the morn - ing



NO. 7. NYMPHS OF AIR AND ANCIENT SEA.



1. Lo! these plumes of rich device Plucked from birds of Par - a-dise!
2. Times that lull the slumb'ring sea More than mer - maid's harmony!

cres.

1. Lo! these plumes of rich device Plucked from birds of Par - a-dise!

2. Times that lull the slumb'ring sea More than mermaid's harmony!

cres.

cres.

Lo! these drops of essence rare, Shook from wan'dring meteor's hair!
Take these pearls—no diving slave Drags their like from ocean cave!

Lo! these drops of essence rare, Shook from wand'ring meteor's

Take these pearls—no diving slave Drags their like from o-cean

f *p*

Nymphs of air and an - cient sea,

hair! Nymphs of an - cient sea, . . Such the gifts we bring to thee Nymphs of

cave. Nymphs of an - cient sea, Such can on - ly bring to thee Nymphs of

f *f* *cres.* *f*

air . . and an - cient sea, . . Such the gifts we bring to thee.

p *ritard.*

air and an - cient sea, Such can on - ly bring to thee.

BISHOP HEBER.

p

No. 8. Song of the Skylark.

CANON.

1st Soprano. *Allegro vivace.* Mendelssohn.

O lark! thy sweet song On high floats a - long, As

2nd Soprano.

gai - ly thou greet - est the morn - ing; O had I thy wing I'd

mount and I'd sing, To wel - come the day at its dawn - ing. dawn - ing.

1st Soprano. *f*

O lark! thy sweet song On high floats a - long, at

2nd Soprano. *f*

O lark! thy sweet song On high floats a - long, and greet-est the

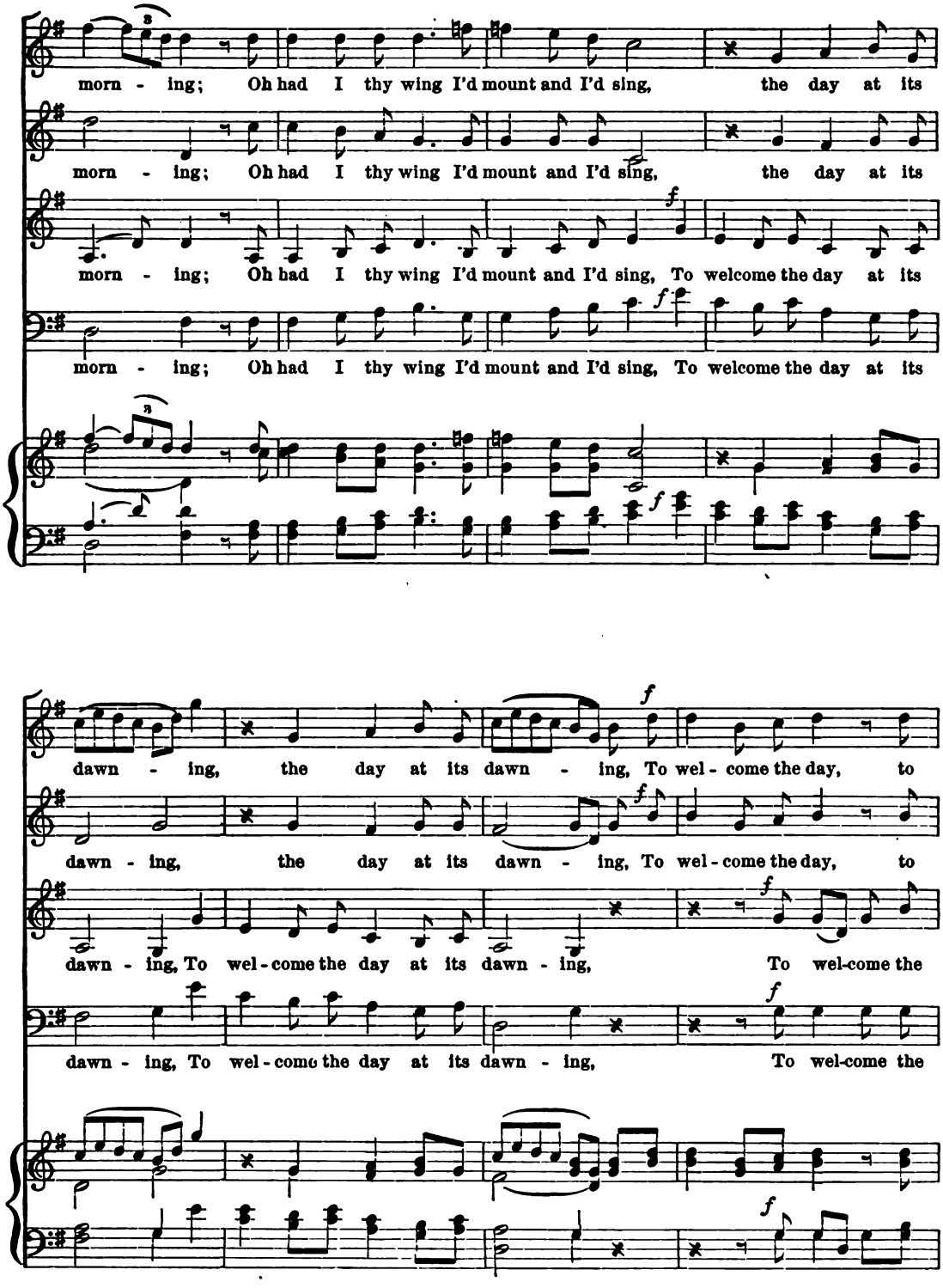
Alto. *f*

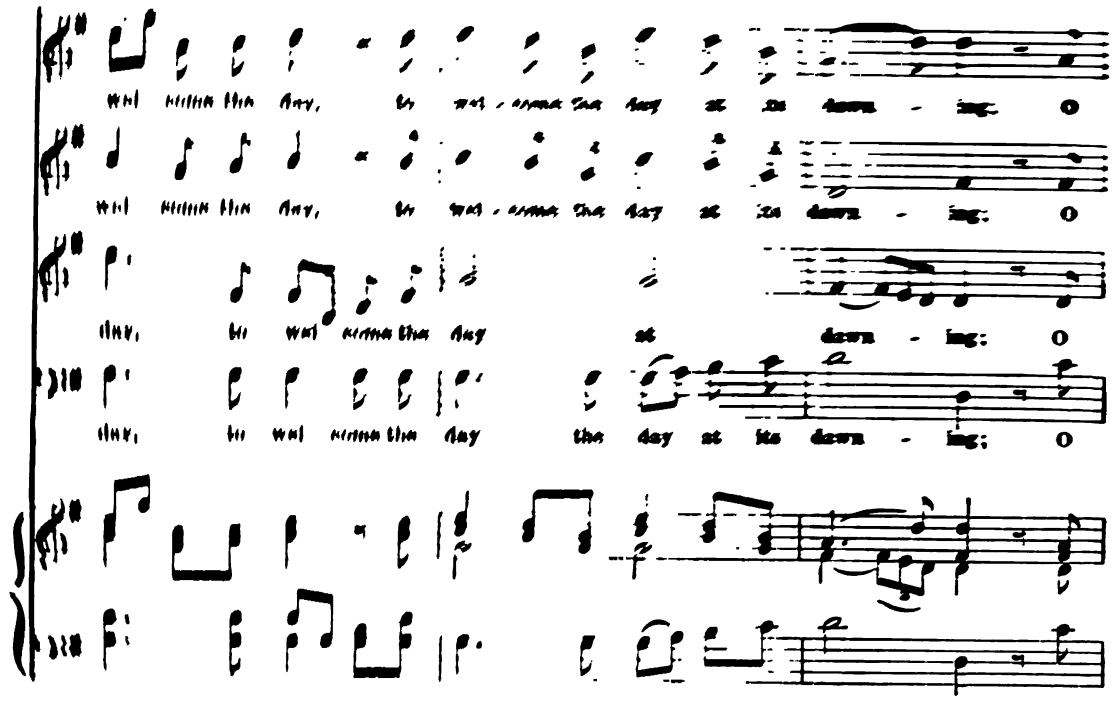
O lark! thy sweet song On high floats a - long, As gai - ly thou greet-est the

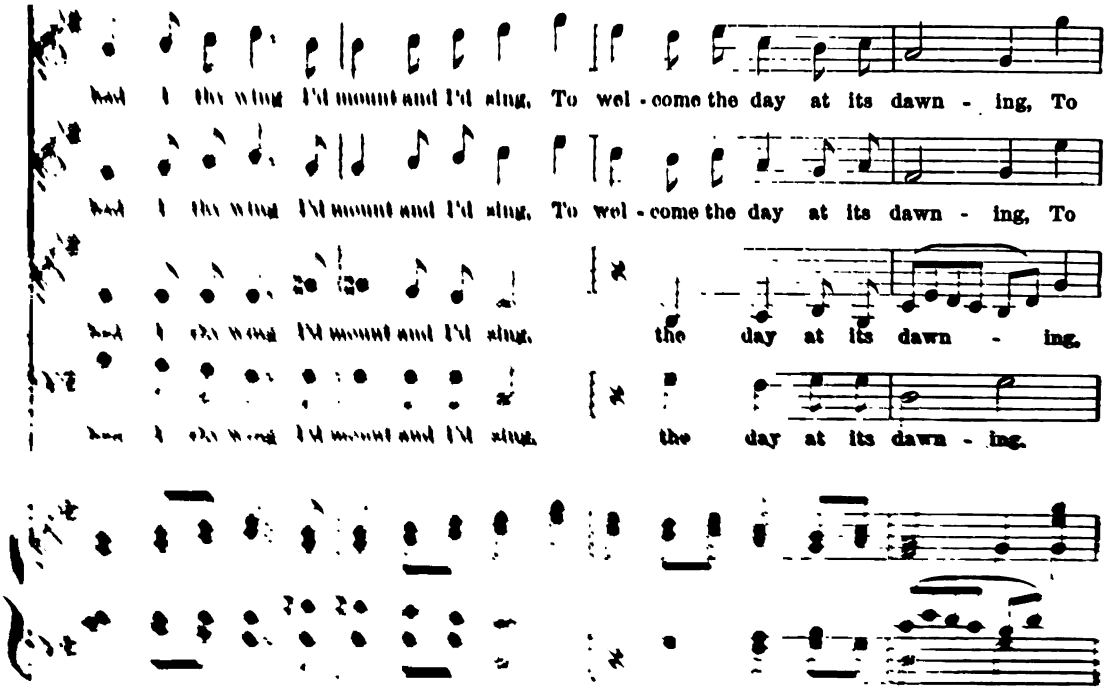
Bass. *f*

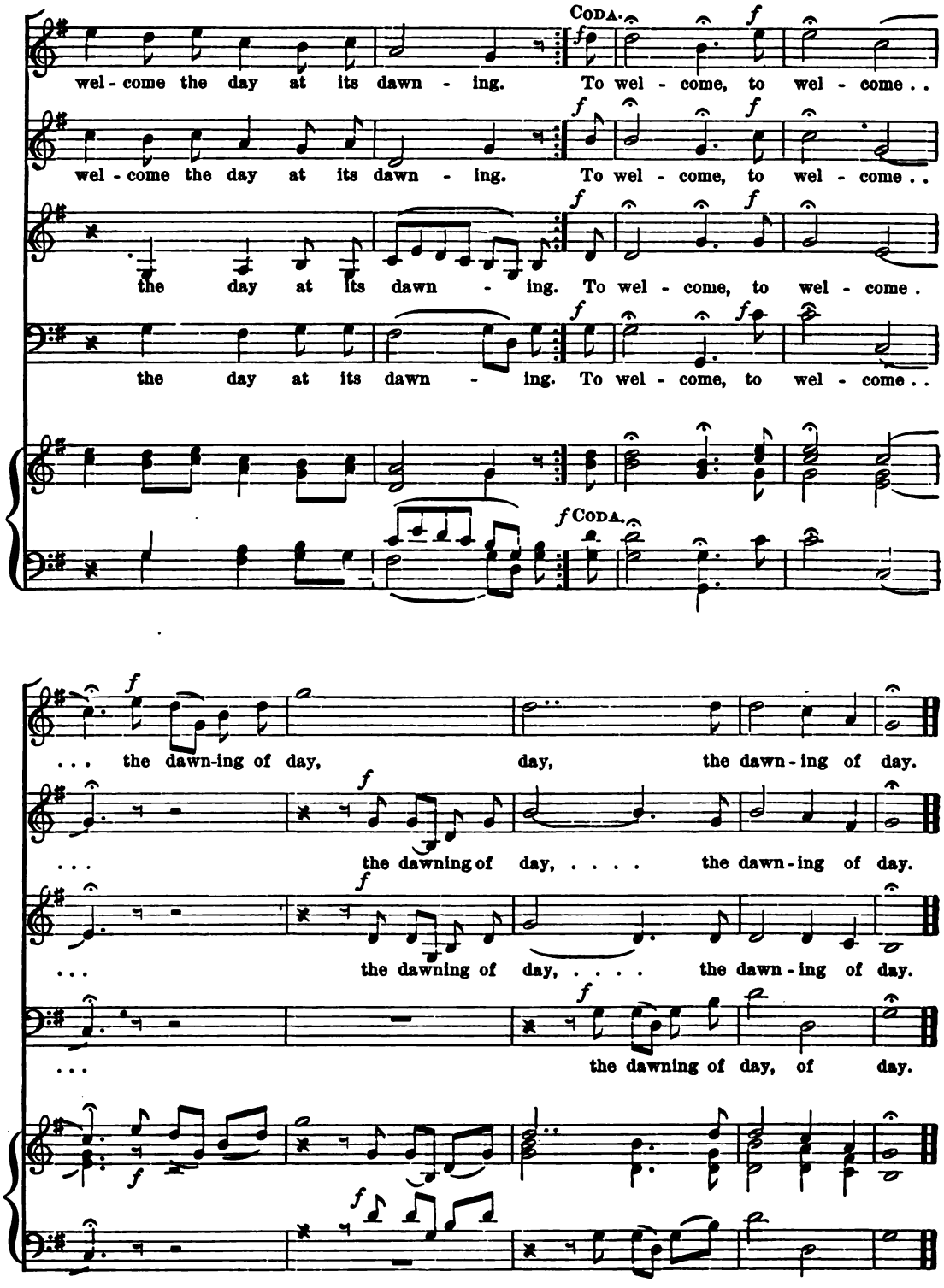
O lark! thy sweet song On high floats a - long, As gai - ly thou greet-est the

f


morn - ing; Oh had I thy wing I'd mount and I'd sing, the day at its
morn - ing; Oh had I thy wing I'd mount and I'd sing, the day at its
morn - ing; Oh had I thy wing I'd mount and I'd sing, To welcome the day at its
morn - ing; Oh had I thy wing I'd mount and I'd sing, To welcome the day at its
dawn - ing, the day at its dawn - ing, To wel - come the day, to
dawn - ing, the day at its dawn - ing, To wel - come the day, to
dawn - ing, To wel - come the day at its dawn - ing, To wel-come the
dawn - ing, To wel - come the day at its dawn - ing, To wel-come the


wel come the day, to wel - come the day at its dawn - ing: O
wel come the day, to wel - come the day at its dawn - ing: O
day, to wel come the day at dawn - ing: O
day, to wel come the day the day at its dawn - ing; O


had I the wing I'd mount and I'd sing, To wel - come the day at its dawn - ing, To
had I the wing I'd mount and I'd sing, To wel - come the day at its dawn - ing, To
had I the wing I'd mount and I'd sing, the day at its dawn - ing,
had I the wing I'd mount and I'd sing, the day at its dawn - ing.


CODA.
wel - come the day at its dawn - ing. To wel - come, to wel - come . .
wel - come the day at its dawn - ing. To wel - come, to wel - come . .
the day at its dawn - ing. To wel - come, to wel - come .
the day at its dawn - ing. To wel - come, to wel - come . .
f CODA.
. . . the dawn-ing of day, day, the dawn - ing of day.
. . . the dawning of day, ... the dawn - ing of day.
. . . the dawning of day, ... the dawn - ing of day.
. . . the dawning of day, of day.

No. 9. Hark, the Village Maids are Singing.

Cherubini.

mf Andante.

1st Soprano.

Hark, the vil - lage maids are sing - ing, Gai - ly

cres.

2nd Soprano.

mf Alto.

Hark, the vil - lage maids are sing - ing, Gai - ly

cres.

Bass.

o'er the fur - rowed ground; Hark, the eve - ning bells, the

p

Hark, the eve - ning

o'er the fur - rowed ground; Hark, the eve - ning

mf

Hark, Hark, the eve - ning

p

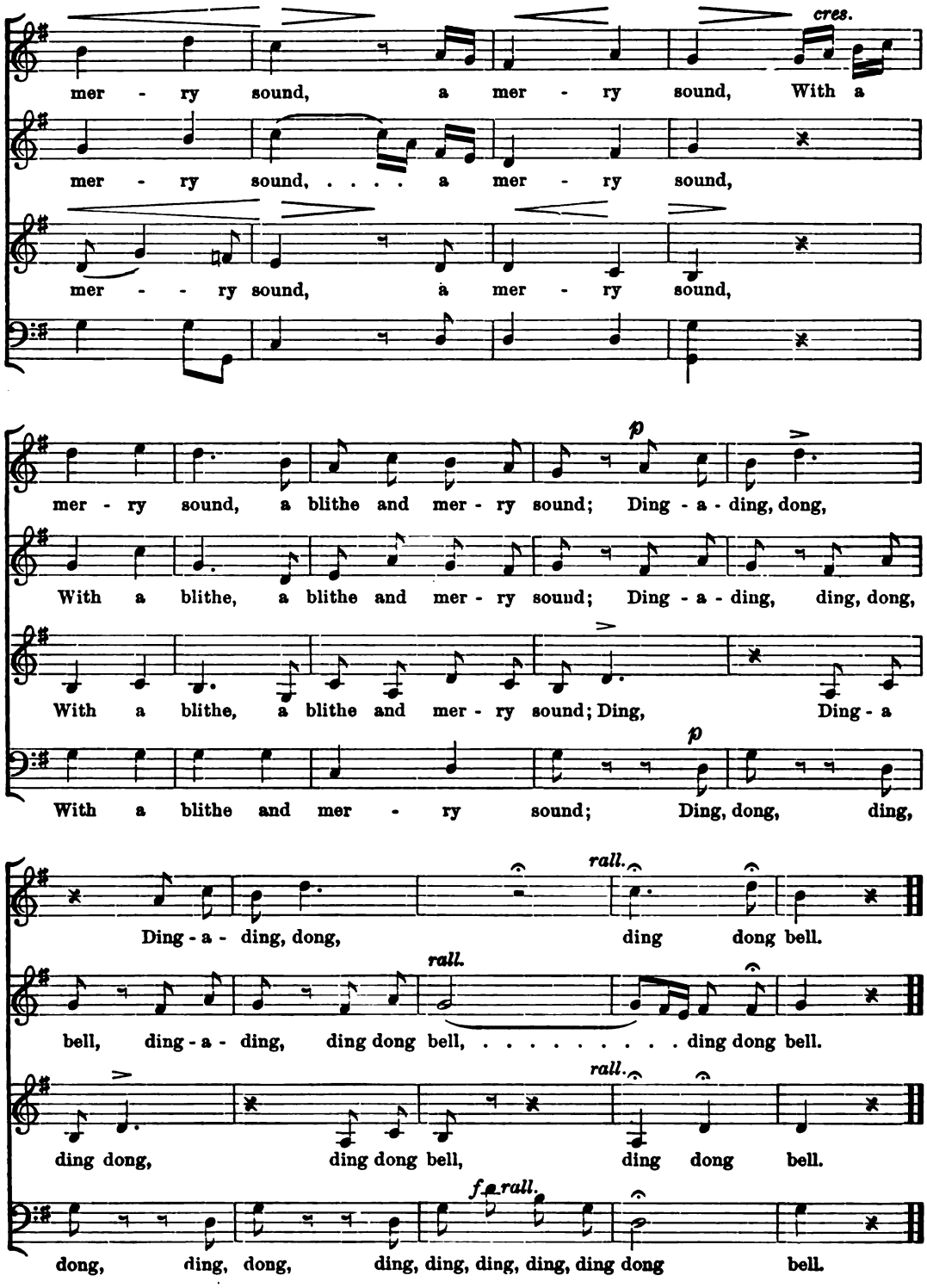
bells are ring - ing, With a blithe and mer - ry, a

p

a

bells are ring - ing, With a mer - ry,

bells, Hark, hark, hark, hark, a mer - ry,


cres.
mer - ry sound, a mer - ry sound, With a
mer - ry sound, ... a mer - ry sound,
mer - - ry sound, a mer - ry sound,
p
mer - ry sound, a blithe and mer - ry sound; Ding - a - ding, dong,
With a blithe, a blithe and mer - ry sound; Ding - a - ding, ding, dong,
With a blithe, a blithe and mer - ry sound; Ding, Ding - a
p
With a blithe and mer - ry sound; Ding, dong, ding,
rall.
Ding - a - ding, dong, ding dong bell.
rall.
bell, ding - a - ding, ding dong bell, ... ding dong bell.
rall.
ding dong, ding dong bell, ding dong bell.
f rall.
dong, ding, dong, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding dong bell.

No. 10. LUNA.

J. Barnby.

Soprano.

mf

1. Fair Lu - na forth is shed - ding Her beams up - on the
2. The night - in - gale is sing - ing Her plain - tive eve - ning

Alto.

pp

1. Fair Lu - na forth is shed - ding Her beams up - on the sea, . . . the
2. The night - in - gale is sing - ing Her plain - tive eve - ning song, . . . her

Tenor & Bass.

up - her

f *p* *f*

sea, . . And spreading sil - very lus - tre O'er mountain, grove and lea, . . O'er
song, . . Whose warblings now come wing - ing The gen - tle breeze a - long, . . The

sea, . . And spread-ing sil - very lus - tre O'er mountain, grove and lea, . . O'er
song, . . Whose warblings now come wing - ing The gen - tle breeze a - long, . . The

f *p*

on the sea, O'er mountain,
plaintive song, The gen-tle

mf

mountain, grove and lea; Then come, let us be stray-ing, While all a-round is
gen - tle breeze a - long; The balm - y air is la - den With per - fume from the

mountain, grove and lea; Then come, let us be stray - ing, While all a-round is
gen - tle breeze a - long; The balm - y air is la - den With per - fume from the

mf

grove and lea;
breeze a - long;

p

bright, And breathe out notes of pleas - ure, To hail the Queen of
bri - er, Then with such charms in - vit - ing, We'll tune the gold - en

p

bright, And breathe out notes of pleas - ure, To hail the Queen of
bri - er, Then with such charms in - vit - ing, We'll tune the gold - en

p

cres. *f*

night, To hail . . . . . the Queen . . . of
lyre, We'll tune . . . . . the gold . . . en

cres.

night, To hail the Queen of night, To hail the Queen of
lyre, We'll tune the gold - en lyre, We'll tune the gold - en

cres.

To hail the Queen of
We'll tune the gold - en

f

night. . . . . Fair Lu - na forth is shed - ding Her
lyre. . . . . .

pp

night. Fair Lu - na forth is shed - ding Her beams up - on the
lyre.

f *pp*

f *dim.*

beams up - on the sea, . . . And spreading sil - very lus - - tre O'er

sea, . . . the sea, . . . And spread-ing sil'- very lus - tre O'er

dim.

più lento. *f* *rall.*

moun-tain, grove and lea, O'er mountain, grove and lea. . . . .

moun-tain, grove and lea, O'er mountain, grove and lea. . . . .

f

E. RANSFORD.

1. Lo! these plumes of rich de-vice Pluck'd from birds of Par - a-dise!
2. Tunes that lull the slumb'ring sea More than mer - maid's harmony!

cres.

1. Lo! these plumes of rich device Plucked from birds of Par - a - dise!

2. Tunes that lull the slumb'ring sea More than mermaid's harmony!

cres.

cres.

Lo! these drops of essence rare, Shook from wan'dring meteor's hair!
Take these pearls—no diving slave Drags their like from ocean cave!

Lo! these drops of essence rare, Shook from wand'ring meteor's

Take these pearls—no diving slave Drags their like from o-cean

f *p*

Nymphs of air and an - cient sea,

hair! Nymphs of an - cient sea, . . Such the gifts we bring to thee Nymphs of

cave. Nymphs of an - cient sea, Such can on - ly bring to thee Nymphs of

f *cres.* *f*

air . . and an - cient sea, . . Such the gifts we bring to thee.

p *ritard.*

air and an - cient sea, Such can on - ly bring to thee.

BISHOP HEBER.

p

No. 8. Song of the Skylark.

CANON.

1st Soprano. *Allegro vivace.* Mendelssohn.

O lark! thy sweet song On high floats a - long, As

2nd Soprano.

gai - ly thou greet - est the morn - ing; O had I thy wing I'd

mount and I'd sing, To wel - come the day at its dawn - ing. dawn - ing.

1st Soprano. *f*

O lark! thy sweet song On high floats a - long, at

2nd Soprano. *f*

O lark! thy sweet song On high floats a - long, and greet-est the

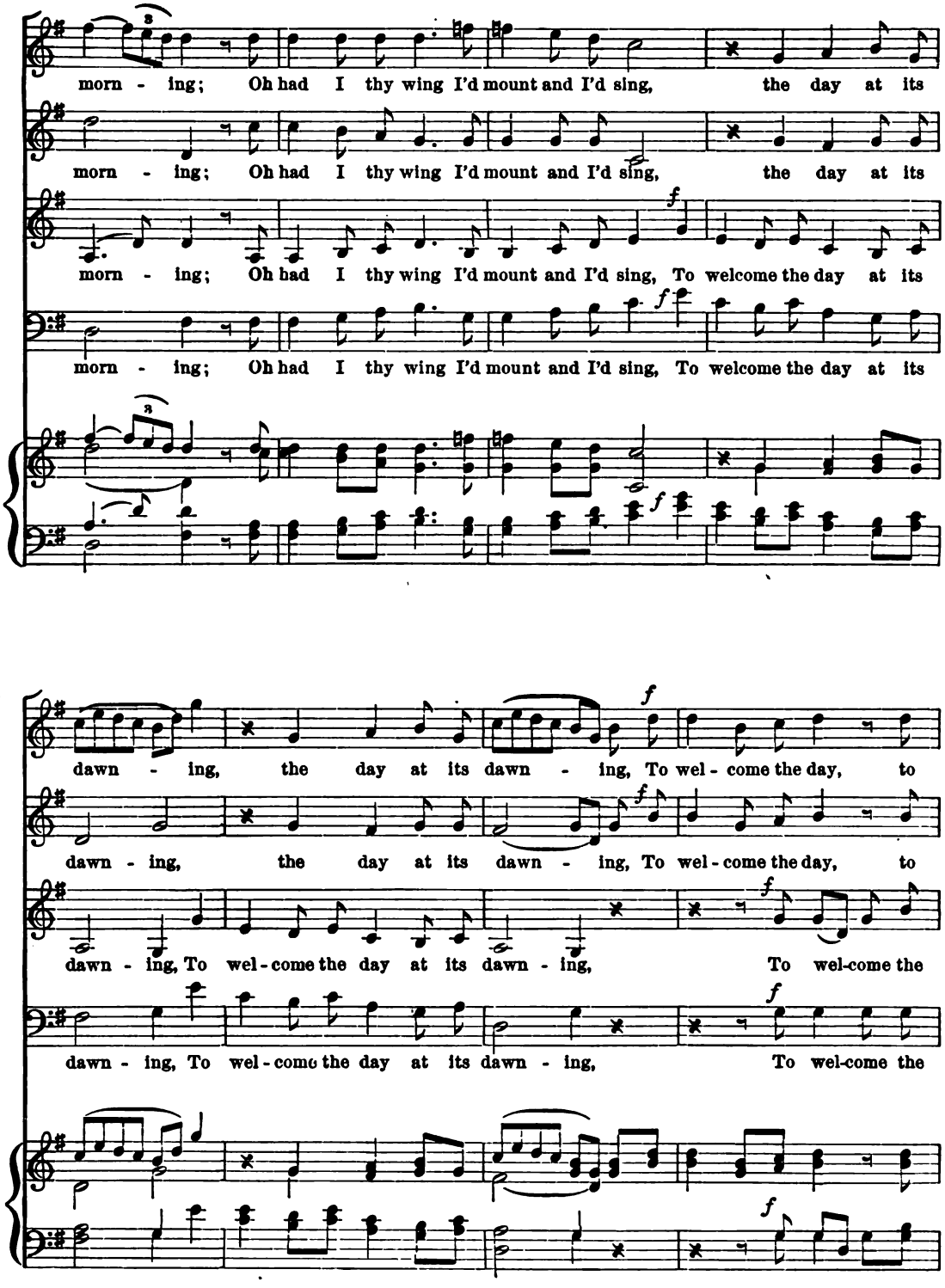
Alto. *f*

O lark! thy sweet song On high floats a - long, As gai - ly thou greet-est the

Bass. *f*

O lark! thy sweet song On high floats a - long, As gai - ly thou greet-est the

f


morn - ing; Oh had I thy wing I'd mount and I'd sing, the day at its
morn - ing; Oh had I thy wing I'd mount and I'd sing, the day at its
morn - ing; Oh had I thy wing I'd mount and I'd sing, To welcome the day at its
morn - ing; Oh had I thy wing I'd mount and I'd sing, To welcome the day at its
dawn - ing, the day at its dawn - ing, To wel - come the day, to
dawn - ing, the day at its dawn - ing, To wel - come the day, to
dawn - ing, To wel - come the day at its dawn - ing, To wel-come the
dawn - ing, To wel - come the day at its dawn - ing, To wel-come the

wel - come the day, to wel - come the day at its dawn - ing; O

wel - come the day, to wel - come the day at its dawn - ing; O

day, to wel - come the day at dawn - ing; O

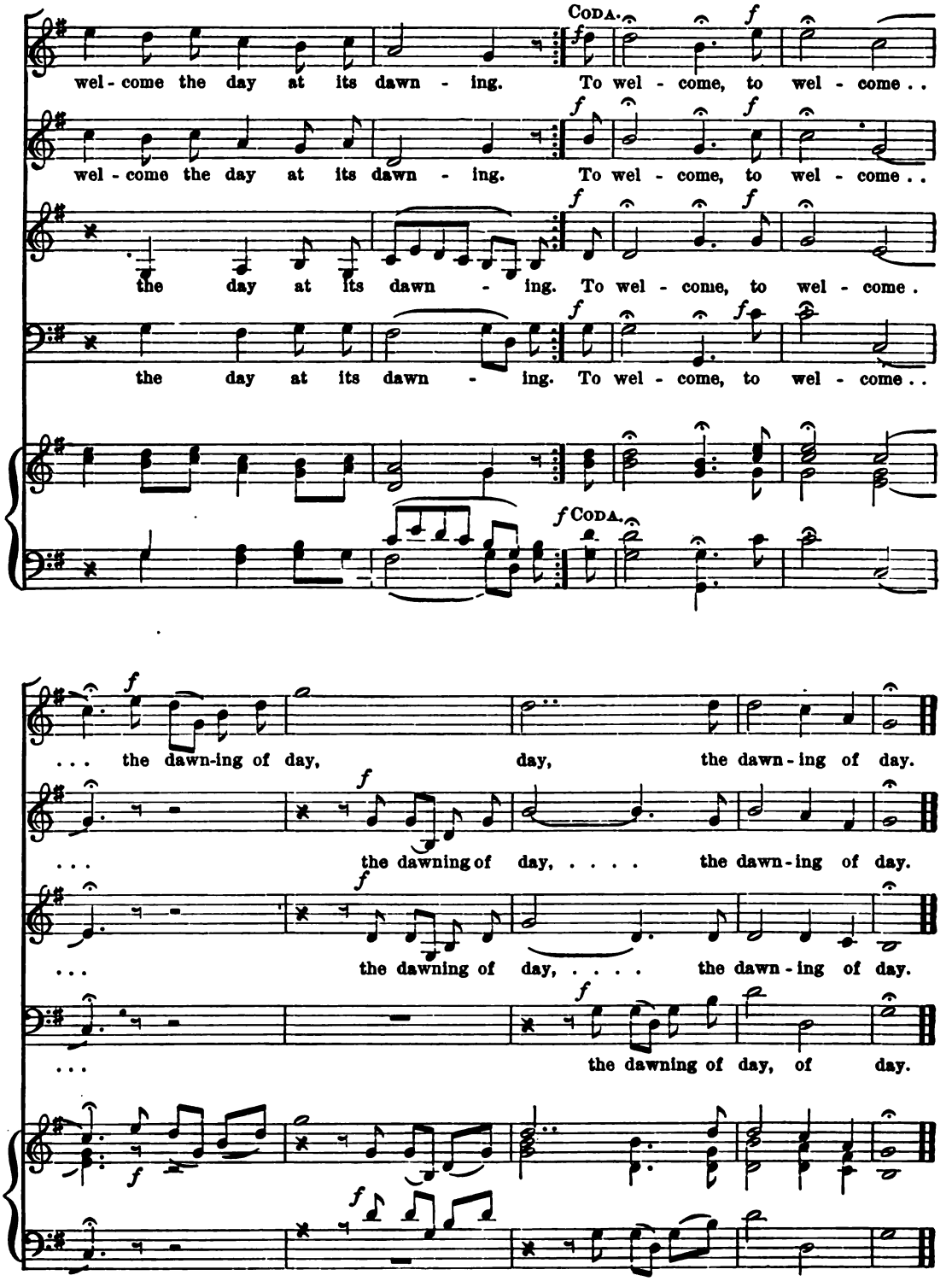
day, to wel - come the day the day at its dawn - ing; O

had I thy wing I'd mount and I'd sing, To wel - come the day at its dawn - ing, To

had I thy wing I'd mount and I'd sing, To wel - come the day at its dawn - ing, To

had I thy wing I'd mount and I'd sing, the day at its dawn - ing,

had I thy wing I'd mount and I'd sing, the day at its dawn - ing,


CODA.
wel - come the day at its dawn - ing. To wel - come, to wel - come . .
wel - come the day at its dawn - ing. To wel - come, to wel - come . .
the day at its dawn - ing. To wel - come, to wel - come .
the day at its dawn - ing. To wel - come, to wel - come . .
CODA.
. . . the dawn-ing of day, day, the dawn - ing of day.
. . . the dawning of day, ... the dawn - ing of day.
. . . the dawning of day, ... the dawn - ing of day.
. . . the dawning of day, of day.

No. 9. Hark, the Village Maids are Singing.

Chorus.

mf Andante.

1st Soprano.

Hark, the vil - lage maids are sing - ing, Gai - ly

cres.

2nd Soprano.

mf Alto.

Hark, the vil - lage maids are sing - ing, Gai - ly

cres.

Bass.

p

o'er the fur - rowed ground; Hark, the eve - ning bells, the

p

Hark, the eve - ning

mf

o'er the fur - rowed ground; Hark, the eve - ning

p

Hark, Hark, the eve - ning

p

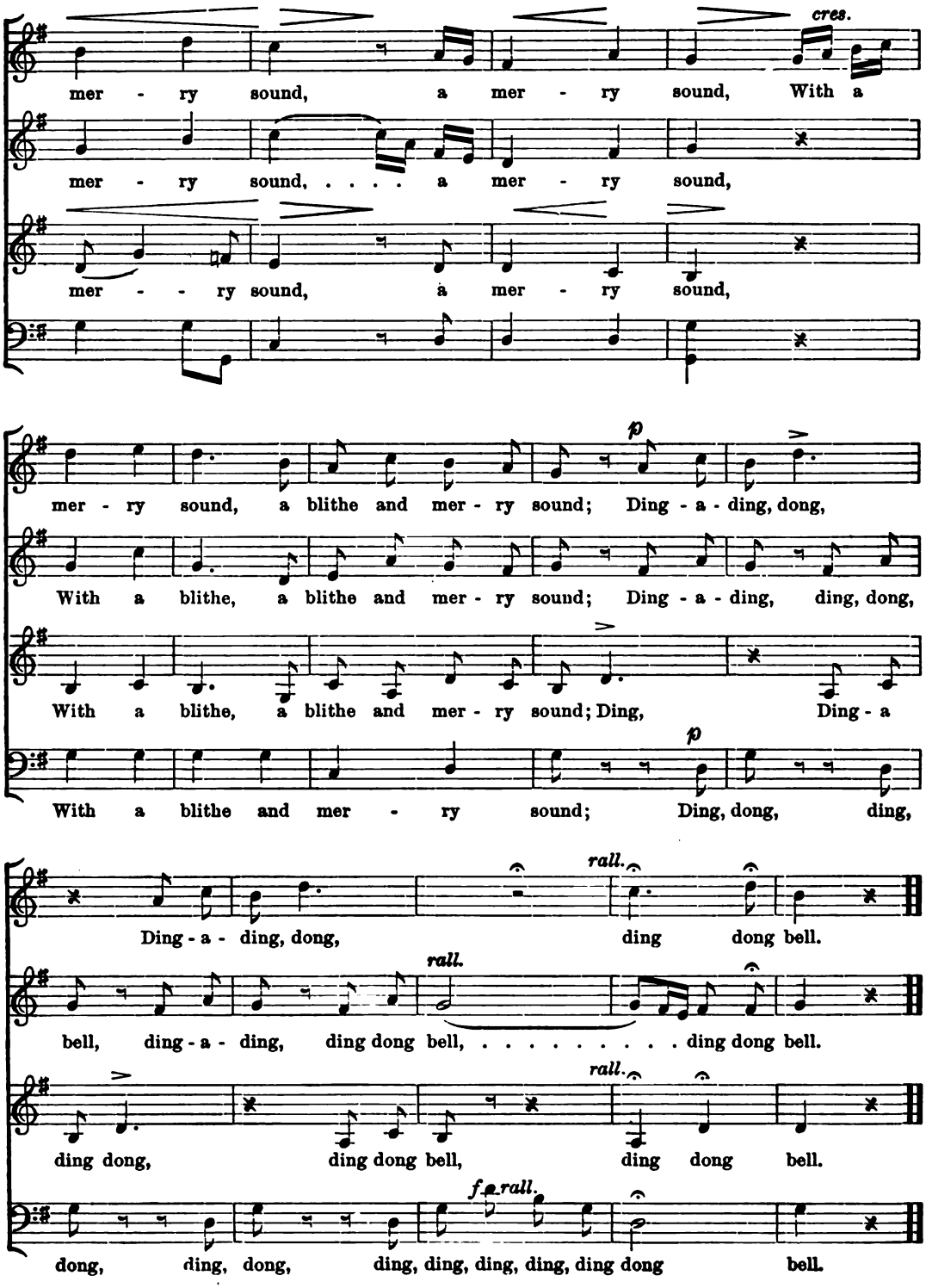
bells are ring - ing, With a blithe and mer - ry, a

a

p

bells are ring - ing, With a mer - ry,

bells, Hark, hark, hark, hark, a mer - ry,


cres.
mer - ry sound, a mer - ry sound, With a
mer - ry sound, ... a mer - ry sound,
mer - - ry sound, a mer - ry sound,
p
mer - ry sound, a blithe and mer - ry sound; Ding - a - ding, dong,
With a blithe, a blithe and mer - ry sound; Ding - a - ding, ding, dong,
With a blithe, a blithe and mer - ry sound; Ding, Ding - a
p
With a blithe and mer - ry sound; Ding, dong, ding,
rall.
Ding - a - ding, dong, ding dong bell.
rall.
bell, ding - a - ding, ding dong bell, ... ding dong bell.
rall.
ding dong, ding dong bell, ding dong bell.
f rall.
dong, ding, dong, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding dong bell.

No. 10. LUNA.

J. Barnby.

Soprano.

mf

1. Fair Lu - na forth is shed - ding Her beams up - on the
2. The night - in - gale is sing - ing Her plain - tive eve - ning

Alto.

pp

1. Fair Lu - na forth is shed - ding Her beams up - on the sea, . . . the
2. The night - in - gale is sing - ing Her plain - tive eve - ning song, . . . her

Tenor & Bass.

up - her

f *p* *f*

sea, . . And spreading sil - very lus - tre O'er mountain, grove and lea, . . O'er
song, . . Whose warblings now come wing - ing The gen - tle breeze a - long, . . The

sea, . . And spread-ing sil - very lus - tre O'er mountain, grove and lea, . . O'er
song, . . Whose warblings now come wing - ing The gen - tle breeze a - long, . . The

f *p*

on the sea, O'er mountain,
plaintive song, The gen-tle

mf

mountain, grove and lea; Then come, let us be stray-ing, While all a-round is
gen - tle breeze a - long; The balm - y air is la - den With per - fume from the

mountain, grove and lea; Then come, let us be stray - ing, While all a-round is
gen - tle breeze a - long; The balm - y air is la - den With per - fume from the

mf

grove and lea;
breeze a - long;

p

bright, And breathe out notes of pleas - ure, To hail the Queen of
bri - er, Then with such charms in - vit - ing, We'll tune the gold - en

p

bright, And breathe out notes of pleas - ure, To hail the Queen of
bri - er, Then with such charms in - vit - ing, We'll tune the gold - en

p

cres. *f*

night, To hail . . . . . the Queen . . . of
lyre, We'll tune . . . . . the gold . . . en

cres.

night, To hail the Queen of night, To hail the Queen of
lyre, We'll tune the gold - en lyre, We'll tune the gold - en

cres.

To hail the Queen of
We'll tune the gold - en

f

night. . . . . Fair Lu - na forth is shed - ding Her
lyre. . . . . .

pp

night. Fair Lu - na forth is shed - ding Her beams up - on the
lyre.

f *pp*

f *dim.*

beams up - on the sea, . . . And spreading sil - very lus - - tre O'er

sea, . . . the sea, . . . And spread-ing sil'- very lus - tre O'er

dim.

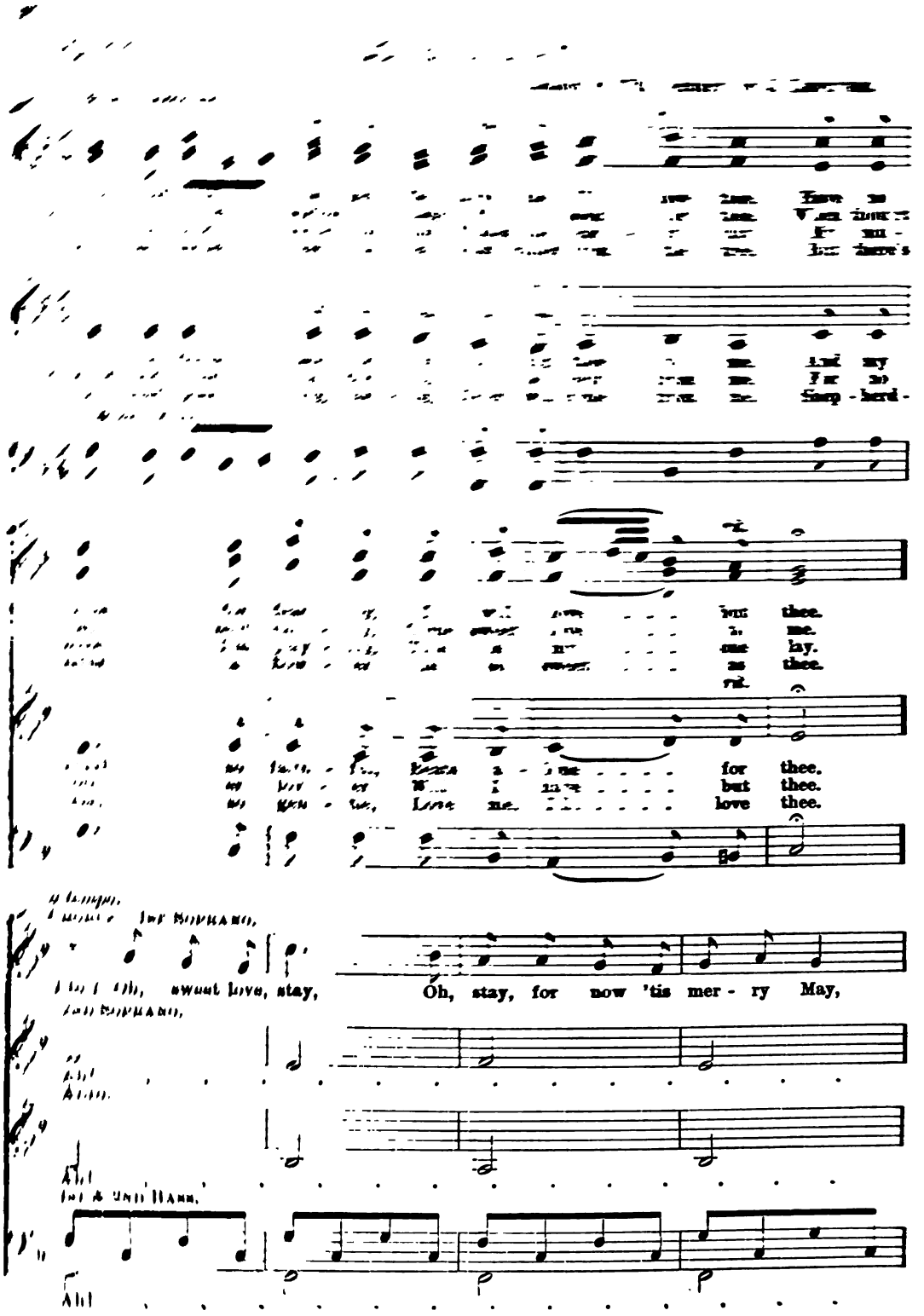
piu lento. *f* *rall.*

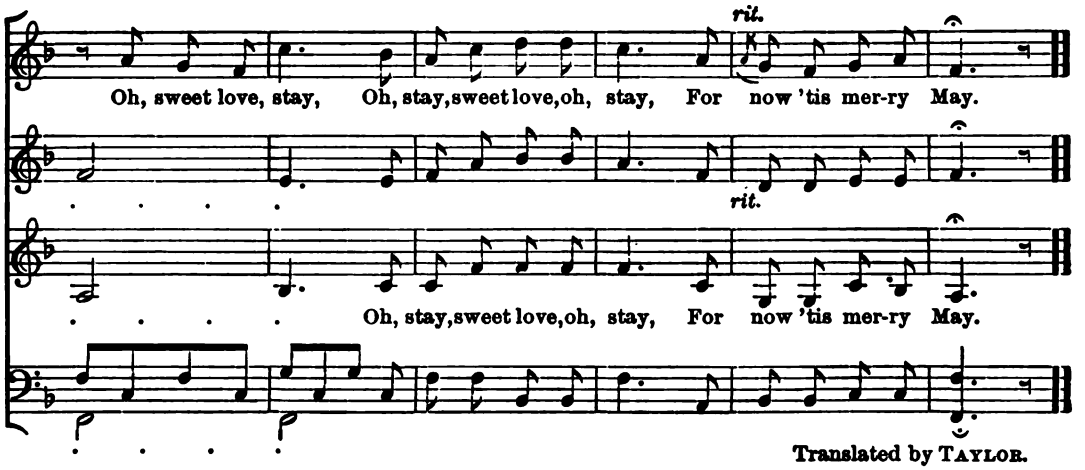
moun-tain, grove and lea, O'er mountain, grove and lea. . . . .

moun-tain, grove and lea, O'er mountain, grove and lea. . . . .

f

E. RANSFORD.

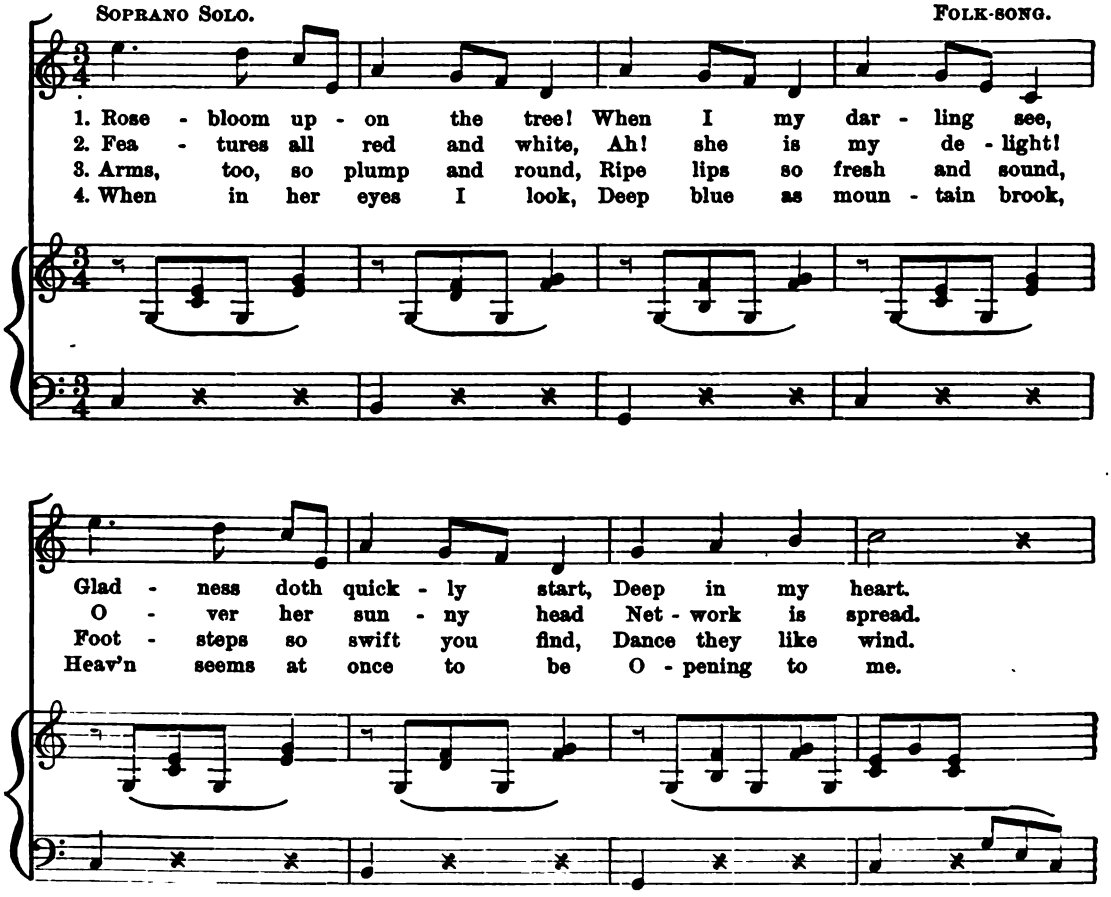

thee.
me.
lay.
as thee.
rit.
for thee.
but thee.
love thee.
Oh, sweet love, stay,
Oh, stay, for now 'tis mer - ry May,

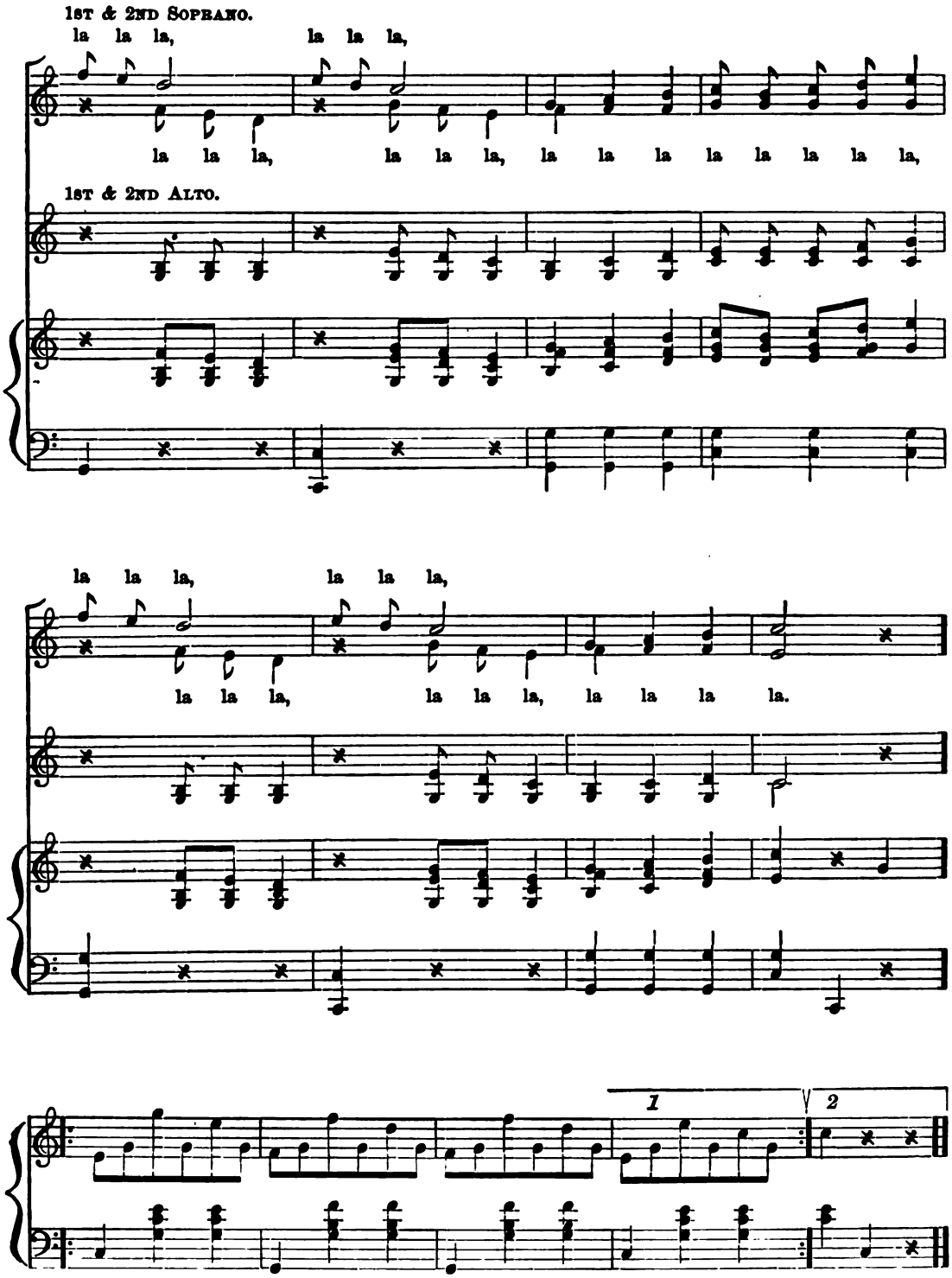


Translated by TAYLOR.

NO. 12. SWABIAN AIR.

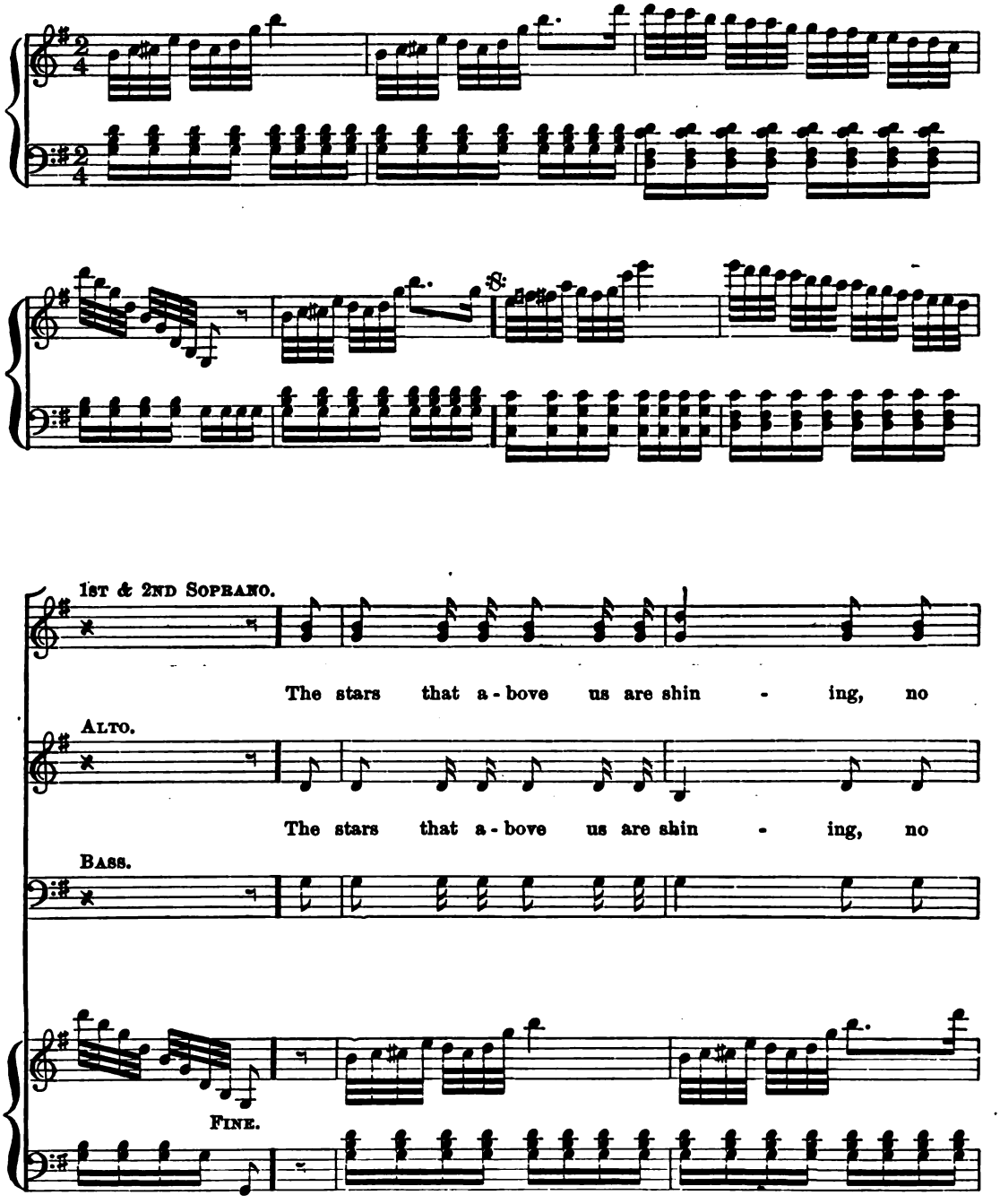
Moderato.
SOPRANO SOLO. FOLK-SONG.




1st & 2nd Soprano.
la la la, la la la,
la la la, la la la, la la la la la la la la,
1st & 2nd Alto.
la la la, la la la,
la la la, la la la, la la la la.
1
2

No. 13. The Stars that above us are Shining.

GYPSY CHORUS FROM "PRECIOSA." C. M. VON WEBER.



lon - ger the Gyp - sy can aid, For lost is her skill at di-

lon - ger the Gyp - sy can aid, For lost is her skill at di-

ff

vin - ing, Her spell is no lon - ger o - bey'd. To

vin - ing, Her spell is no lon - ger o - bey'd. To

ff

you in her turn now ap - peal - ing, She fain would her des - ti - ny

you in her turn now ap - peal - ing, She fain would her des - ti - ny

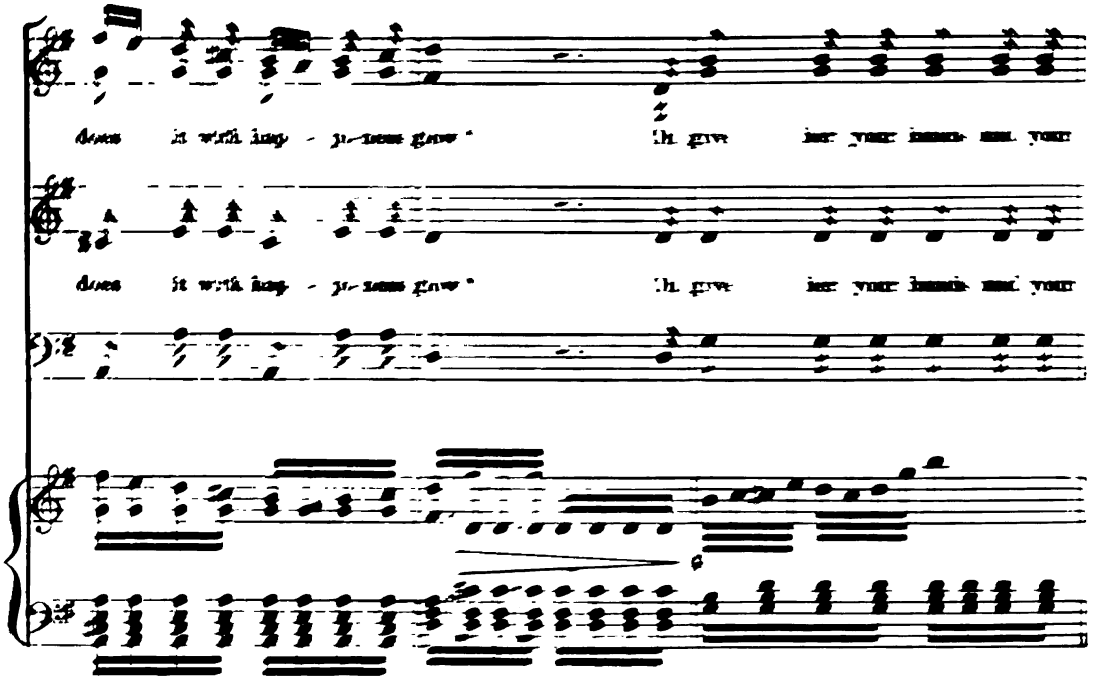
pp *f*

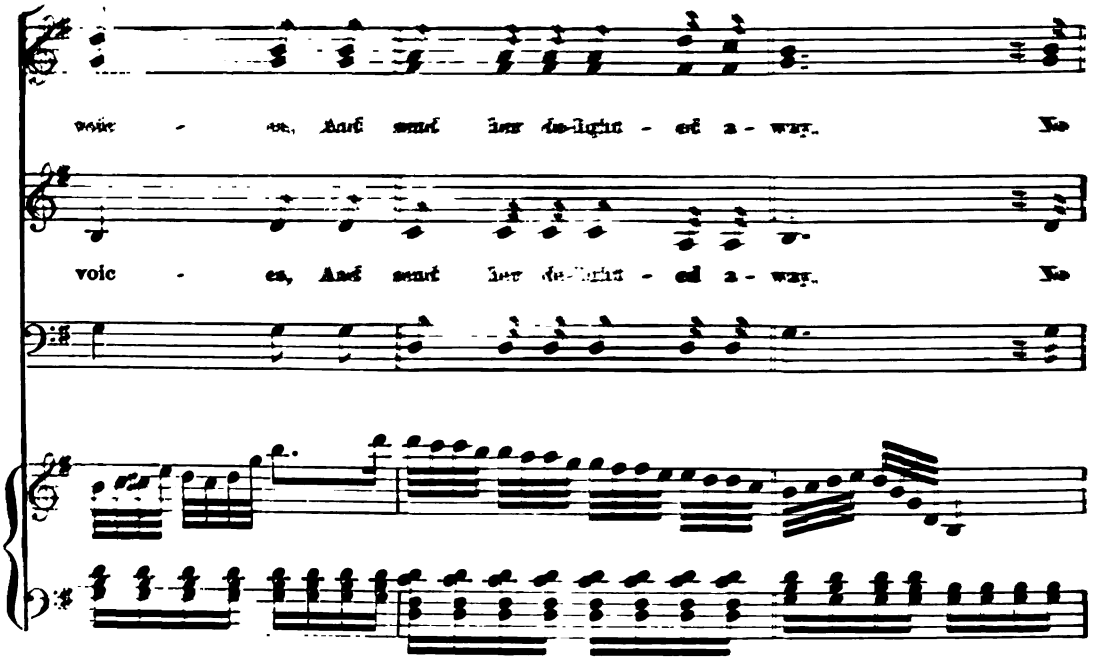
know, Oh, say then, are clouds o'er it steal - ing, Or

know, Oh, say then, are clouds o'er it steal - ing, Or

pp *f*

pp *ff*


does it with long - pe-tems grow? Oh give her your hands and your
does it with long - pe-tems grow? Oh give her your hands and your


voic - es, And send her de-light - ed a - way. No
voic - es, And send her de-light - ed a - way. No

guer - don her bos - om re- joic - es Like that which your plau - dits can

guer - don her bos - om re- joic - es Like that which your plau - dits can

ff

pay! The gay tide of life gen- tly flow - ing, Then

pay! The gay tide of life gen- tly flow - ing, Then

pp

ff *ff*

No. 10. LUNA.

J. Barnby.

Soprano.

mf

1. Fair Lu - na forth is shed - ding Her beams up - on the
2. The night - in - gale is sing - ing Her plain - tive eve - ning

Alto.

pp

1. Fair Lu - na forth is shed - ding Her beams up - on the sea, . . . the
2. The night - in - gale is sing - ing Her plain - tive eve - ning song, . . . her

Tenor & Bass.

f *p* *f*

sea, . . And spreading sil - very lus - tre O'er mountain, grove and lea, . . O'er up-
song, . . Whose warblings now come wing - ing The gen - tle breeze a - long, . . The her

sea, . . And spread-ing sil - very lus - tre O'er mountain, grove and lea, . . O'er
song, . . Whose warblings now come wing - ing The gen - tle breeze a - long, . . The

f *p*

on the sea, O'er mountain,
plaintive song, The gen-tle

mf

mountain, grove and lea; Then come, let us be stray-ing, While all a-round is
gen - tle breeze a - long; The balm - y air is la - den With per - fume from the

mountain, grove and lea; Then come, let us be stray - ing, While all a-round is
gen - tle breeze a - long; The balm - y air is la - den With per - fume from the

mf

grove and lea;
breeze a - long;

p

bright, And breathe out notes of pleas - ure, To hail the Queen of
bri - er, Then with such charms in - vit - ing, We'll tune the gold - en

p

bright, And breathe out notes of pleas - ure, To hail the Queen of
bri - er, Then with such charms in - vit - ing, We'll tune the gold - en

p

cres. *f*

night, To hail . . . . . the Queen . . . of
lyre, We'll tune . . . . . the gold - - - en

cres.

night, To hail the Queen of night, To hail the Queen of
lyre, We'll tune the gold - en lyre, We'll tune the gold - en

cres.

To hail the Queen of
We'll tune the gold - en

f

night. . . . . Fair Lu - na forth is shed - ding Her
lyre. . . . . .

pp

night. Fair Lu - na forth is shed - ding Her beams up - on the
lyre.

f *pp*

f *dim.*

beams up - on the sea, . . . And spreading sil - very lus - - tre O'er

sea, . . . the sea, . . . And spread-ing sil'- very lus - tre O'er

dim.

piu lento. *f* *rall.*

moun-tain, grove and lea, O'er mountain, grove and lea. . . . .

moun-tain, grove and lea, O'er mountain, grove and lea. . . . .

f

E. RANSFORD.

No. 11. Love in May.

Chanson of 17th Century, by J. Lefevre.

1st & 2nd Soprano.

1. Shep - herd - ess . . so gen - tle, Love me, I'll love thee, Have no
2. 'Neath the sweet . . spring fo - liage Oft I seek for thee, When thou'rt
3. When the lark's . . sweet sing - ing Wakes the ear - ly day, My mu -
4. Here are sweet - est ros - es Just culled from the tree, But there's

Alto.

5. Tur - tle doves . . are coo - ing, Call - ing thee to me, And my
6. Hand and heart . . a - dor - ing, Oh, ac - cept from me, For no
7. Love that's pass - ing, fad - ing, Ne'er will come from me, Shep - herd -

1st & 2nd Bass.

cause for fear - ing, I will love . . . . but thee.
ab - sent call - ing, Come, sweet love . . . . to me.
settle I'm play - ing, This is my . . . . . one lay.
ne'er a flow - er Is so sweet . . . . as thee.

rit.

heart, so faith - ful, Beats a - lone . . . . for thee.
oth - er lov - er Will I have . . . . but thee.
ess, so gen - tle, Love me, I'll . . . . . love thee.

rit.

a tempo.

Chorus. 1st Soprano.

1 to 7. Oh, sweet love, stay, Oh, stay, for now 'tis mer - ry May,

2nd Soprano.

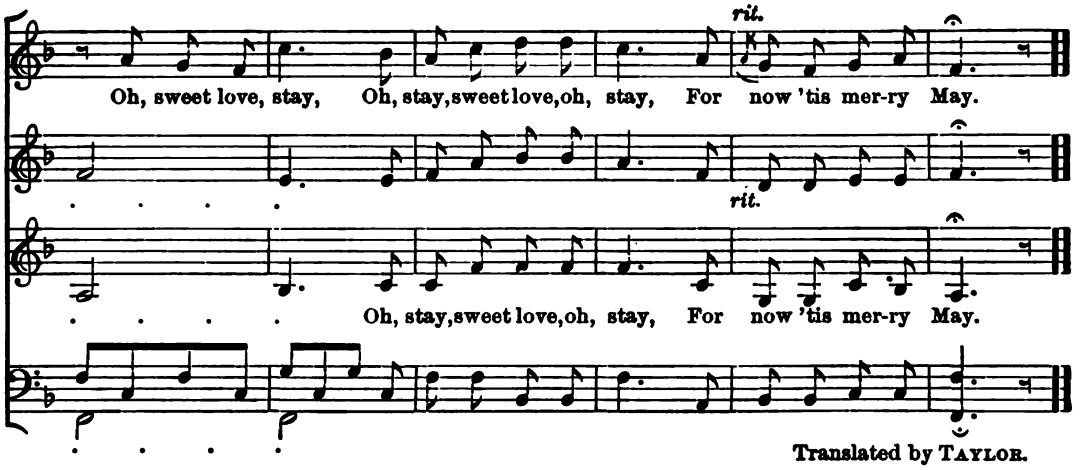
Ah! . . . . . .

Alto.

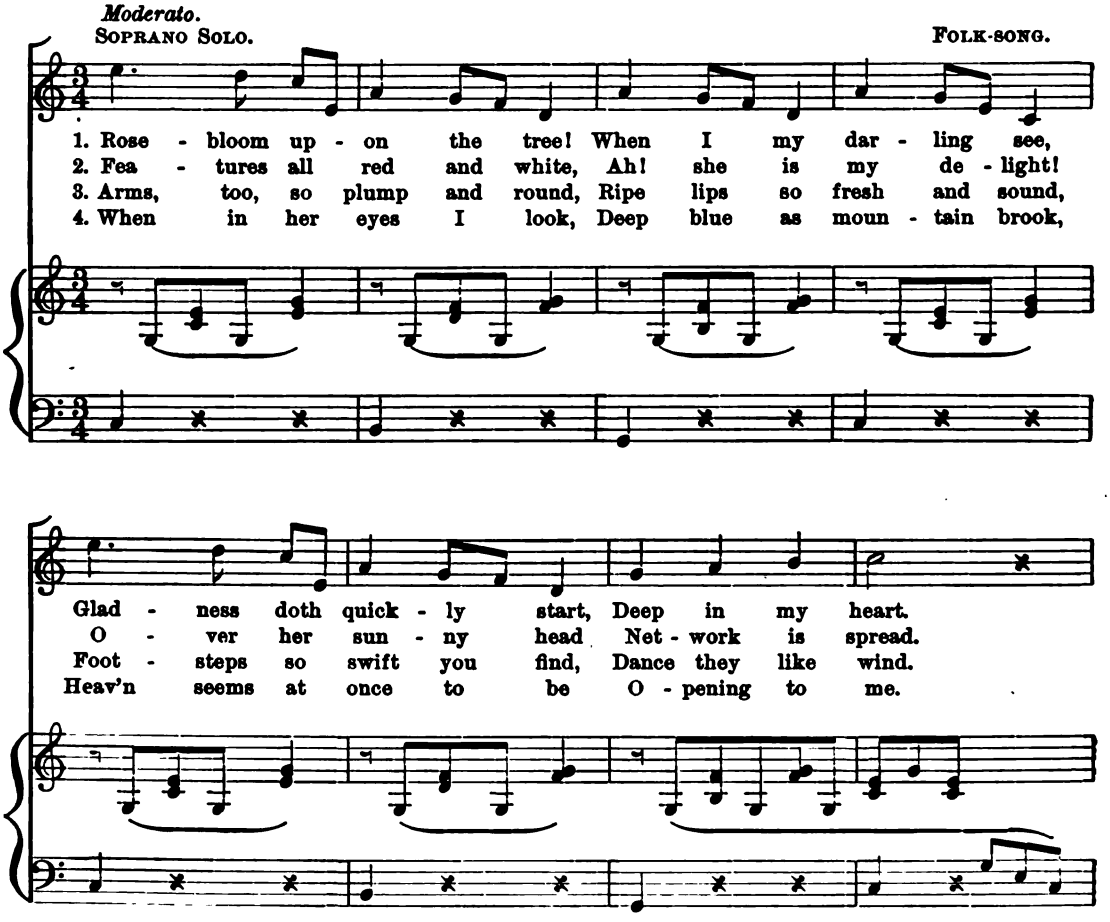
Ah! . . . . . .

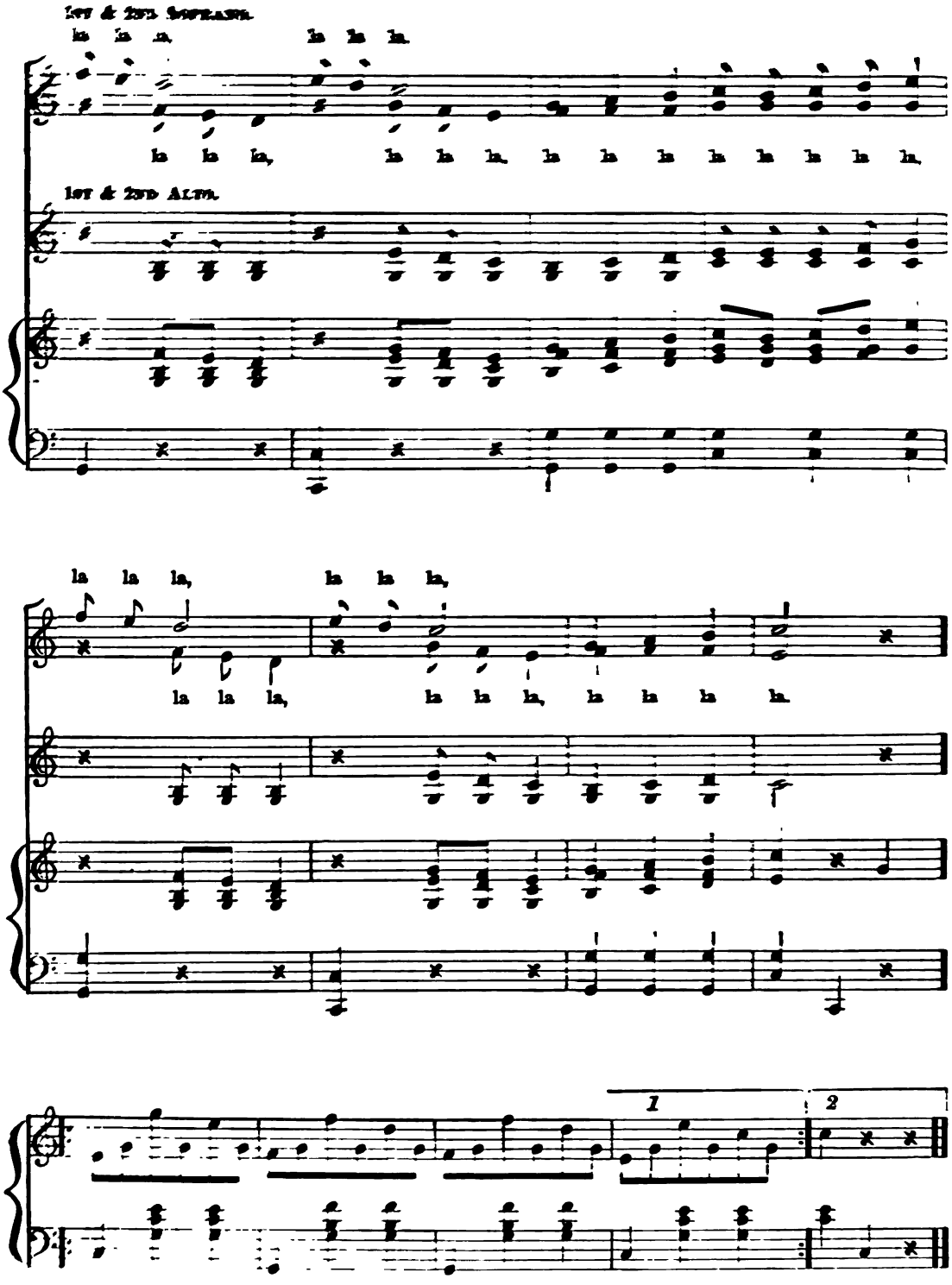
1st & 2nd Bass.

Ah! . . . . . .



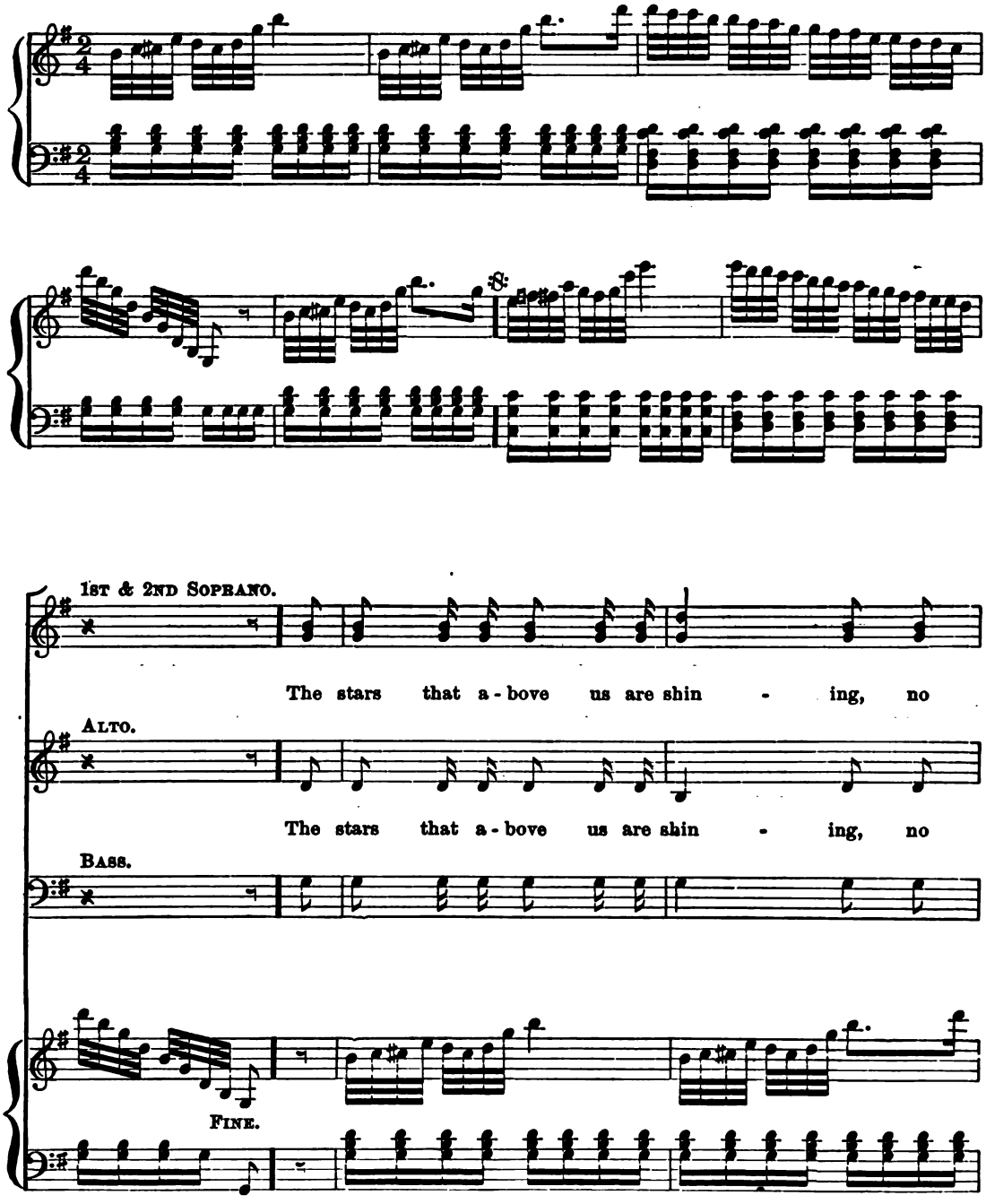
NO. 12. SWABIAN AIR.




1st & 2nd Soprano.
la la la, la la la.
la la la, la la la, la la la la la la la la.
1st & 2nd Alto.
la la la, la la la,
la la la, la la la, la la la la.
1
2

No. 13. The Stars that above us are Shining.

GYPSY CHORUS FROM "PRECIOSA." C. M. von Weber.



lon - ger the Gyp - sy can aid, For lost is her skill at di-

lon - ger the Gyp - sy can aid, For lost is her skill at di-

ff

vin - ing, Her spell is no lon - ger o - bey'd. To

vin - ing, Her spell is no lon - ger o - bey'd. To

ff

you in her turn now ap - peal - ing, She fain would her des - ti - ny

you in her turn now ap - peal - ing, She fain would her des - ti - ny

pp *f*

know, Oh, say then, are clouds o'er it steal - ing, Or

know, Oh, say then, are clouds o'er it steal - ing, Or

pp *f*

pp *ff*

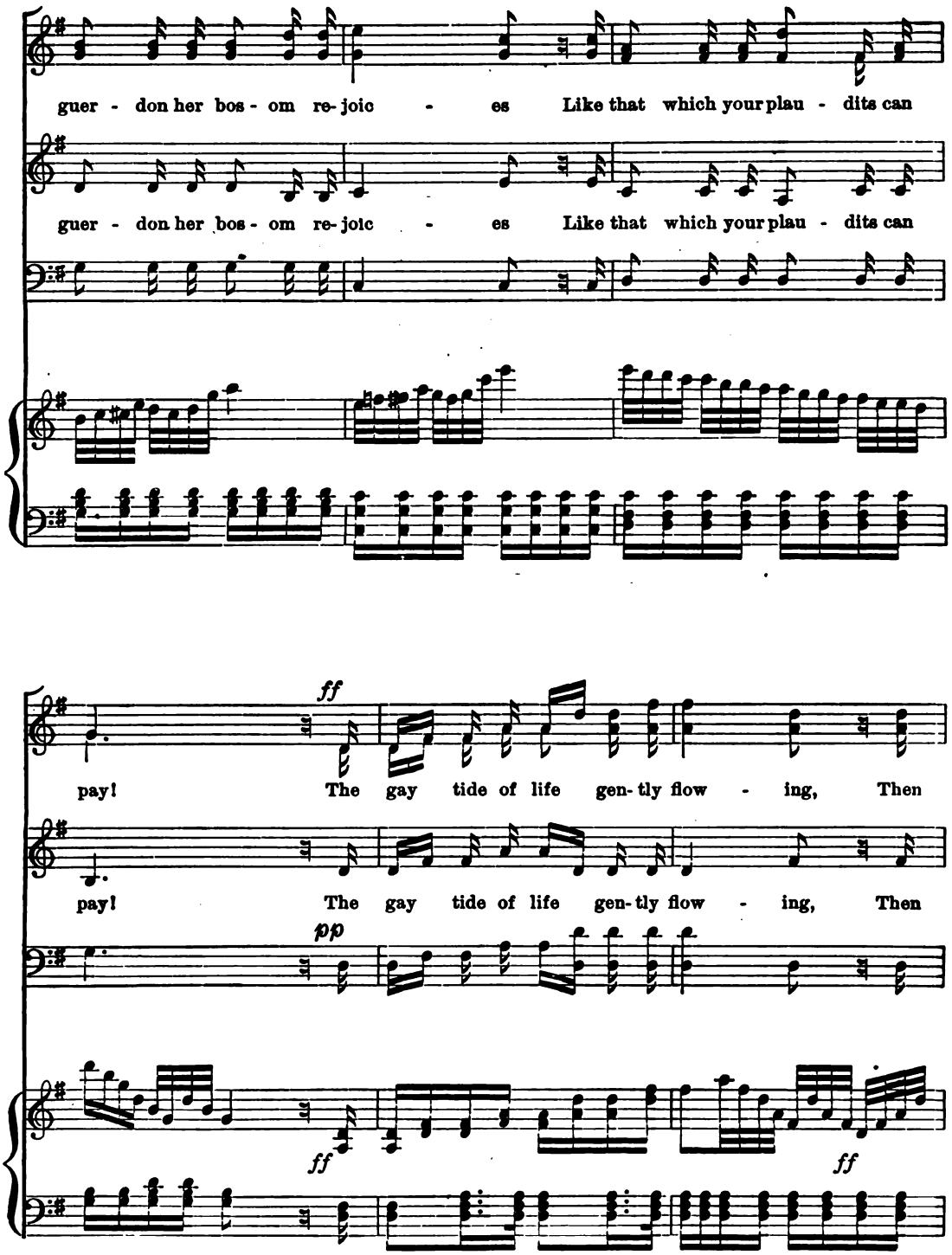
does it with hap - pi-ness glow? Oh give her your hands and your

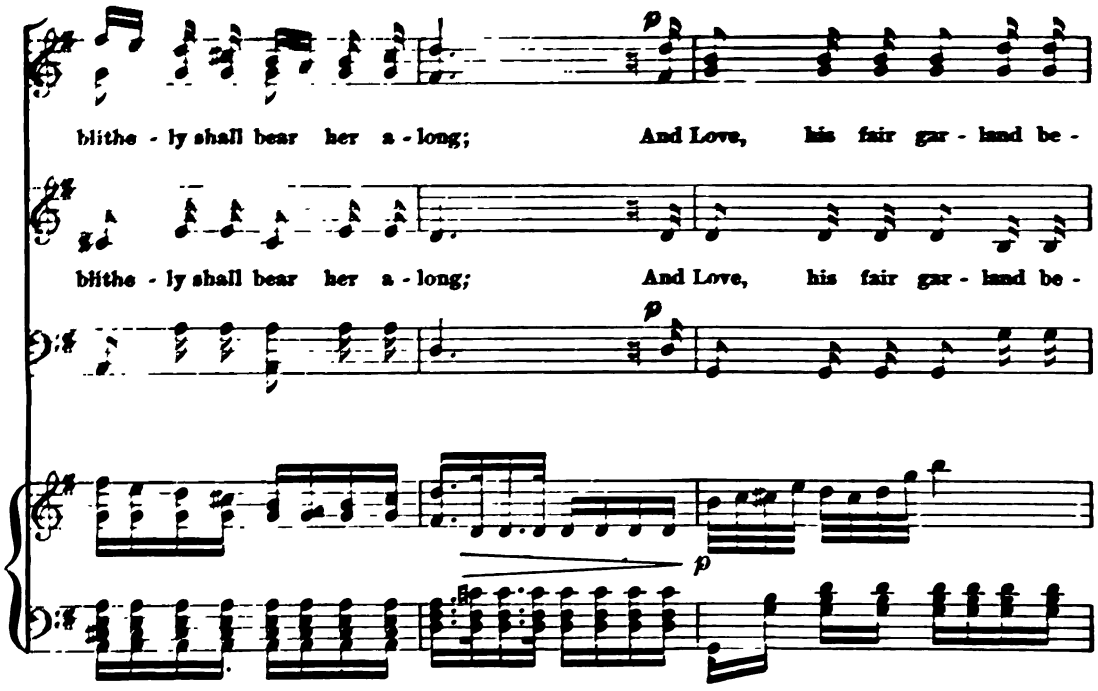
does it with hap - pi-ness glow? Oh give her your hands and your

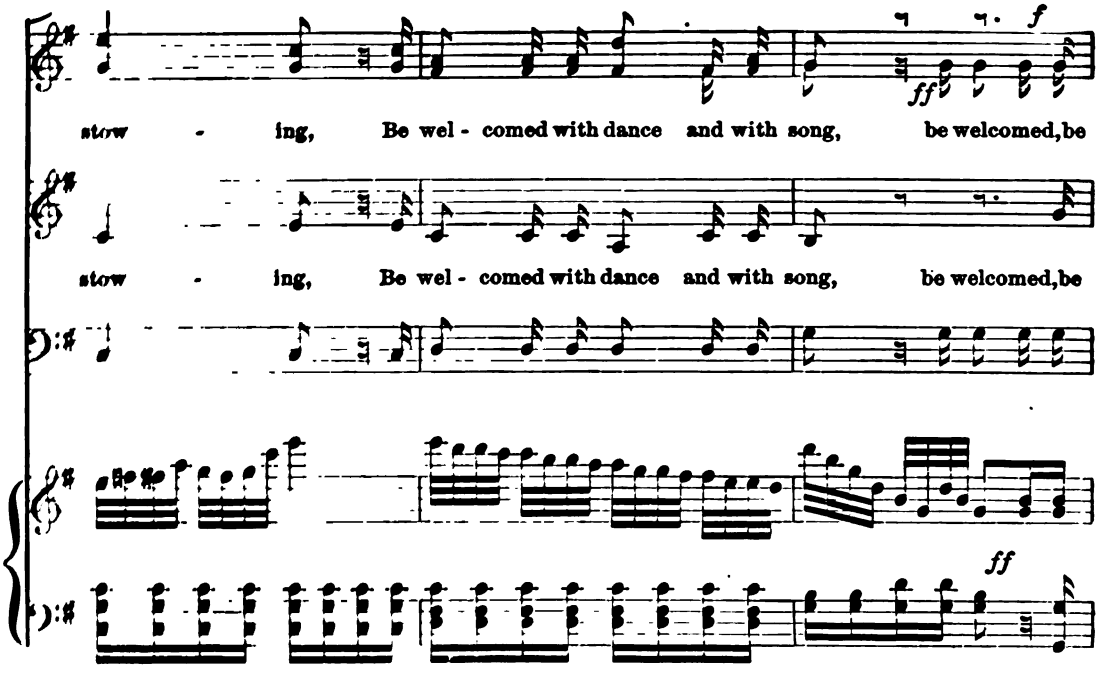
p

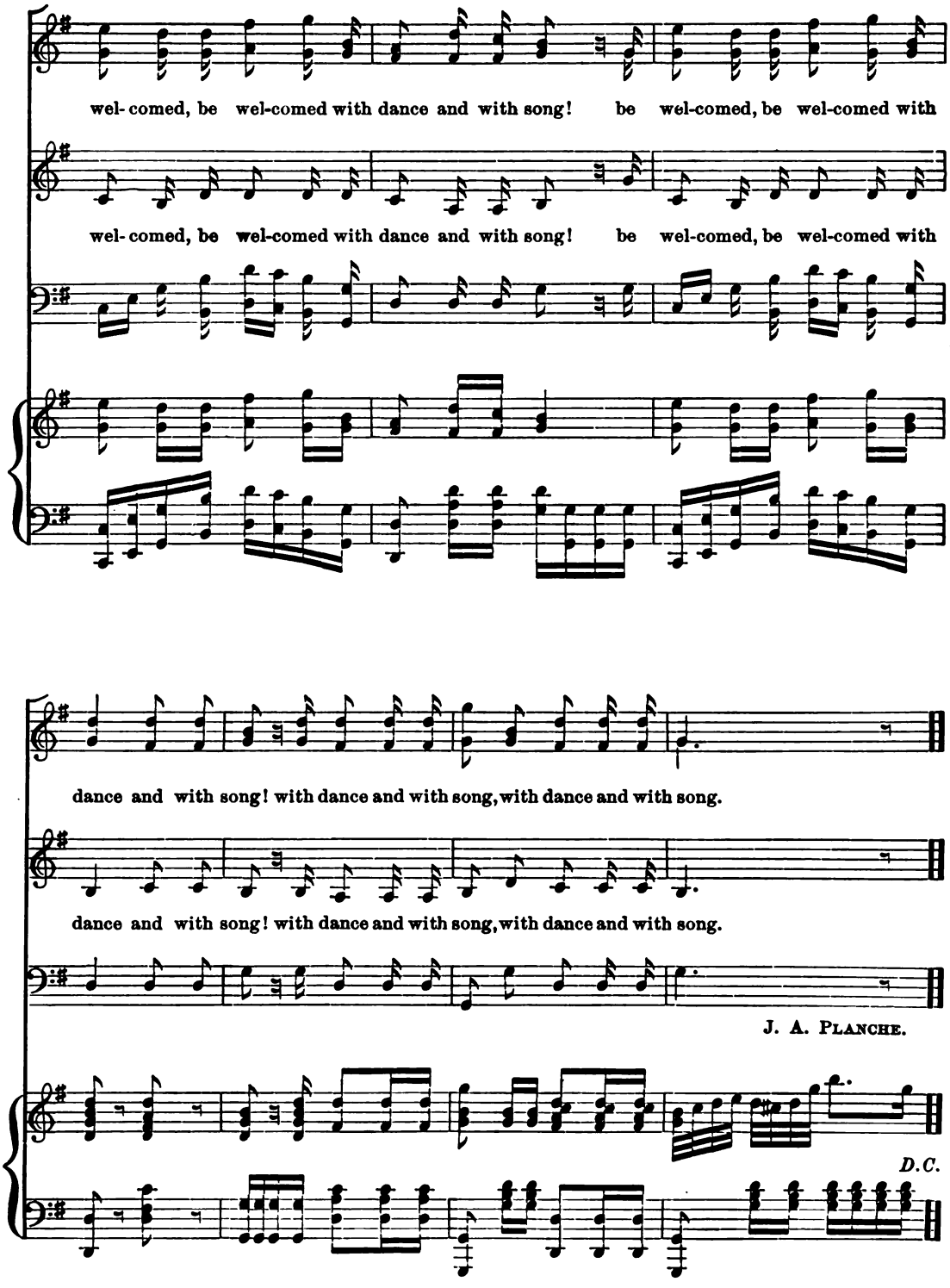
voi - ces, And send her de-light - ed a - way, No

voi - ces, And send her de-light - ed a - way, No


guer - don her bos - om re- joic - es Like that which your plau - dits can
guer - don her bos - om re- joic - es Like that which your plau - dits can
ff
pay! The gay tide of life gen- tly flow - ing, Then
pay! The gay tide of life gen- tly flow - ing, Then
pp
ff
ff


p
blithe - ly shall bear her a - long; And Love, his fair gar - land be -
blithe - ly shall bear her a - long; And Love, his fair gar - land be -
p
p


f
ff
stow - ing, Be wel - comed with dance and with song, be welcomed, be
stow - ing, Be wel - comed with dance and with song, be welcomed, be
ff


wel- comed, be wel-comed with dance and with song! be wel-comed, be wel-comed with
wel- comed, be wel-comed with dance and with song! be wel-comed, be wel-comed with
dance and with song! with dance and with song, with dance and with song.
dance and with song! with dance and with song, with dance and with song.
J. A. PLANCHE.
D.C.

No. 14. Ye Guardian Spirits.

Air. from Auber's Marmiellio.

Andante con moto.

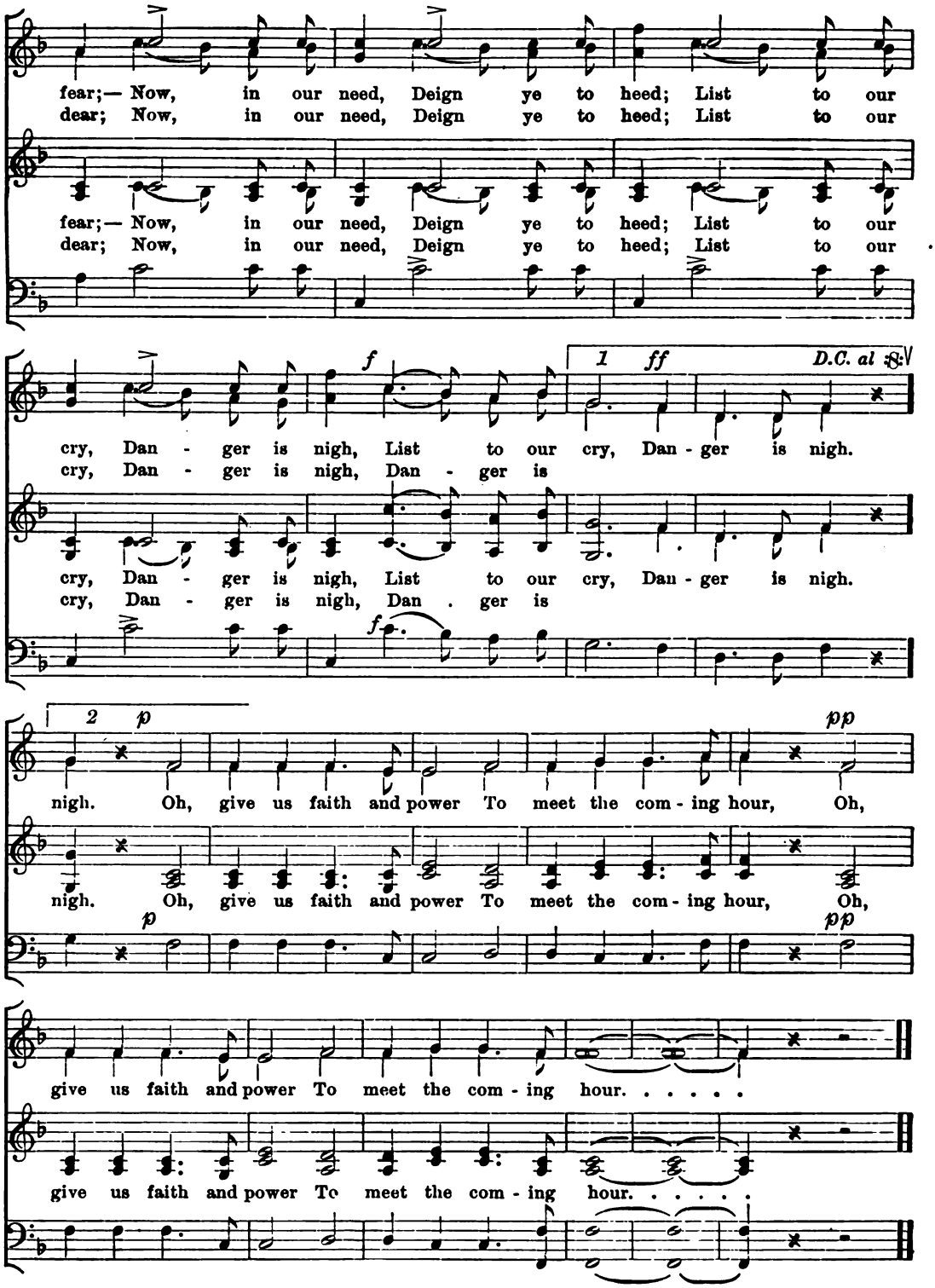
1st & 2nd Sopranos.

Ye guard-ian spir - its! whose watchful care de - fend - eth. Coun - try and kin - dred, and all we hold most dear.— Whose care un - seen, Though not un-heed-ed, lend - eth Strength to the weak, And hope to them that watchful care de - fend - eth Coun - try and kin - dred, and all we hold most

1st & 2nd Altos.

Ye guard-ian spir - its! whose watch-ful care de - fend - eth. Coun - try and kin - dred, and all we hold most dear.— Ye guard-ian spir - its! Whose care un - seen, Though not un-heed-ed, lend - eth Strength to the weak, And hope to them that watch-ful care de - fend - eth Coun - try and kin - dred, and all we hold most

Bass.


fear;— Now, in our need, Deign ye to heed; List to our
dear; Now, in our need, Deign ye to heed; List to our
fear;— Now, in our need, Deign ye to heed; List to our
dear; Now, in our need, Deign ye to heed; List to our
f
1 ff
D.C. al
cry, Dan - ger is nigh, List to our cry, Dan - ger is nigh.
cry, Dan - ger is nigh, Dan - ger is
cry, Dan - ger is nigh, List to our cry, Dan - ger is nigh.
cry, Dan - ger is nigh, Dan . ger is
f
2 p
pp
nigh. Oh, give us faith and power To meet the com - ing hour, Oh,
nigh. Oh, give us faith and power To meet the com - ing hour, Oh,
p
pp
give us faith and power To meet the com - ing hour. . . . . .
give us faith and power To meet the com - ing hour. . . . . .

NO. 15. THE FLOWER.

W. HEISER, ART.

Andante con espressione.

1ST & 2ND SOPRANO.

1. I've found a lit - tle flow - er, Its name is "Trust," I
2. It storm - y winds en - dur - eth, And ev - er blooms a -

ALTO.

1. I've found a lit - tle flow - er, Its name is "Trust," I
2. It storm - y winds en - dur - eth, And ev - er blooms a -

BASS.

p *sf*

ween, . . And ev - ery hour it bloom - eth Where heart by
new, . . Where two hearts meet to - geth - er In love and

ween, . . And ev - ery hour it bloom - eth Where heart by
new, . . Where two hearts meet to - geth - er In love and

p *sf*

p

heart is seen; . . . Where heart by heart is seen; . . When one man
friend - ship true; . . . In love and friend - ship true; . . When from the

heart is seen; . . . Where heart by heart is seen; . . When one man
friend - ship true; . . . In love and friend - ship true; . . When from the

p

to an - oth - er Holds out a friend - ly hand, . . Though
mouth out - ring - eth Some grate - ful word of love, . . That

to an - oth - er Holds out a friend - ly hand, . . Though
mouth out - ring - eth Some grate - ful word of love, . . That

un - re - spon - sive tak - en, It still doth con - stant stand. . . Though
through the dark clouds wing - eth To Him who rules a - bove. . . That

un - tak - en, It still doth con - stant stand. . . Though
wing - eth To Him who rules a - bove. . . That

tak - en, It still doth con - stant stand. . .
through the dark clouds wing - eth To Him who rules a - bove. . .

un - re - spon - sive tak - en, It still doth con - stant stand. . .
through the dark clouds wing - eth To Him who rules a - bove. . .

LICHTENAU, tr. by W. W. CALDWELL.

No. 15. THE FLOWER.

W. Heiser, arr.

Andante con espressione.

1st & 2nd Soprano.

1. I've found a lit - tle flow - er, Its name is "Trust," I
2. It storm - y winds en - dur - eth, And ev - er blooms a -

Alto.

1. I've found a lit - tle flow - er, Its name is "Trust," I
2. It storm - y winds en - dur - eth, And ev - er blooms a -

Bass.

ween, . . And ev - ery hour it bloom - eth Where heart by
new, . . Where two hearts meet to - geth - er In love and

ween, . . And ev - ery hour it bloom - eth Where heart by
new, . . Where two hearts meet to - geth - er In love and

heart is seen; . . . Where heart by heart is seen; . . When one man
friend - ship true; . . . In love and friend - ship true; . . When from the

heart is seen; . . . Where heart by heart is seen; . . When one man
friend - ship true; . . . In love and friend - ship true; . . When from the

to an - oth - er Holds out a friend - ly hand, . . Though
mouth out - ring - eth Some grate - ful word of love, . . That

to an - oth - er Holds out a friend - ly hand, . . Though
mouth out - ring - eth Some grate - ful word of love, . . That

un - re - spon - sive tak - en, It still doth con - stant stand. . . Though
through the dark clouds wing - eth To Him who rules a - bove. . . That

un - re - spon - sive tak - en, It still doth con - stant stand. . . Though
through the dark clouds wing - eth To Him who rules a - bove. . . That

un - re - spon - sive tak - en, It still doth con - stant stand. . .
through the dark clouds wing - eth To Him who rules a - bove. . .

un - re - spon - sive tak - en, It still doth con - stant stand. . .
through the dark clouds wing - eth To Him who rules a - bove. . .

LICHTENAU, tr. by W. W. CALDWELL.

No. 16. A Spring Song.

p Allegro moderato. Arr. from Pinsuti.

1st Soprano.

1. I sat be-neath the A - beles old, The meads were shot with green and gold, And
2. The bu - sy bab - bling wa - ter - fall, Mel - o - dious - ly kept time to all, The
3. O love - ly, love - ly, love - ly Spring, O, robed in sunbeams, bridegroom king! Breathe

2nd Soprano.

p Alto.

1. I sat be-neath the A - beles old, The meads were shot with green and gold, And
2. The bu - sy bab - bling wa - ter - fall, Mel - o - dious - ly kept time to all, The
3. O love - ly, love - ly, love - ly Spring, O, robed in sunbeams, bridegroom king! Breathe

Bass.

un poco rall. *pp Leggiero scherzoso.*

un - der-neath my feet there rolled The lit - tle sil - v'ry Gad; The cuc - koo and the
rich May mu - sic mys - ti - cal, Ton'd to the fresh'ning air; Each rip - 'ning bud that
on my heart and bid me sing, Or rath - er praise and pray; For em-blems are these

un poco rall. *pp Leggiero scherzoso.*

un - der-neath my feet there rolled The lit - tle sil - v'ry Gad; The cuc - koo and the
rich May mu - sic mys - ti - cal, Ton'd to the fresh'ning air; Each rip - 'ning bud that
on my heart and bid me sing, Or rath - er praise and pray; For em-blems are these

thrush were sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing, The sheep-bells on the hills were
o - pen, that o - pen, o - pen flies, Seemed gasp-ing with a gay, a
sun - ny, these sun - ny, sun - ny hours, These gold - - en meads, and

thrush were sing - ing, singing, The sheep-bells on the hills were
o - pen, that o - pen flies, Seemed gasp-ing with a gay, a
sun - ny, these sun - ny hours, These gold - - en meads, and

thrush were singing, sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing, The sheep-bells on the hills were ring-ing,
o - pen flies, that o - pen, o - pen flies, Seemed gasp-ing with a gay sur-prise, a
sun - ny hours, these sun - ny, sun - ny hours, These golden meads and stream and flowers, These

ff *f*

ring-ing, ring-ing, ring-ing, All life was gay and glad! All life was gay and
gay, a gay sur - prise, To greet a world so fair, To greet a world so
meads, and stream and flowers, Of ev - er-last - ing May, Of ev - er - last - ing

ring - ing, ring-ing,
gay sur prise,
sun - ny hours,

ff *f*

ring-ing, ring-ing, ring-ing, All life was gay and glad! All life was gay and
gay. a gay sur - prise, To greet a world so fair, To greet a world so
meads, and stream and flowers, Of ev - er-last - ing May, Of ev - er - last - ing

dim. *cres.*

glad! All life was gay and glad!
fair, To greet a world so fair!
May, Of ev - er - last - ing May,

dim. *cres.*

glad! All life was gay and glad!
fair, To greet a world so fair!
May, Of ev - er -last - ing May,

f *rall.* *f* *ritenuto.*

all life was gay, was gay and glad!
a world so fair, a world so fair!
of May, of ev - er - last - ing May!

f *p* *rallentando.* *ritenuto.*

was gay and glad! was gay, was gay and glad!
a world so fair, so fair, a world so fair.
of ev - er - last - ing, of ev - er - last - ing May.

From the "AFTERGLOW."

No. 17. Hail! Smiling Morn.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

R. Spofforth.

1st Soprano. *f*

Hail! . . . . . smil - ing morn! smil - ing morn! That tips the hills with

2nd Soprano. *f*

Hail! hail! smil - ing morn! smil - ing morn! That tips the hills with

Bass. *f*

Hail! hail! smil - ing morn! smil - ing morn! . . . . . .

Piano. *f*

p *f*

gold, . That tips the hills with gold, . . Whose ro - sy fin - gers ope the

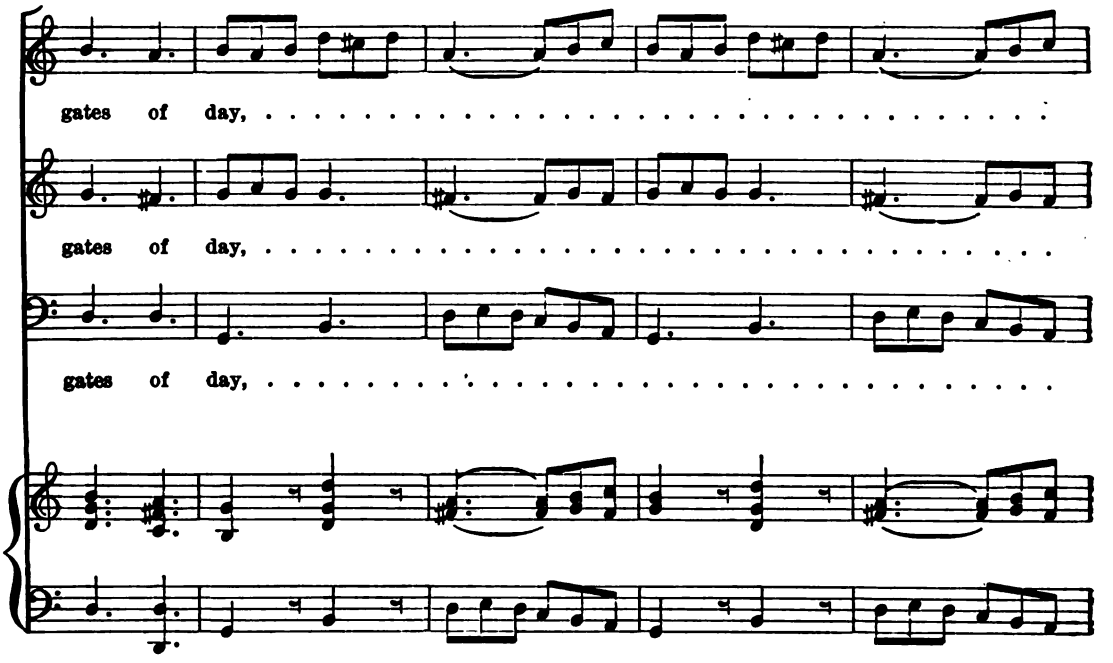
p *f*

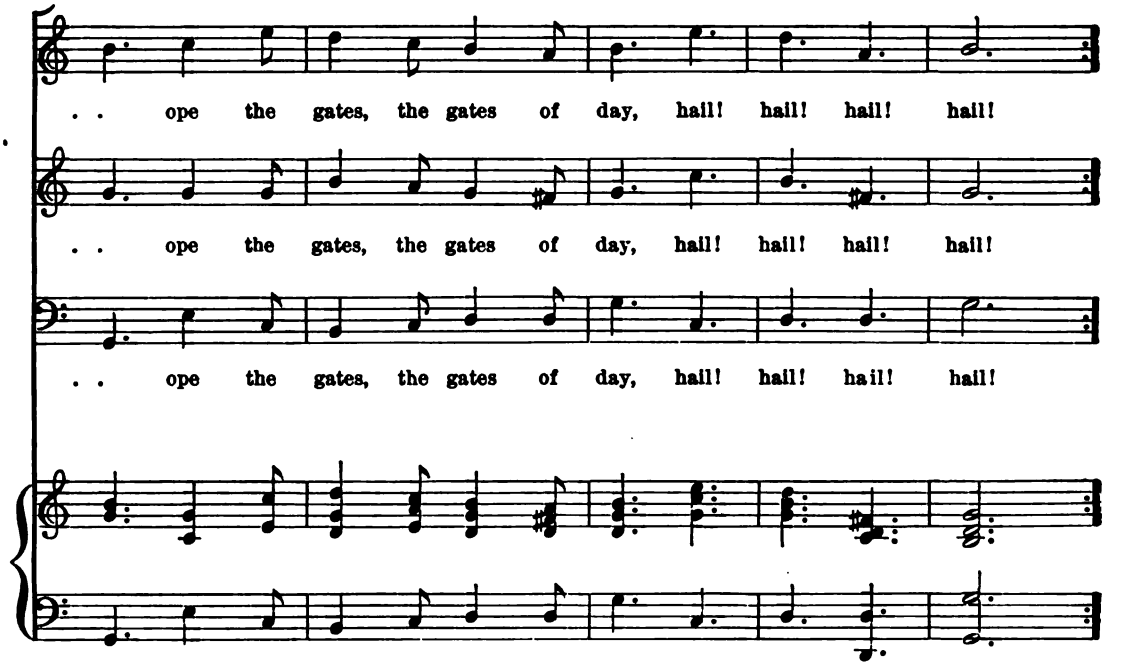
gold, . That tips the hills with gold, Whose ro - sy fin - gers ope the

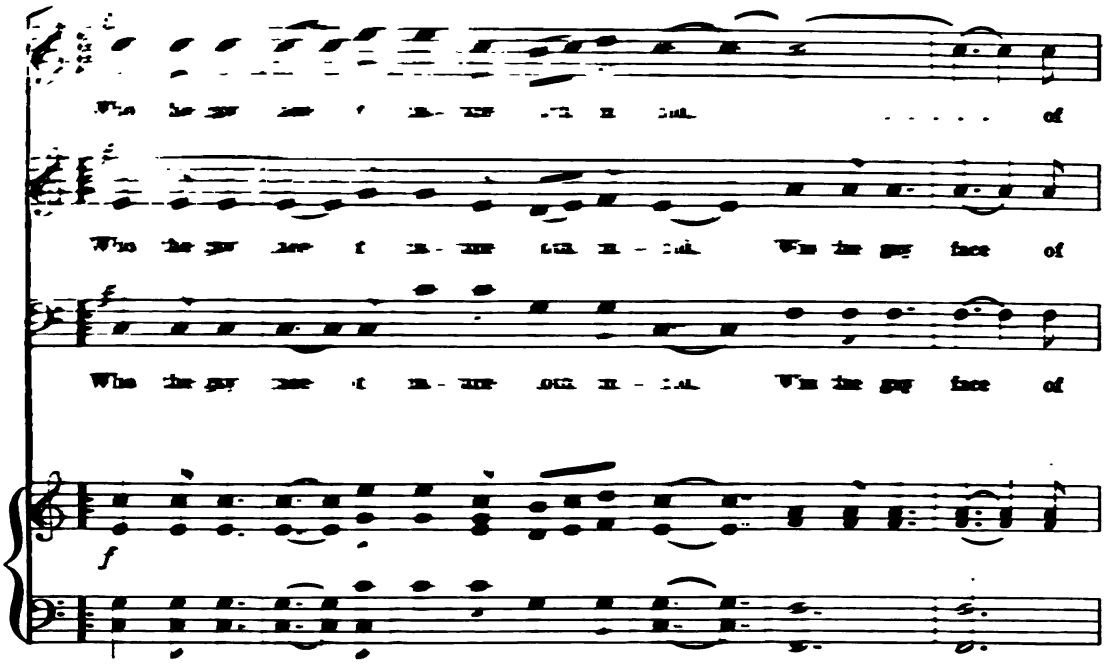
p *f*

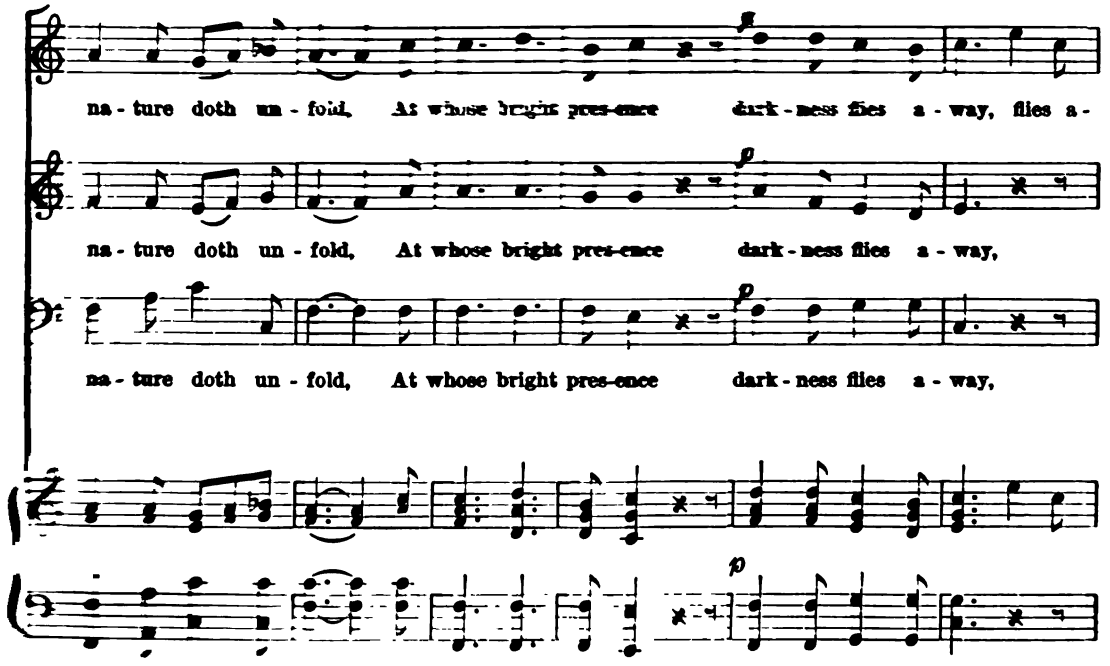
. . . . That tips the hills with gold, . . Whose ro - sy fin - gers ope the

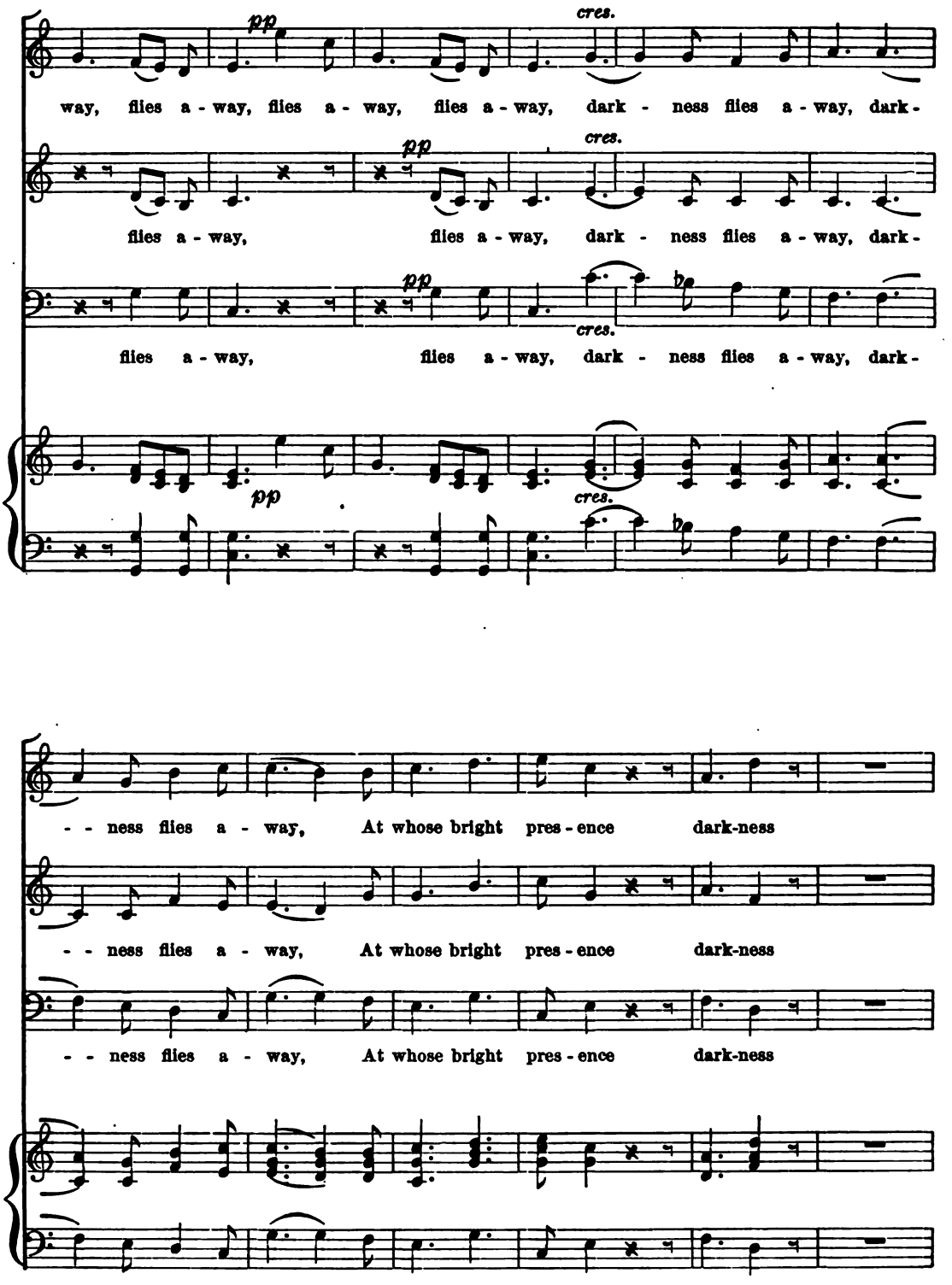
p

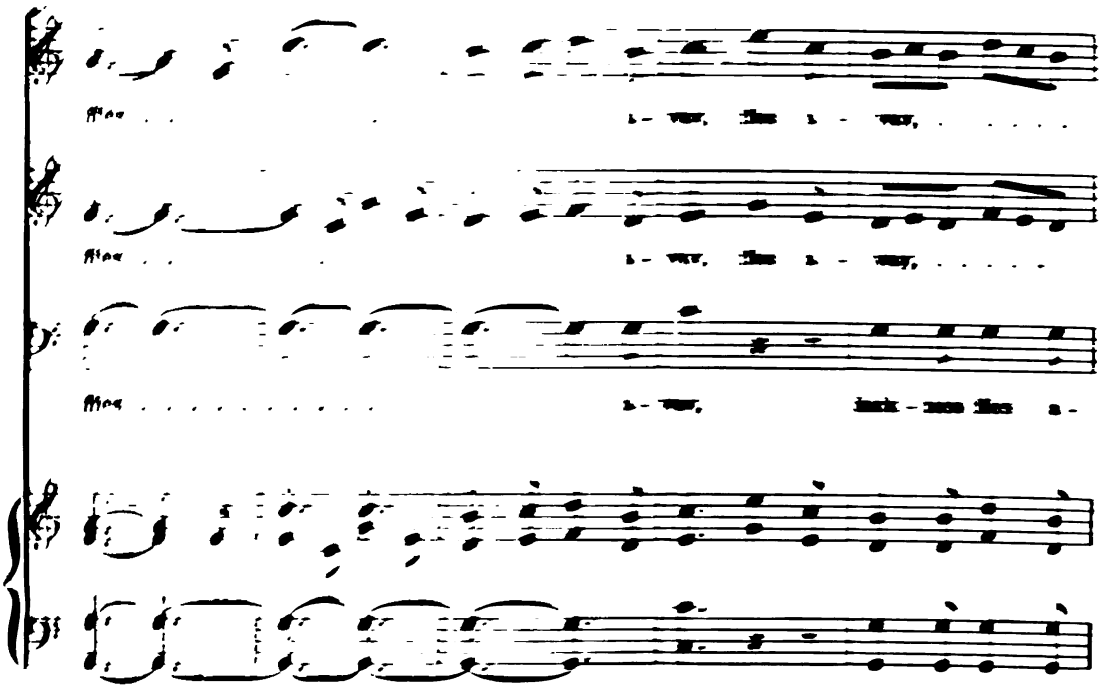

gates of day, ...
gates of day, ...
gates of day, ...

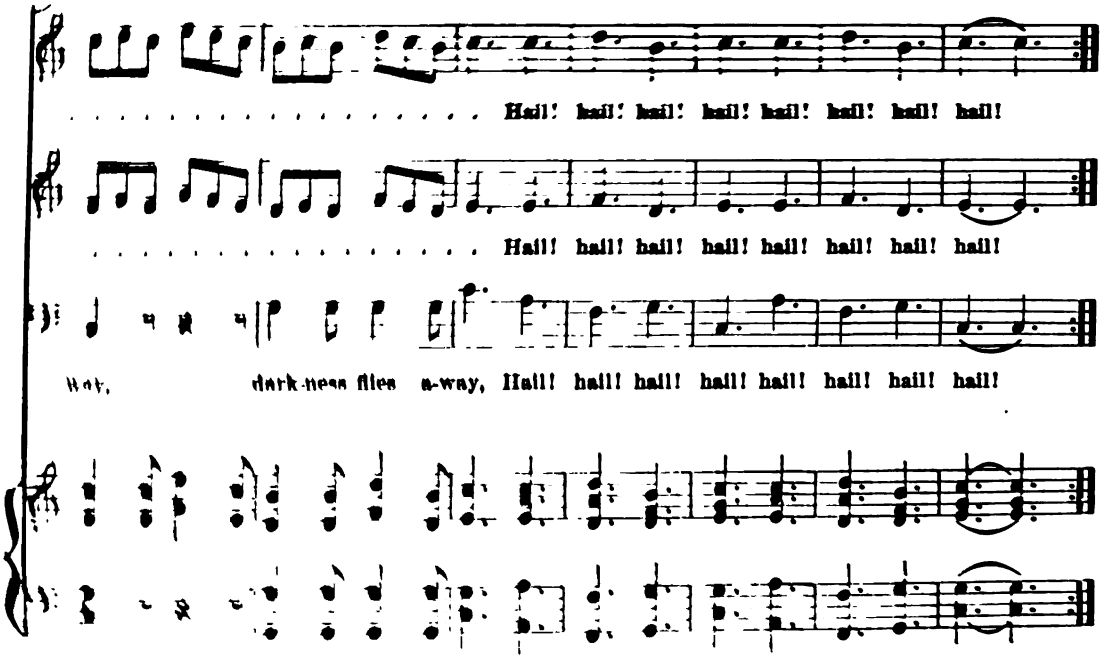

. . ope the gates, the gates of day, hail! hail! hail! hail!
. . ope the gates, the gates of day, hail! hail! hail! hail!
. . ope the gates, the gates of day, hail! hail! hail! hail!


of
face of
face of


na - ture doth un - fold, At whose bright pres-ence dark - ness flies a - way, flies a -
na - ture doth un - fold, At whose bright pres-ence dark - ness flies a - way,
na - ture doth un - fold, At whose bright pres-ence dark - ness flies a - way,


pp
cres.
way, flies a - way, flies a - way, flies a - way, dark - ness flies a - way, dark -
flies a - way, flies a - way, dark - ness flies a - way, dark -
flies a - way, flies a - way, dark - ness flies a - way, dark -
- - ness flies a - way, At whose bright pres - ence dark-ness
- - ness flies a - way, At whose bright pres - ence dark-ness
- - ness flies a - way, At whose bright pres - ence dark-ness


flies . . . . . a - way, flies a - way, ...
flies . . . . . a - way, flies a - way, ...
flies . . . . . a - way, dark - ness flies a -


. . . . . Hail! hail! hail! hail! hail! hail! hail! hail!
. . . . . Hail! hail! hail! hail! hail! hail! hail! hail!
way, dark-ness flies a-way, Hail! hail! hail! hail! hail! hail! hail! hail!

No. 18. OH! FLY WITH ME.

MENDELSSOHN.

Andante.

1ST SOPRANO.

1. Oh fly with me, and be my love, Nor ev - er from my side de - part;
2. But if thou wilt not fly with me, I'll die, and thou'lt feel lone and drear;

2ND SOPRANO.

ALTO.

1. Oh fly with me, and be my love, Nor ev - er from my side de - part;
2. But if thou wilt not fly with me, I'll die, and thou'lt feel lone and drear;

BASS.

In dis - tant coun-tries tho' we rove, A home thou'lt find in my fond heart—
Thy fa-ther's house no home will be, Thy na - tive sky will strange ap - pear—

In dis - tant coun-tries tho' we rove, A home thou'lt find in my fond heart—
Thy fa-ther's house no home will be, Thy na - tive sky will strange ap - pear—

In dis-tant countries tho' we rove, A home thou'lt find in my fond heart. . . . . .
Thy father's house no home will be, Thy na - tive sky will strange ap - pear. . . . . .

A home thou'lt find in my fond heart.
Thy na - tive sky will strange ap - pear.

In dis-tant countries tho' we rove, A home thou'lt find in my fond heart.
Thy father's house no home will be, Thy na - tive sky will strange ap - pear.

NO. 19. A COLD FROST CAME.

MENDELSSOHN.

Un poco allegro.

1. A cold frost came in a dark Spring night, It nipp'd the blue flow'rets modest and bright, They
2. A youth and maid loved each other well, They fled from home where calm peace did dwell, Un-

1. A cold frost came in a dark Spring night, It nipp'd the blue flow'rets modest and bright, They
2. A youth and maid loved each other well, They fled from home where calm peace did dwell, Un-

cres. *f* *p* *p*

died, all fad - ed, all fad - ed and with - er'd.
known to both fa - ther — to both fa- ther and moth-er. 3. They wander'd forth to lands a - far, They

and with - - - er'd.
and moth - - - er.

died, all fad - ed, all fad-ed and with - er'd.
known to both fa - ther — to both fa-ther and moth - er. 3. They wander'd forth to lands a - far, They

and with - - - er'd.
and moth - - - er.

cres. *f* *p* *ritardando.*

had neither luck, nor a guid - ing star, They died all fad - ed, all fad-ed and with - er'd.

and with - - er'd.

cres. *f* *p* *ritardando.*

had neither luck, nor a guid - ing star, They died all fad - ed, all fad - ed and with - er'd.

and with - - er'd.

No. 20. Over her Grave.

Mendelssohn.

Assai sostenuto.

p

1. O - ver her grave a lime-tree is growing, Where-in birds are sing-ing, and soft winds

1. O - ver her grave a lime - tree is growing, Where-in birds are sing - ing, and soft winds

cres. *dim.* *p*

blowing; While un-der-neath, on the slop-ing grass, The mil - ler sits and courts his

cres. *dim.* *p*

blow - ing; While un - der-neath, on the slop-ing grass, The mil - ler sits and courts his

The mil - ler sits

cres. *dim.* *p*

lass, While un-der-neath, on the sloping grass, The mil - ler sits and courts his lass.

cres. *dim.* *p*

lass, While un-der-neath, on the slop-ing grass, The mil - ler sits and courts his lass.

The mil - ler sits

No. 16. A SPRING SONG.

p Allegro moderato. Arr. from Pinsuti.

1st Soprano.

1. I sat be-neath the A - beles old, The meads were shot with green and gold, And
2. The bu - sy bab - bling wa - ter - fall, Mel - o - dious - ly kept time to all, The
3. O love - ly, love - ly, love - ly Spring, O, robed in sunbeams, bridegroom king! Breathe

2nd Soprano.

p Alto.

1. I sat be-neath the A - beles old, The meads were shot with green and gold, And
2. The bu - sy bab - bling wa - ter - fall, Mel - o - dious - ly kept time to all, The
3. O love - ly, love - ly, love - ly Spring, O, robed in sunbeams, bridegroom king! Breathe

Bass.

un poco rall. *pp Leggiero scherzoso.*

un - der-neath my feet there rolled The lit - tle sil - v'ry Gad; The cuc - koo and the
rich May mu - sic mys - ti - cal, Ton'd to the fresh'ning air; Each rip - 'ning bud that
on my heart and bid me sing, Or rath - er praise and pray; For em-blems are these

un poco rall. *pp Leggiero scherzoso.*

un - der-neath my feet there rolled The lit - tle sil - v'ry Gad; The cuc - koo and the
rich May mu - sic mys - ti - cal, Ton'd to the fresh'ning air; Each rip - 'ning bud that
on my heart and bid me sing, Or rath - er praise and pray; For em-blems are these

thrush were sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing, The sheep-bells on the hills were
o - pen, that o - pen, o - pen flies, Seemed gasp-ing with a gay, a
sun - ny, these sun - ny, sun - ny hours, These gold - - en meads, and

thrush were sing - ing, singing, The sheep-bells on the hills were
o - pen, that o - pen flies, Seemed gasp-ing with a gay, a
sun - ny, these sun - ny hours, These gold - - en meads, and

thrush were singing, sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing, The sheep-bells on the hills were ring-ing,
o - pen flies, that o - pen, o - pen flies, Seemed gasp-ing with a gay sur-prise, a
sun - ny hours, these sun - ny, sun - ny hours, These golden meads and stream and flowers, These

ff *f*

ring-ing, ring-ing, ring-ing, All life was gay and glad! All life was gay and
gay, a gay sur - prise, To greet a world so fair, To greet a world so
meads, and stream and flowers, Of ev - er-last - ing May, Of ev - er - last - ing

ring - ing, ring-ing,
gay sur prise,
sun - ny hours,

ff *f*

ring-ing, ring-ing, ring-ing, All life was gay and glad! All life was gay and
gay. a gay sur - prise, To greet a world so fair, To greet a world so
meads, and stream and flowers, Of ev - er-last - ing May, Of ev - er - last - ing

dim. *cres.*

glad! All life was gay and glad! . . . . . .
fair, To greet a world so fair! . . . . . .
May, Of ev - er - last - ing May, ...

dim. *cres.*

glad! All life was gay and glad! . . . . . .
fair, To greet a world so fair! . . . . . .
May, Of ev - er -last - ing May, ...

f *rall.* *f* *ritenuto.*

. . . . . all life was gay, was gay and glad!
. . . . . a world so fair, a world so fair!
. . . . . of May, of ev - er - last - ing May!

f *p* *rallentando.* *ritenuto.*

. . was gay and glad! was gay, was gay and glad!
. . a world so fair, so fair, a world so fair.
. . of ev - er - last - ing, of ev - er - last - ing May.

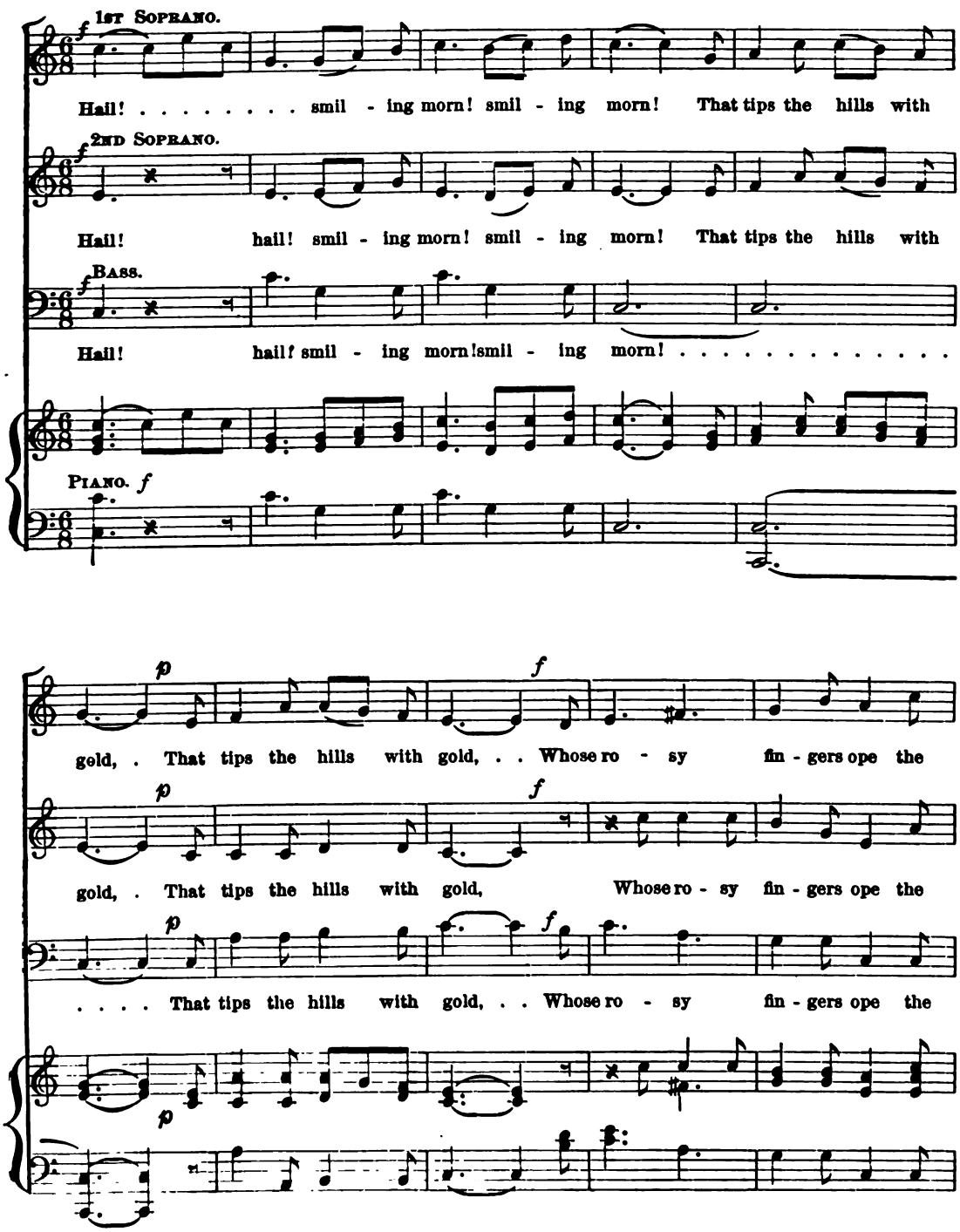
f

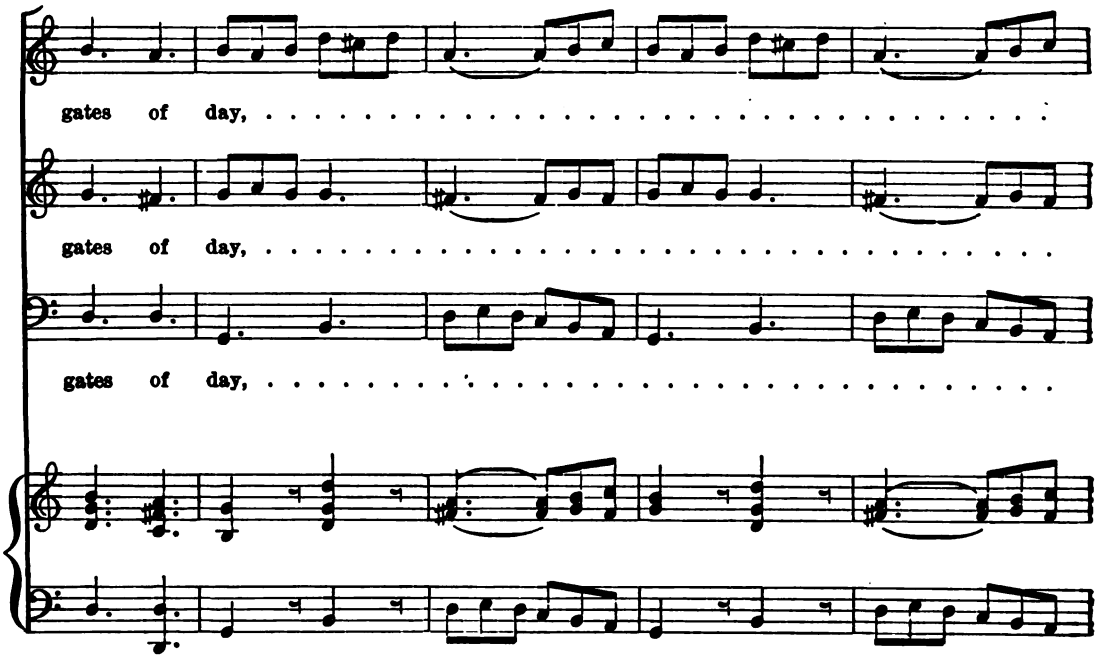
From the "AFTERGLOW."

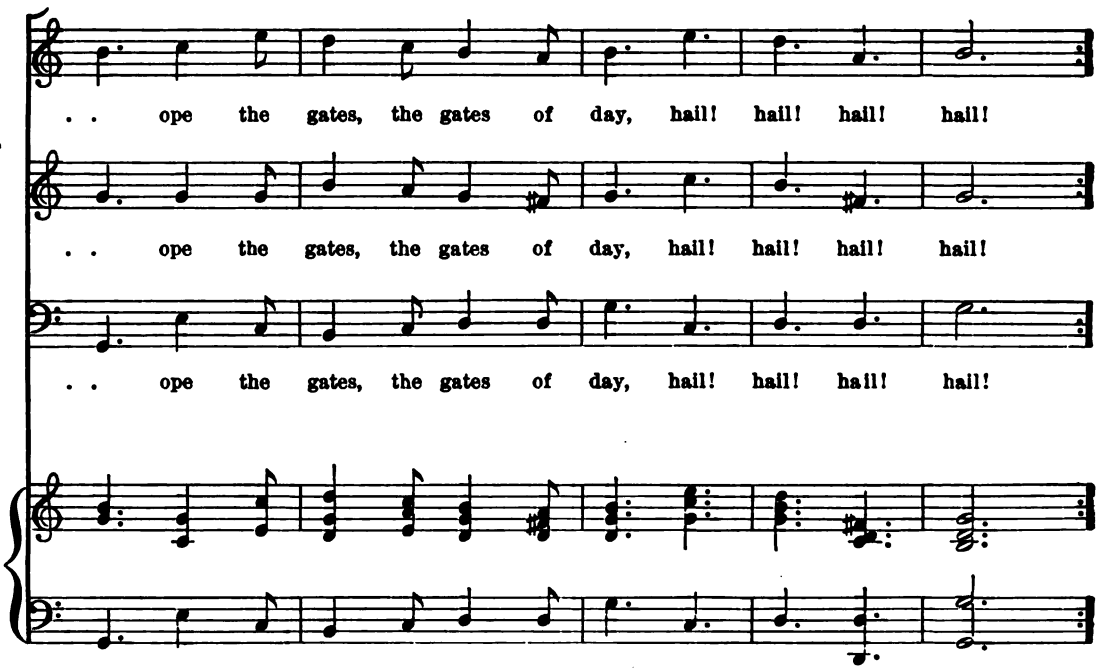
No. 17. Hail! Smiling Morn.

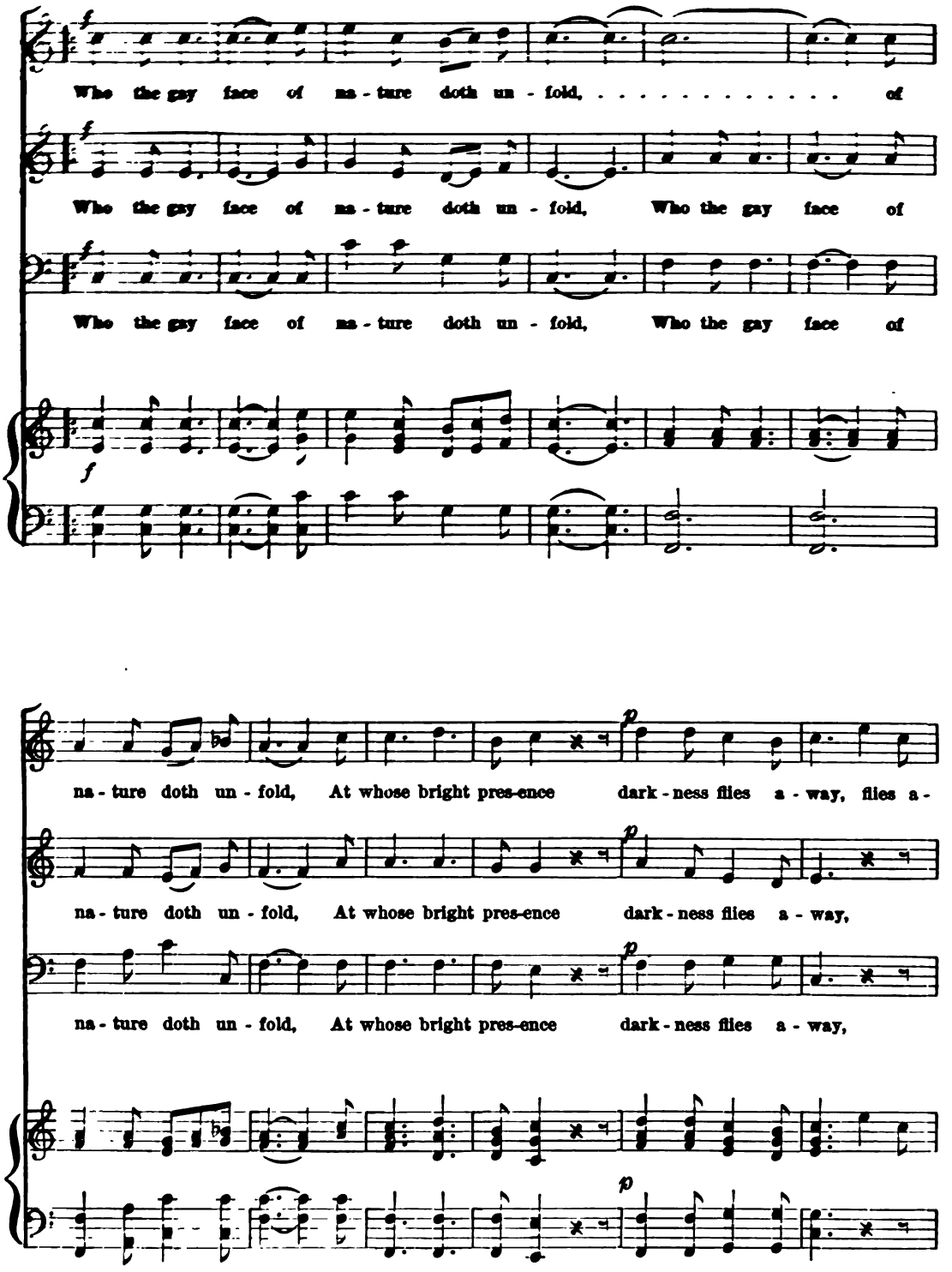
GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

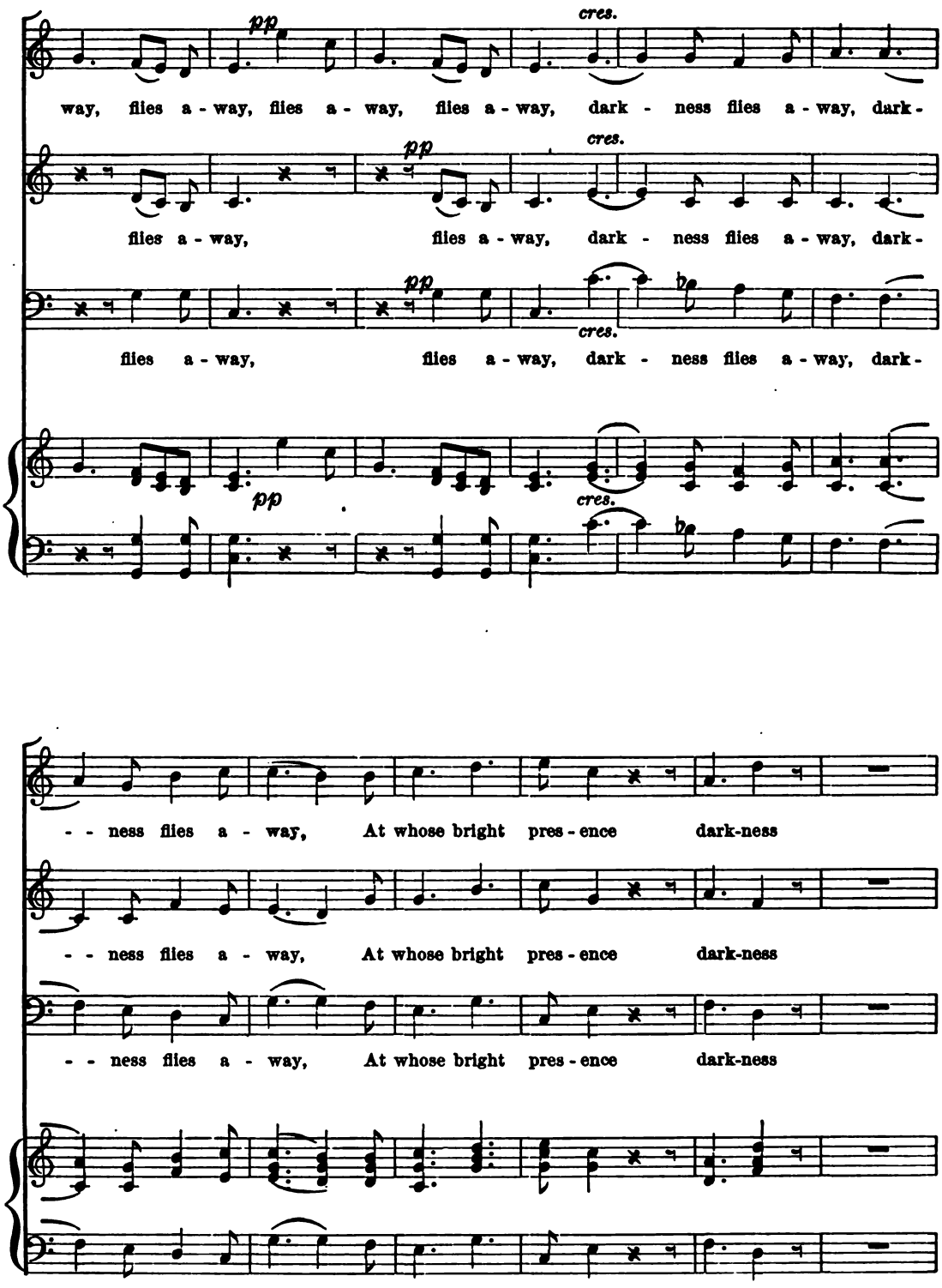
R. Spofforth.

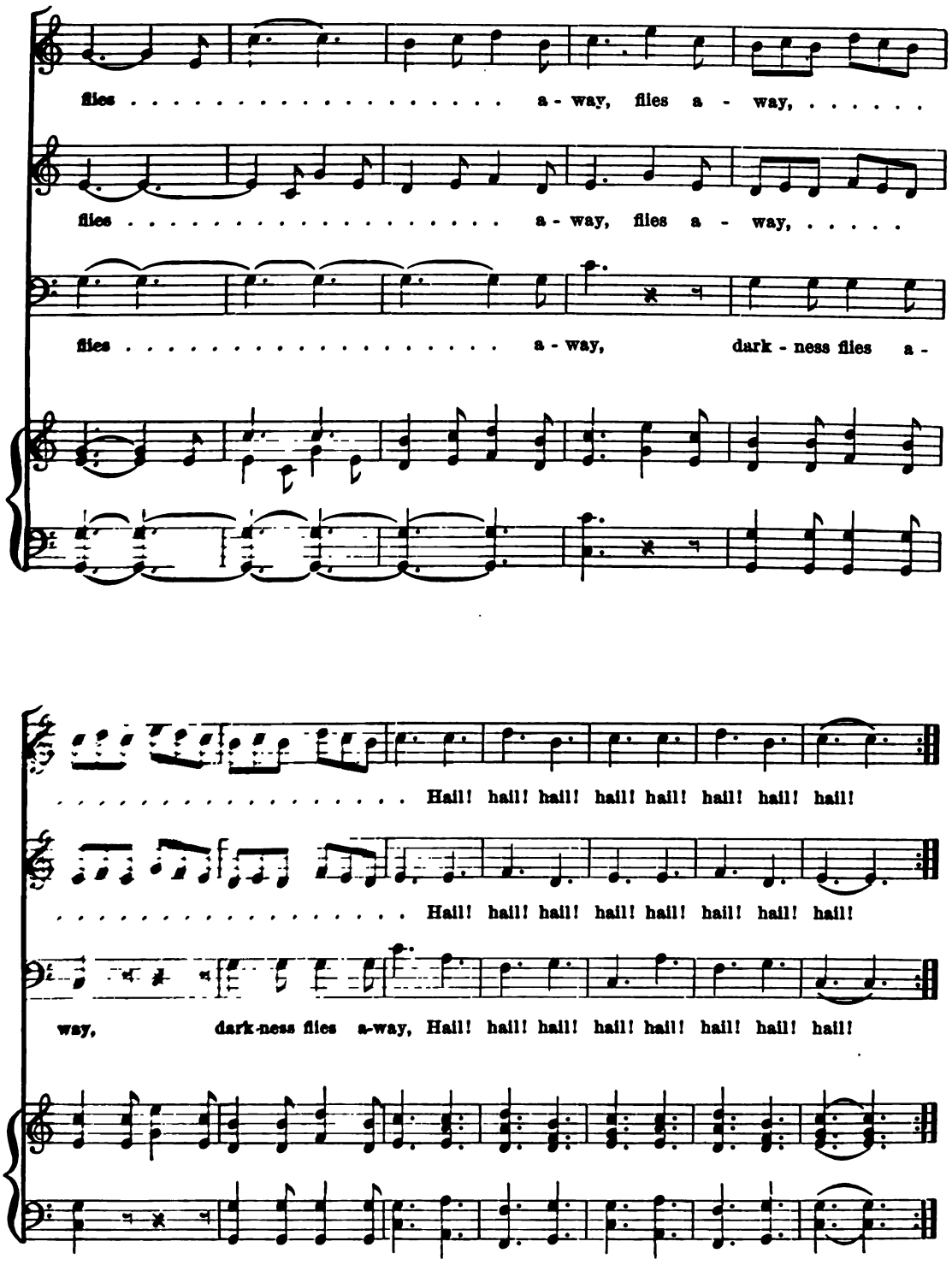



gates of day, ...
gates of day, ...
gates of day, ...


. . ope the gates, the gates of day, hail! hail! hail! hail!
. . ope the gates, the gates of day, hail! hail! hail! hail!
. . ope the gates, the gates of day, hail! hail! hail! hail!


Who the gay face of na - ture doth un - fold, ... of
Who the gay face of na - ture doth un - fold, Who the gay face of
Who the gay face of na - ture doth un - fold, Who the gay face of
na - ture doth un - fold, At whose bright pres-ence dark - ness flies a - way, flies a -
na - ture doth un - fold, At whose bright pres-ence dark - ness flies a - way,
na - ture doth un - fold, At whose bright pres-ence dark - ness flies a - way,


pp
cres.
way, flies a - way, flies a - way, flies a - way, dark - ness flies a - way, dark -
flies a - way, flies a - way, dark - ness flies a - way, dark -
flies a - way, flies a - way, dark - ness flies a - way, dark -
- - ness flies a - way, At whose bright pres - ence dark-ness
- - ness flies a - way, At whose bright pres - ence dark-ness
- - ness flies a - way, At whose bright pres - ence dark-ness


flies . . . . . a - way, flies a - way, ...
flies . . . . . a - way, flies a - way, ...
flies . . . . . a - way, dark - ness flies a -
. . . . . Hail! hail! hail! hail! hail! hail! hail! hail!
. . . . . Hail! hail! hail! hail! hail! hail! hail! hail!
way, dark-ness flies a-way, Hail! hail! hail! hail! hail! hail! hail! hail!

No. 18. Oh! fly with me.

Mendelssohn.

Andante.

1st Soprano.

1. Oh fly with me, and be my love, Nor ev - er from my side de - part;
2. But if thou wilt not fly with me, I'll die, and thou'lt feel lone and drear;

2nd Soprano.

Alto.

1. Oh fly with me, and be my love, Nor ev - er from my side de - part;
2. But if thou wilt not fly with me, I'll die, and thou'lt feel lone and drear;

Bass.

f *p*

In dis - tant coun-tries tho' we rove, A home thou'lt find in my fond heart—
Thy fa-ther's house no home will be, Thy na - tive sky will strange ap - pear—

f *p*

In dis - tant coun-tries tho' we rove, A home thou'lt find in my fond heart—
Thy fa-ther's house no home will be, Thy na - tive sky will strange ap - pear—

f *p*

In dis-tant countries tho' we rove, A home thou'lt find in my fond heart. . . . . .
Thy father's house no home will be, Thy na - tive sky will strange ap - pear. . . . . .

p

A home thou'lt find in my fond heart.
Thy na - tive sky will strange ap - pear.

f

In dis-tant countries tho' we rove, A home thou'lt find in my fond heart.
Thy father's house no home will be, Thy na - tive sky will strange ap - pear.

p

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Un poco allegro.

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2. A youth and maid loved each other well, They fled from home where calm peace did dwell, Un -

1. A cold frost came in a dark Spring night, It nipp'd the blue flow'rets modest and bright, They
2. A youth and maid loved each other well, They fled from home where calm peace did dwell, Un -

cres. *f* *p* *p*

died, all fad - ed, all fad - ed and with - er'd.
known to both fa - ther — to both fa- ther and moth-er. 3. They wander'd forth to lands a - far, They

and with - - - er'd.
and moth - - - er.

died, all fad - ed, all fad-ed and with - er'd.
known to both fa - ther — to both fa-ther and moth - er. 3. They wander'd forth to lands a - far, They

and with - - - er'd.
and moth - - - er.

cres. *f* *p* *ritardando.*

had neither luck, nor a guid - ing star, They died all fad - ed, all fad-ed and with - er'd.

and with - - er'd.

cres. *f* *p* *ritardando.*

had neither luck, nor a guid - ing star, They died all fad - ed, all fad - ed and with - er'd.

and with - - er'd.

No. 20. Over her Grave.

Mendelssohn.

Assai sostenuto. *p*

1. O - ver her grave a lime-tree is growing, Where-in birds are sing-ing, and soft winds

1. O - ver her grave a lime - tree is growing, Where-in birds are sing - ing, and soft winds

cres. *dim.* *p*

blowing; While un-der-neath, on the slop-ing grass, The mil - ler sits and courts his

cres. *dim.* *p*

blow - ing; While un - der-neath, on the slop-ing grass, The mil - ler sits and courts his

The mil - ler sits

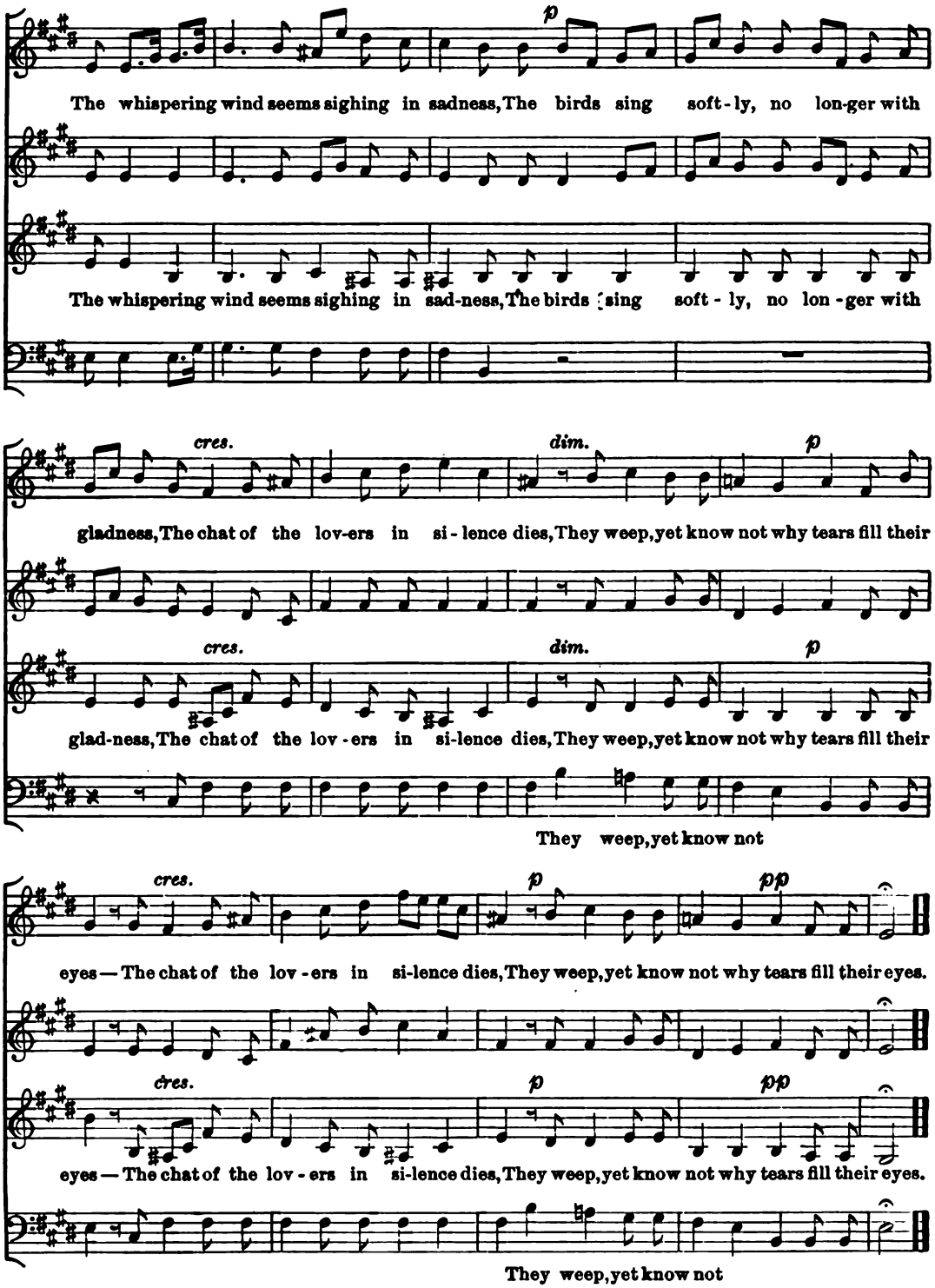
cres. *dim.* *p*

lass, While un-der-neath, on the sloping grass, The mil - ler sits and courts his lass.

cres. *dim.* *p*

lass, While un-der-neath, on the slop-ing grass, The mil - ler sits and courts his lass.

The mil - ler sits


p
The whispering wind seems sighing in sadness, The birds sing soft-ly, no lon-ger with
The whispering wind seems sighing in sad-ness, The birds sing soft-ly, no lon-ger with
cres.
dim.
p
gladness, The chat of the lov-ers in si-lence dies, They weep, yet know not why tears fill their
cres.
dim.
p
glad-ness, The chat of the lov-ers in si-lence dies, They weep, yet know not why tears fill their
They weep, yet know not
cres.
p
pp
eyes — The chat of the lov-ers in si-lence dies, They weep, yet know not why tears fill their eyes.
cres.
p
pp
eyes — The chat of the lov-ers in si-lence dies, They weep, yet know not why tears fill their eyes.
They weep, yet know not

No. 21. The Evening Gun.

Thomas Moore, arr.

Andante con espressione.

1st & 2nd Soprano.

Re - mem-b'rest thou that set - ting sun, The last I saw with thee?

Tenor & Bass.

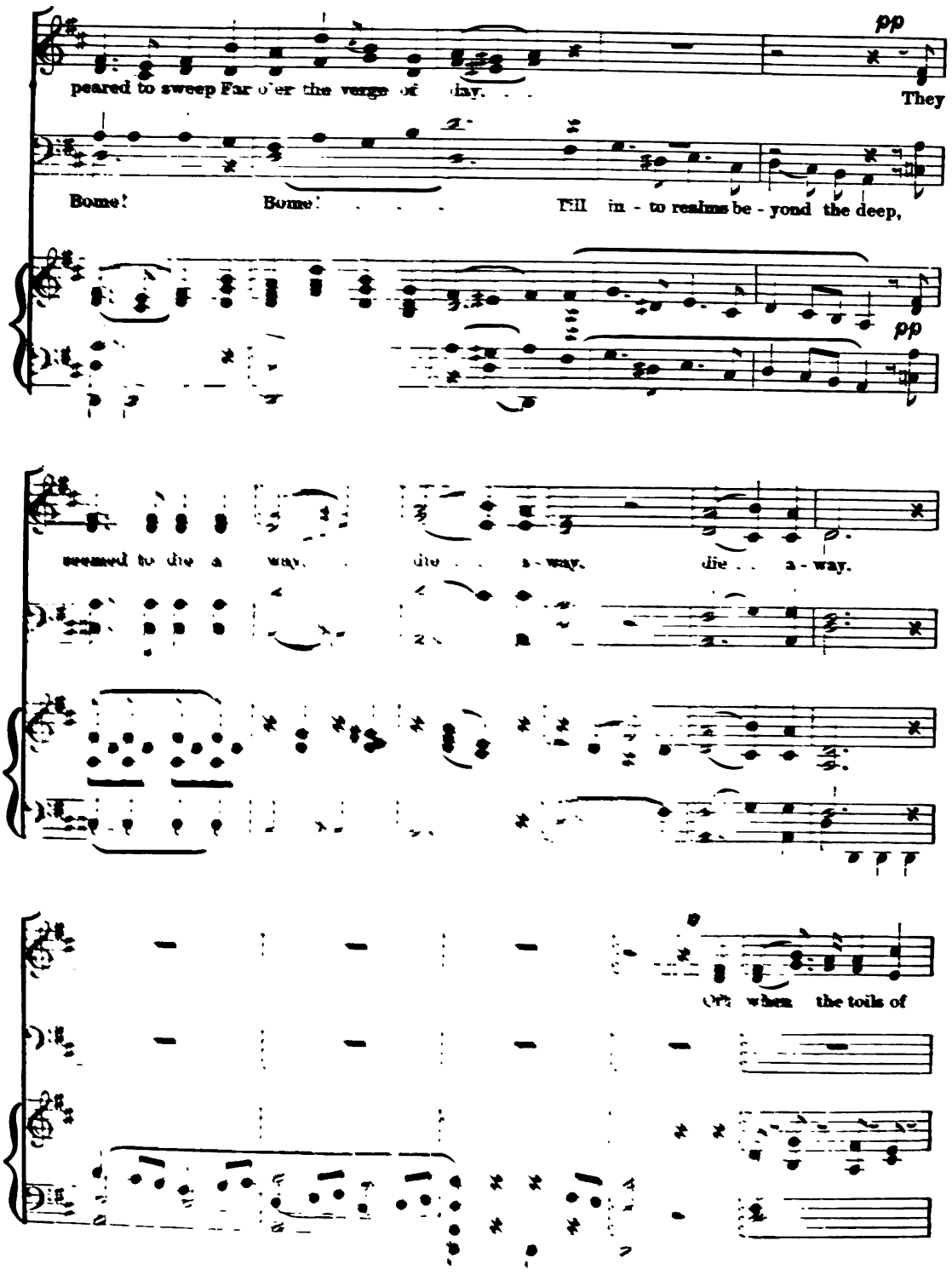
When

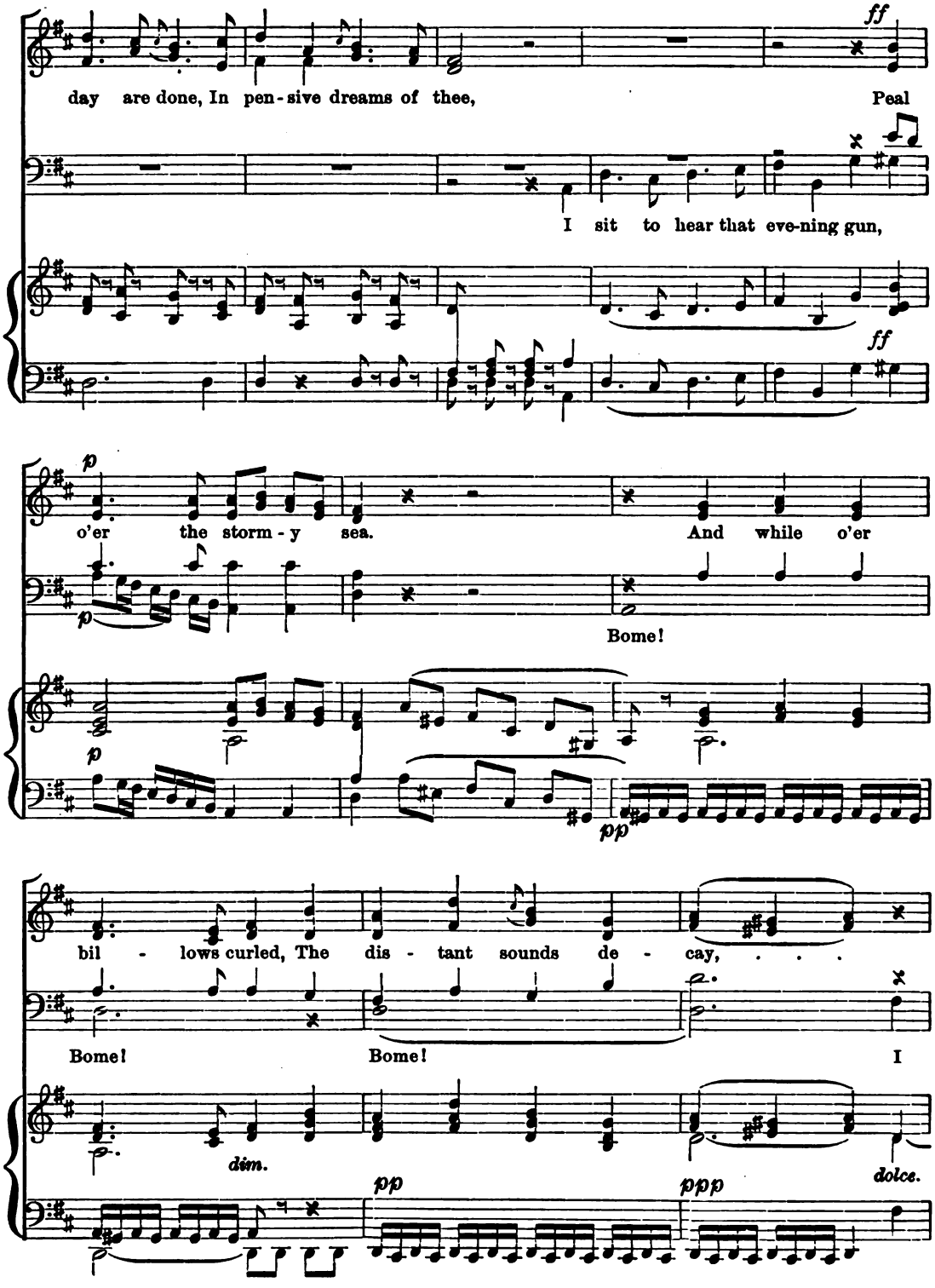
sf *p*

Peal o'er the twi - light sea, The sounds ap -

loud we heard the ev - 'ning gun, Bome!

sf *p*


pp
peared to sweep Far o'er the verge of day. . .
They
Bome! Bome! . . . . Till in - to realms be - yond the deep,
pp
seemed to die a way. . die . . a - way. die . . a - way.
Oh! when the toils of


ff
day are done, In pen-sive dreams of thee, Peal
I sit to hear that eve-ning gun,
ff
p
o'er the storm-y sea. And while o'er
Bome!
p
p
pp
bil - lows curled, The dis - tant sounds de - cay, . . .
Bome! Bome! I
dim.
pp
ppp
dolce.

pp

Like them to die a - way. . .

weep, and wish from this rough world,

pp

ppp

die . . . a - way, die . . a - way.

dim. *ppp*

NO. 22. YE MERRY BIRDS.

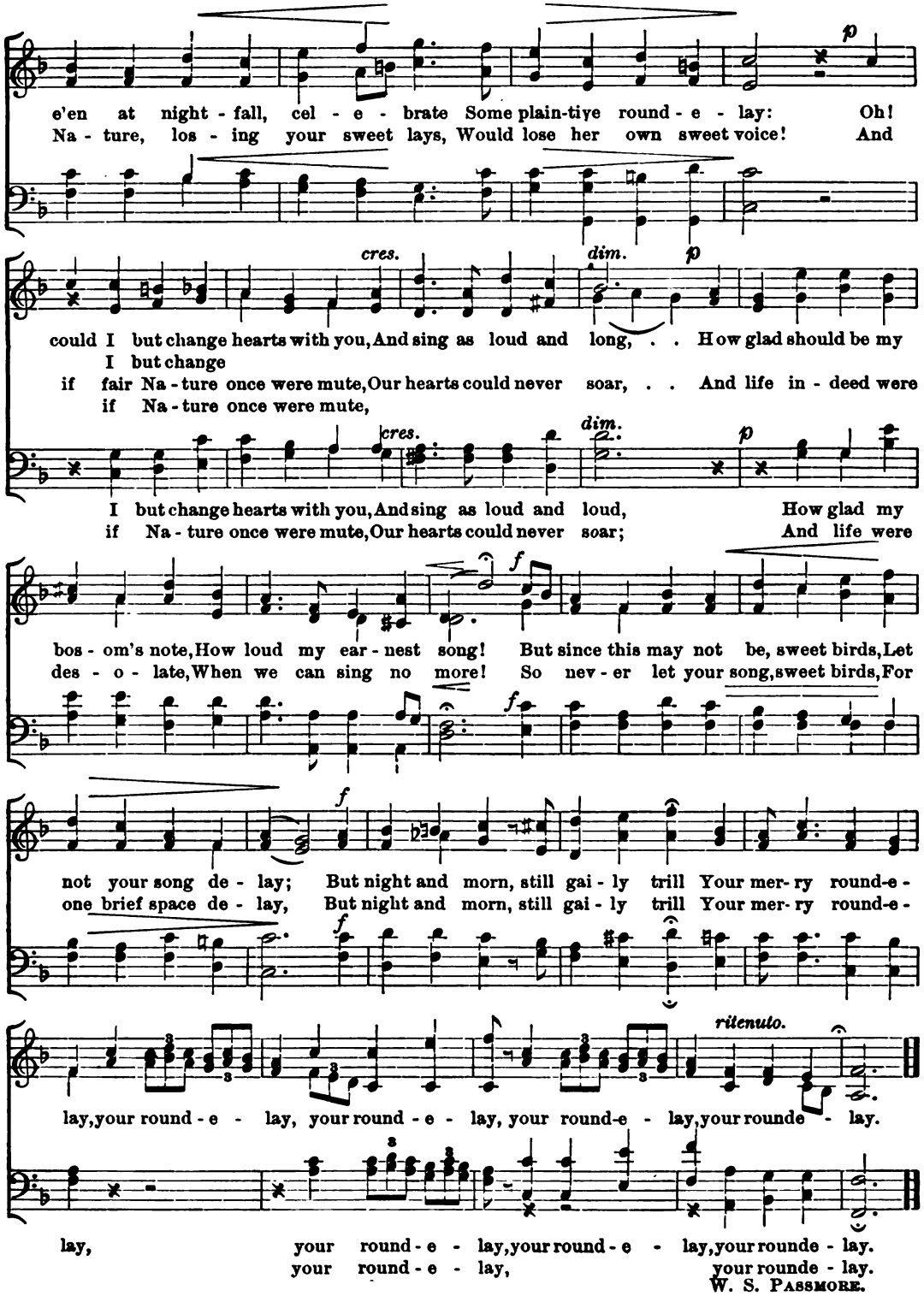
J. L. HATTON.

Allegro. *f* *p*

1. Ye mer - ry birds that soar and sing throughout the live - long day, And
Ye birds that sing . . . . Throughout the day,
2. Cease not the grate-ful strain, dear birds, That makes all hearts re - joice, For
Cease not the grate - - ful strain, dear birds,

f *p*

1. Ye mer - ry birds that soar and sing Throughout the live - long day, And
Ye birds that sing Throughout the day,
2. Cease not the grate - ful strain, dear birds, That makes all hearts re - joice, For
Cease not the grate - ful strain, dear birds,


p
e'en at night - fall, cel - e - brate Some plain-tive round - e - lay: Oh!
Na - ture, los - ing your sweet lays, Would lose her own sweet voice! And
cres.
dim.
p
could I but change hearts with you, And sing as loud and long, . . How glad should be my
I but change
if fair Na - ture once were mute, Our hearts could never soar, . . And life in - deed were
if Na - ture once were mute,
cres.
dim.
p
I but change hearts with you, And sing as loud and loud, How glad my
if Na - ture once were mute, Our hearts could never soar; And life were
f
bos - om's note, How loud my ear - nest song! But since this may not be, sweet birds, Let
des - o - late, When we can sing no more! So nev - er let your song, sweet birds, For
f
not your song de - lay; But night and morn, still gai - ly trill Your mer - ry round-e -
one brief space de - lay, But night and morn, still gai - ly trill Your mer - ry round-e -
f
ritenuto.
lay, your round - e - lay, your round - e - lay, your round-e - lay, your rounde - lay.
lay, your round - e - lay, your round - e - lay, your rounde - lay.
your round - e - lay, your rounde - lay.

W. S. PASSMORE.

No. 23. The Death and Burial of Cock Robin.

Arr. fr. J. W. Elliott, by L. T. Wade.

Andante con moto.

2nd Soprano Solo. 1st Soprano Solo.

mp *mf*

Who kill'd Cock Rob-in? "I," said the Spar- row, "With my bow and ar - row,

mp *mf*

Chorus. 2nd Soprano Solo. 1st Soprano Solo.

f *p*

I kill'd Cock Rob- in." Who saw him die? "I," said the Fly; "With my lit - tle eye,

f I kill'd Cock Rob-in." *p* *poco cres.*

Chorus. 2nd Soprano Solo. 1st Soprano Solo. Chorus.

ritard. *con moto.* *dim.*

I saw him die." Who caught his blood? "I," said the Fish; "With my little dish. I caught his blood."

I saw him die." "I caught his blood."

2nd Soprano Solo. 1st Soprano Solo. Chorus. Unis.

mp *molto staccato.* *fz*

f ritard.

Who'll make his shroud? "I," said the Beetle, "With my thread and needle, I'll make his shroud."

"I'll make his shroud."

fz

Allegretto.

2ND SOP. SOLO. 1ST SOP. SOLO. CHORUS.

f

Who'll bear the torch? "I," said the Linnet, "Will come in a min-ute; I'll bear the torch."

f *mf* "I'll bear the torch."

2ND SOP. SOLO. 1ST SOP. SOLO.

mp marcato.

Who'll be the clerk? "I," said the Lark, "I'll say A - men in the

CHORUS. 2ND SOP. SOLO. CHORUS. UNIS.

mf

dark. I'll be the clerk." Who'll dig his grave? "I," said the Owl; "With

I'll be the clerk."

f

my spade and showl, I'll dig his grave."

f

trem.

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MENDELSSOHN.

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known to both fa - ther — to both fa- ther and moth-er. 3. They wander'd forth to lands a - far, They

and with - - - er'd.
and moth - - - er.

died, all fad - ed, all fad-ed and with - er'd.
known to both fa - ther — to both fa-ther and moth - er. 3. They wander'd forth to lands a - far, They

and with - - - er'd.
and moth - - - er.

cres. *f* *p* *ritardando.*

had neither luck, nor a guid - ing star, They died all fad - ed, all fad-ed and with - er'd.

and with - - er'd.

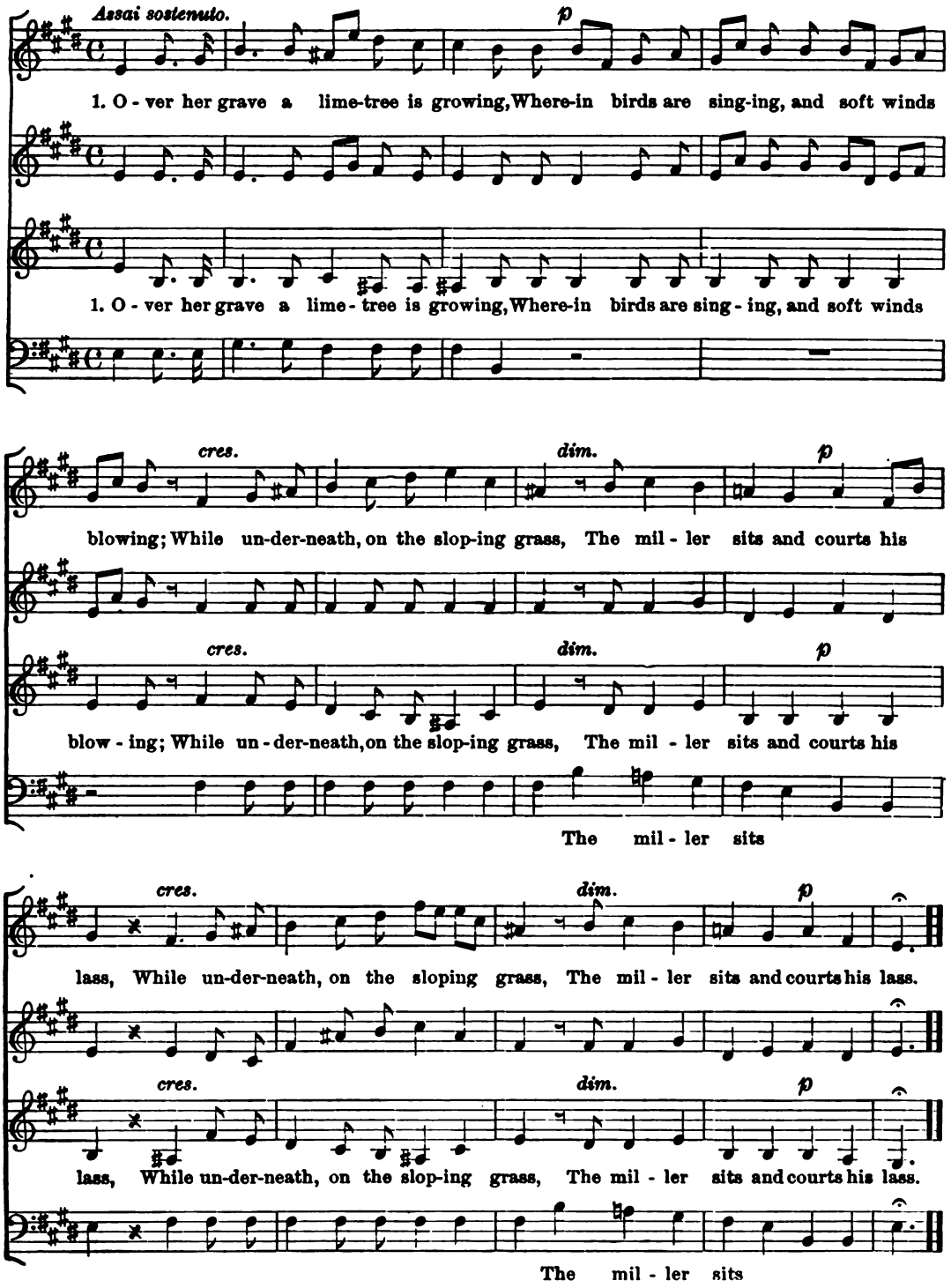
cres. *f* *p* *ritardando.*

had neither luck, nor a guid - ing star, They died all fad - ed, all fad - ed and with - er'd.

and with - - er'd.

No. 20. Over her Grave.

Mendelssohn.



p

The whispering wind seems sighing in sadness, The birds sing soft-ly, no lon-ger with

The whispering wind seems sighing in sad-ness, The birds sing soft-ly, no lon-ger with

cres. *dim.* *p*

gladness, The chat of the lov-ers in si-lence dies, They weep, yet know not why tears fill their

cres. *dim.* *p*

glad-ness, The chat of the lov-ers in si-lence dies, They weep, yet know not why tears fill their

They weep, yet know not

cres. *p* *pp*

eyes — The chat of the lov-ers in si-lence dies, They weep, yet know not why tears fill their eyes.

cres. *p* *pp*

eyes — The chat of the lov-ers in si-lence dies, They weep, yet know not why tears fill their eyes.

They weep, yet know not

No. 21. The Evening Gun.

Thomas Moore, arr.

Andante con espressione.

1st & 2nd Soprano.

Re - mem-b'rest thou that set - ting sun, The last I saw with thee?

Tenor & Bass.

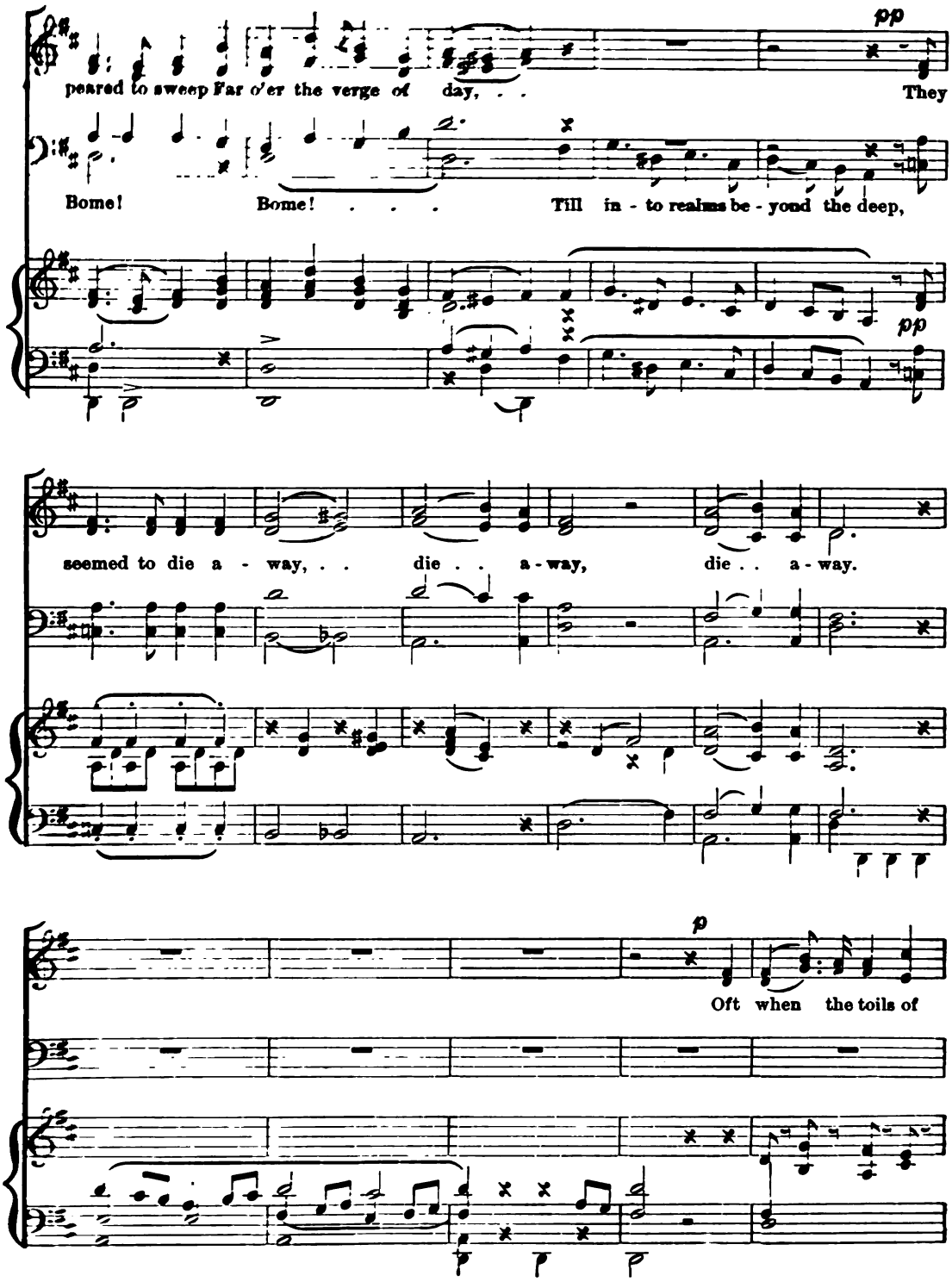
When

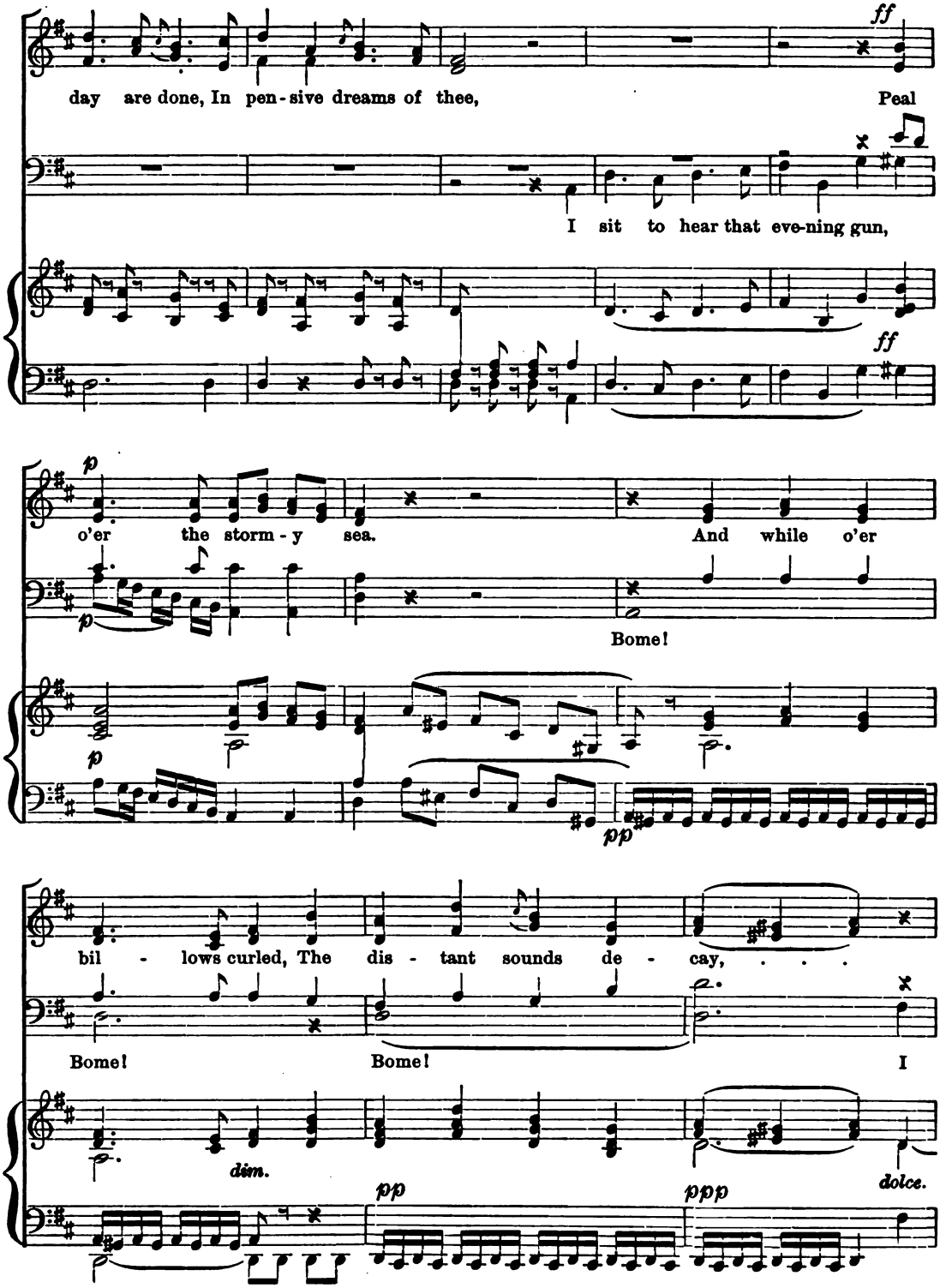
sf *p*

Peal o'er the twi - light sea, The sounds ap -

loud we heard the ev - 'ning gun, Bome!

sf *p*


pp
peared to sweep Far o'er the verge of day, . . . They
Bome! Bome! . . . . Till in - to realms be - yond the deep,
pp
seemed to die a - way, . . die . . a - way, die . . a - way.
p
Oft when the toils of


ff
day are done, In pen-sive dreams of thee, Peal
I sit to hear that eve-ning gun,
ff
p
o'er the storm-y sea. And while o'er
Bome!
p
p
pp
bil - lows curled, The dis - tant sounds de - cay, . . .
Bome! Bome! I
dim.
pp
ppp
dolce.

THE EVENING GUN.

pp

Like them to die a - way. . .

weep, and wish from this rough world,

pp

ppp

die . . . a - way, die . . a - way.

dim.

ppp

NO. 22.

YE MERRY BIRDS.

Allegro.

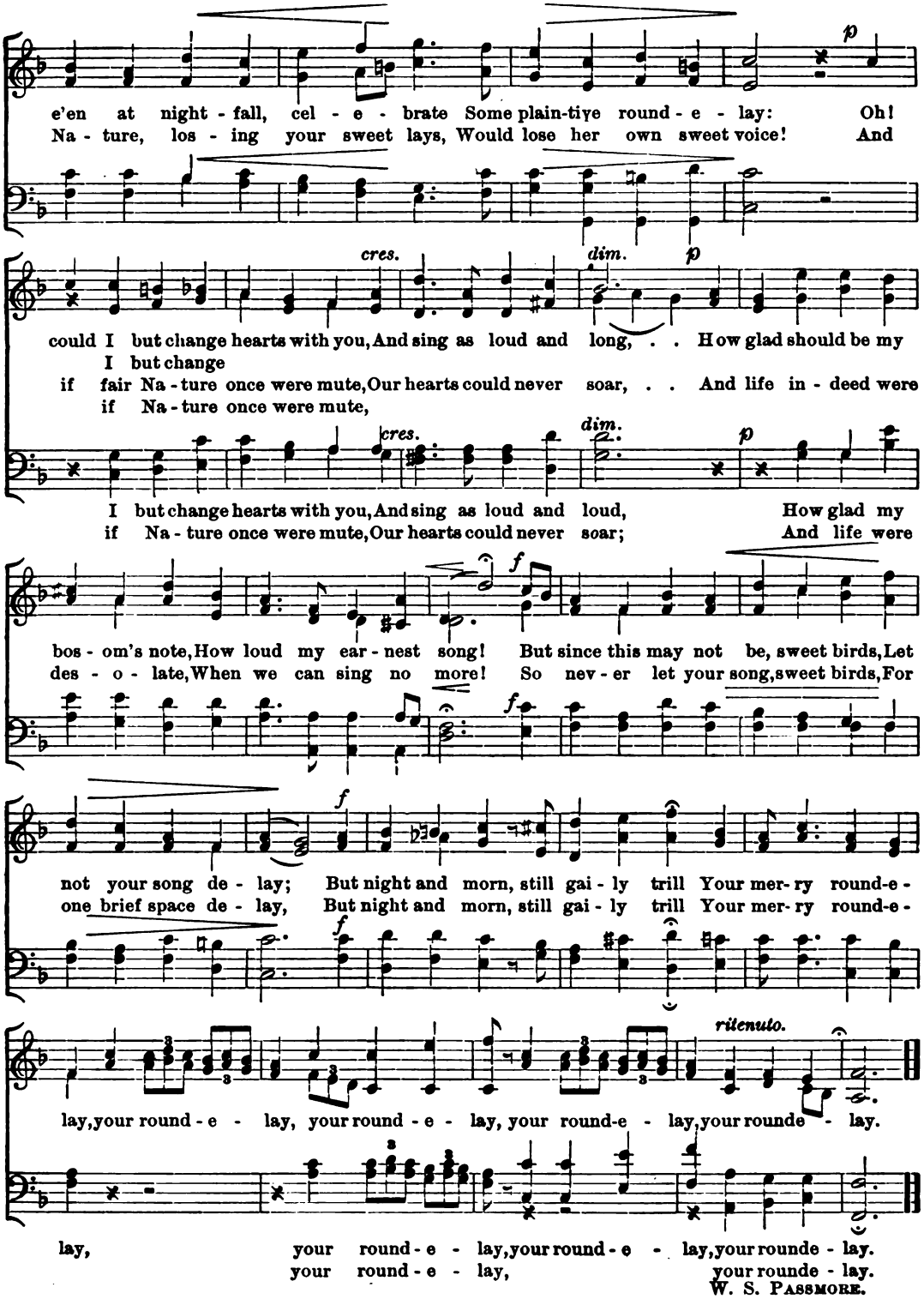
J. L. HATTON.

f *p*

1. Ye mer - ry birds that soar and sing throughout the live - long day, And
Ye birds that sing . . . . Throughout the day,
2. Cease not the grate-ful strain, dear birds, That makes all hearts re - joice, For
Cease not the grate - ful strain, dear birds,

f *p*

1. Ye mer - ry birds that soar and sing Throughout the live - long day, And
Ye birds that sing Throughout the day,
2. Cease not the grate - ful strain, dear birds, That makes all hearts re - joice, For
Cease not the grate - ful strain, dear birds,


p
e'en at night - fall, cel - e - brate Some plain-tive round - e - lay: Oh!
Na - ture, los - ing your sweet lays, Would lose her own sweet voice! And
cres.
dim.
p
could I but change hearts with you, And sing as loud and long, . . How glad should be my
I but change
if fair Na - ture once were mute, Our hearts could never soar, . . And life in - deed were
if Na - ture once were mute,
cres.
dim.
p
I but change hearts with you, And sing as loud and loud, How glad my
if Na - ture once were mute, Our hearts could never soar; And life were
f
bos - om's note, How loud my ear - nest song! But since this may not be, sweet birds, Let
des - o - late, When we can sing no more! So nev - er let your song, sweet birds, For
f
not your song de - lay; But night and morn, still gai - ly trill Your mer - ry round-e -
one brief space de - lay, But night and morn, still gai - ly trill Your mer - ry round-e -
f
f
ritenuto.
lay, your round - e - lay, your round - e - lay, your round-e - lay, your rounde - lay.
lay, your round - e - lay, your round - e - lay, your rounde - lay.
your round - e - lay, your rounde - lay.

W. S. PASSMORE.

No. 23. The Death and Burial of Cock Robin.

Art. fr. J. W. Elliott, by L. T. Wade.

Andante con moto.

2nd Soprano Solo. 1st Soprano Solo.

mp Who kill'd Cock Rob-in? *mf* "I," said the Spar- row, "With my bow and ar - row,

Chorus. 2nd Soprano Solo. 1st Soprano Solo.

f I kill'd Cock Rob-in." *p* Who saw him die? "I," said the Fly; "With my lit - tle eye,

f I kill'd Cock Rob-in." *p* *poco cres.*

Chorus. 2nd Soprano Solo. 1st Soprano Solo. Chorus.

ritard. *con moto.* *dim.*

I saw him die." Who caught his blood? "I," said the Fish; "With my little dish. I caught his blood."

I saw him die." "I caught his blood."

2nd Soprano Solo. 1st Soprano Solo. Chorus. Unis.

mp *molto staccato.* *fz*

f ritard.

Who'll make his shroud? "I," said the Beetle, "With my thread and needle, I'll make his shroud."

"I'll make his shroud."

fz

Allegretto.

2ND SOP. SOLO. 1ST SOP. SOLO. CHORUS.

Who'll bear the torch? "I," said the Linnet, "Will come in a min-ute; I'll bear the torch."

"I'll bear the torch."

2ND SOP. SOLO. *mp marcato.* 1ST SOP. SOLO.

Who'll be the clerk? "I," said the Lark, "I'll say A - men in the

CHORUS. 2ND SOP. SOLO. CHORUS. UNIS.

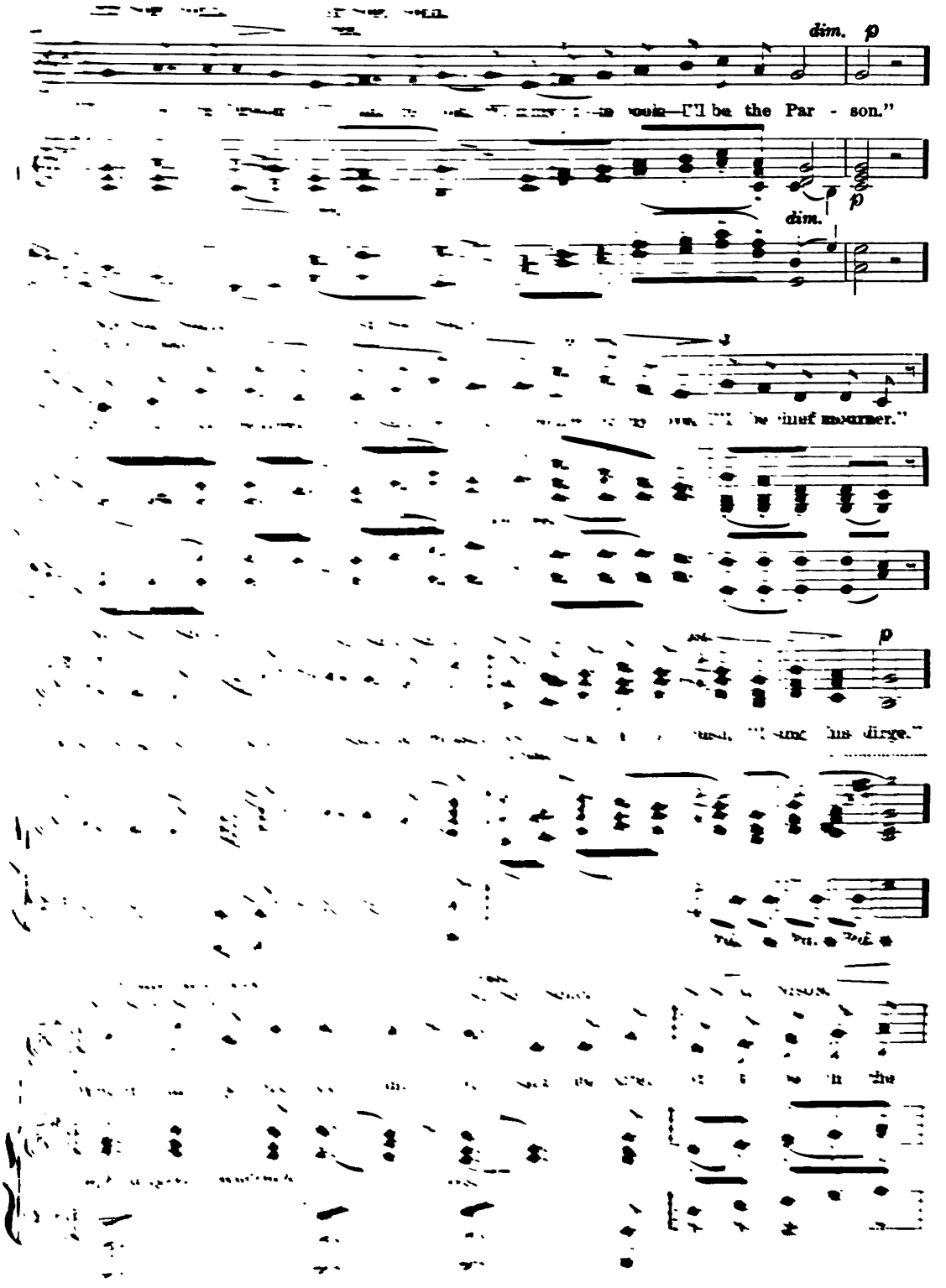
dark. I'll be the clerk." Who'll dig his grave? "I," said the Owl; "With

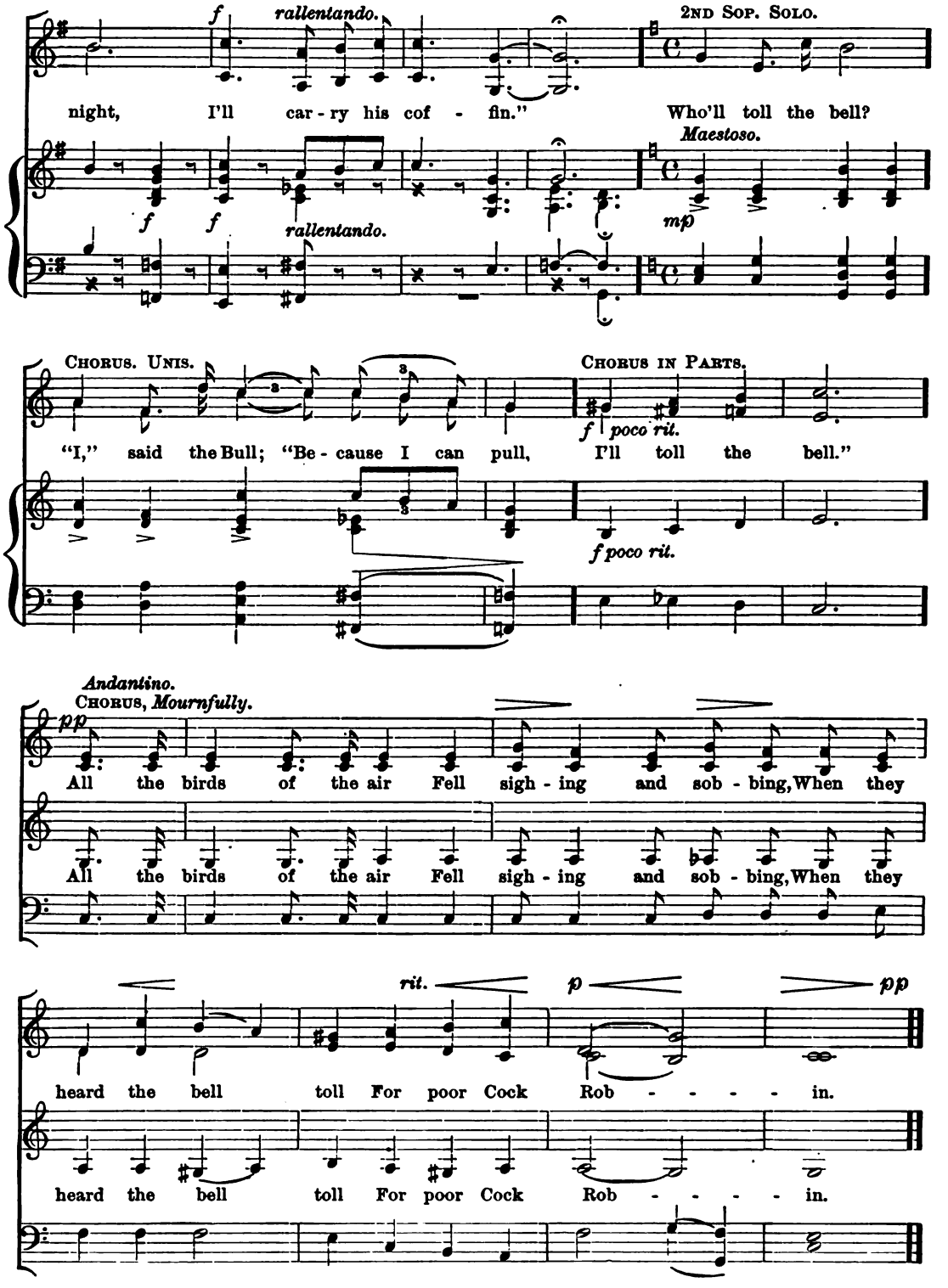
I'll be the clerk."

my spade and showl, I'll dig his grave."

trem.

[illegible] Death and Burial of Cock Robin.




f
rallentando.
2ND SOP. SOLO.
night, I'll car - ry his cof - fin."
Who'll toll the bell?
Maestoso.
f
f
rallentando.
mp
CHORUS. UNIS.
CHORUS IN PARTS.
"I," said the Bull; "Be - cause I can pull,
I'll toll the bell."
f poco rit.
f poco rit.
Andantino.
CHORUS, Mournfully.
pp
All the birds of the air Fell sigh - ing and sob - bing, When they
All the birds of the air Fell sigh - ing and sob - bing, When they
rit.
p
pp
heard the bell toll For poor Cock Rob - - - - in.
heard the bell toll For poor Cock Rob - - - - in.

No. 24. Glad Sky, that spreadest.

Arr. from Rossini.

Andante. ♩ = 76.

1st & 2nd Soprano.

Glad sky, that spread - est Thy dome a - bove us,

Alto.

Glad sky, that spread - est Thy dome a - bove us,

Bass.

pp

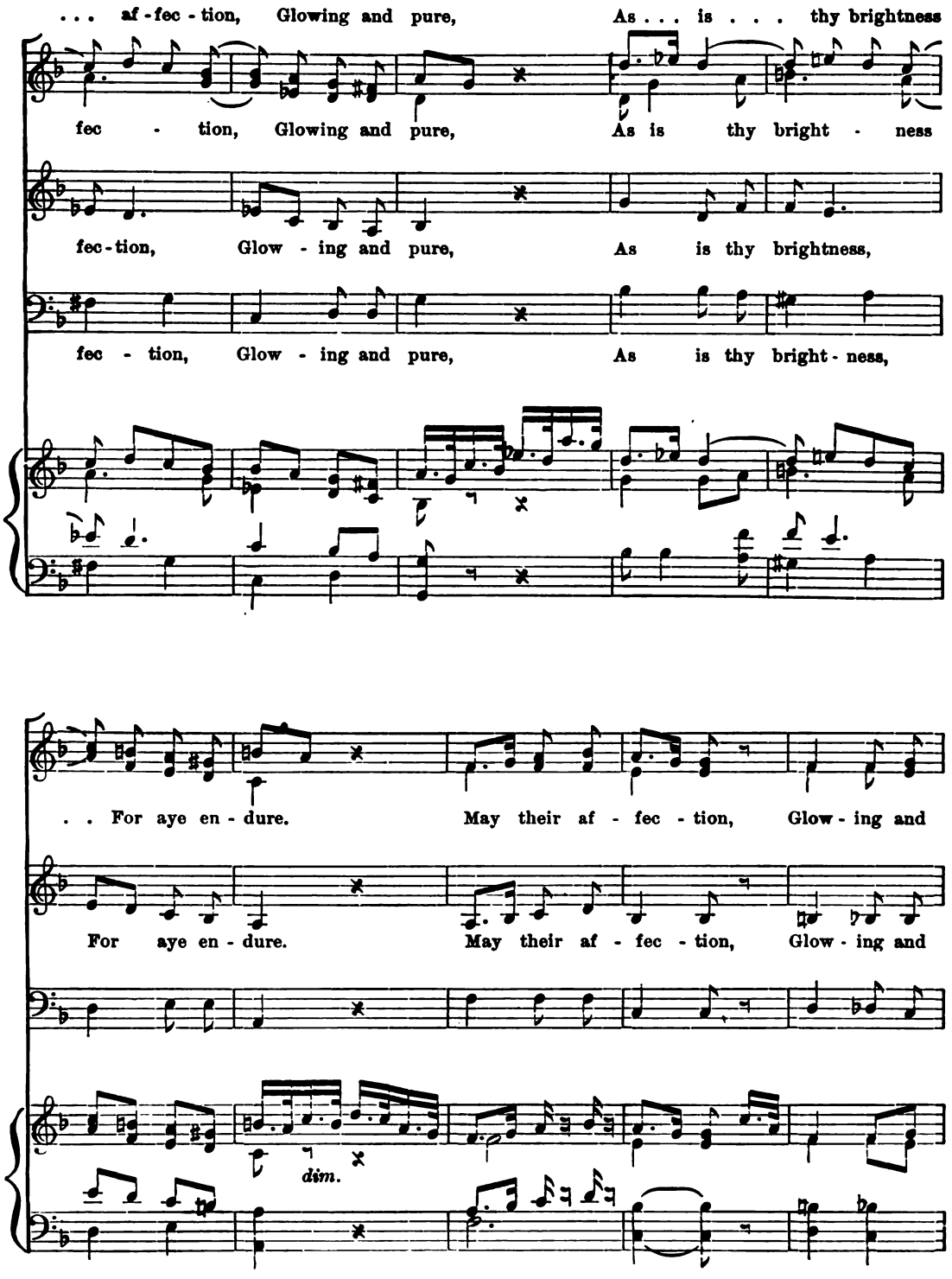
cres.

Be thou an o - men Of good to true lov - ers. May their . .
May their af -

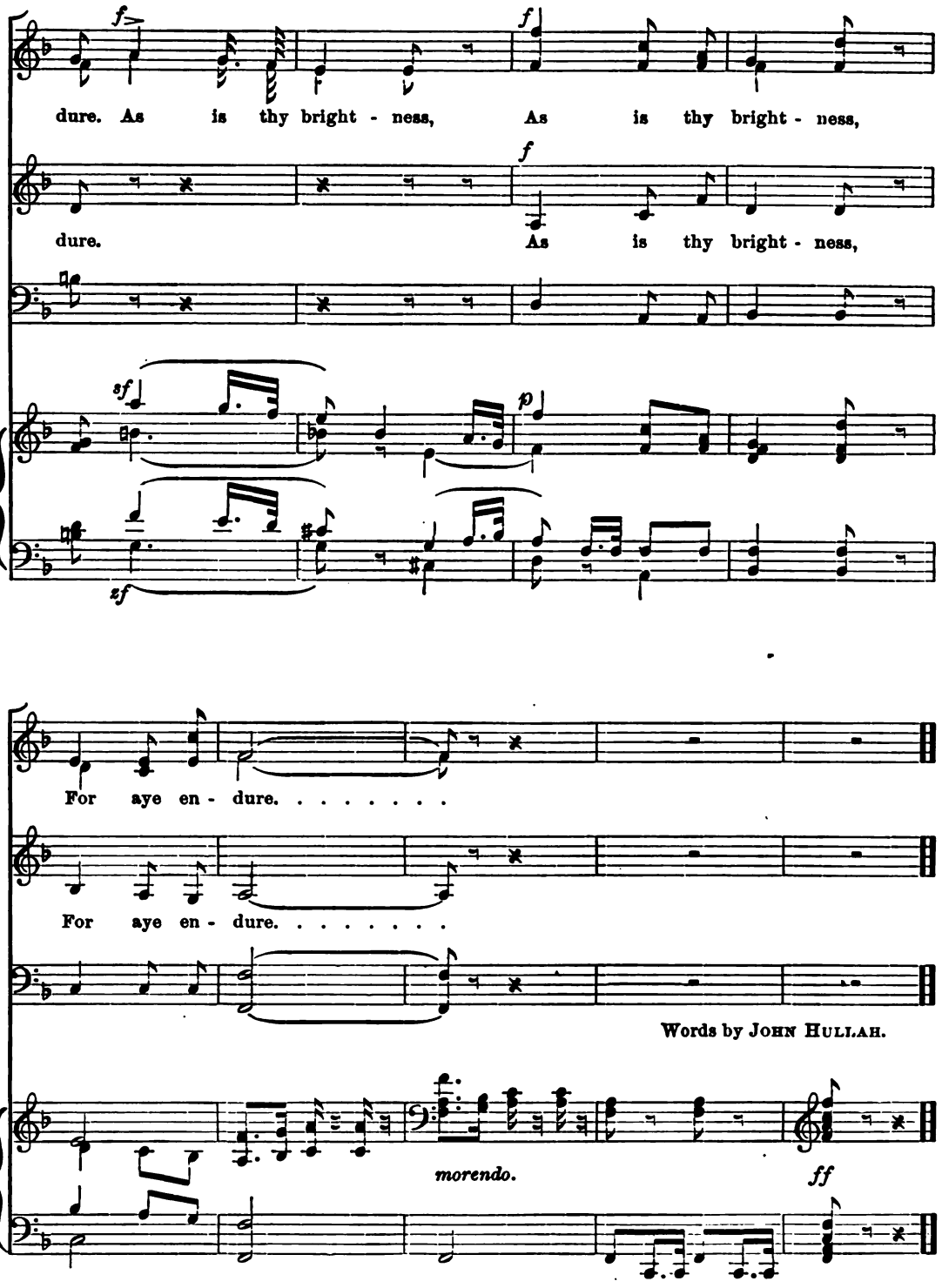
Be thou an o - men Of good to true lov - ers: May their af -

May their af -

cres.


. . . af - fec - tion, Glowing and pure, As . . . is . . . thy brightness
fec - tion, Glowing and pure, As is thy bright - ness
fec - tion, Glow - ing and pure, As is thy brightness,
fec - tion, Glow - ing and pure, As is thy bright - ness,
. . For aye en - dure. May their af - fec - tion, Glow - ing and
For aye en - dure. May their af - fec - tion, Glow - ing and
dim.

cres.
cres.
cres.


f
dure. As is thy bright - ness, As is thy bright - ness,
f
dure. As is thy bright - ness,
sf
p
zf
For aye en - dure. . . . . .
For aye en - dure. . . . . .
Words by JOHN HULLAH.
morendo.
ff

pp

Like them to die a - way, . .

weep, and wish from this rough world,

pp

ppp

die . . . a - way, die . . a - way.

dim. *ppp*

NO. 22. YE MERRY BIRDS.

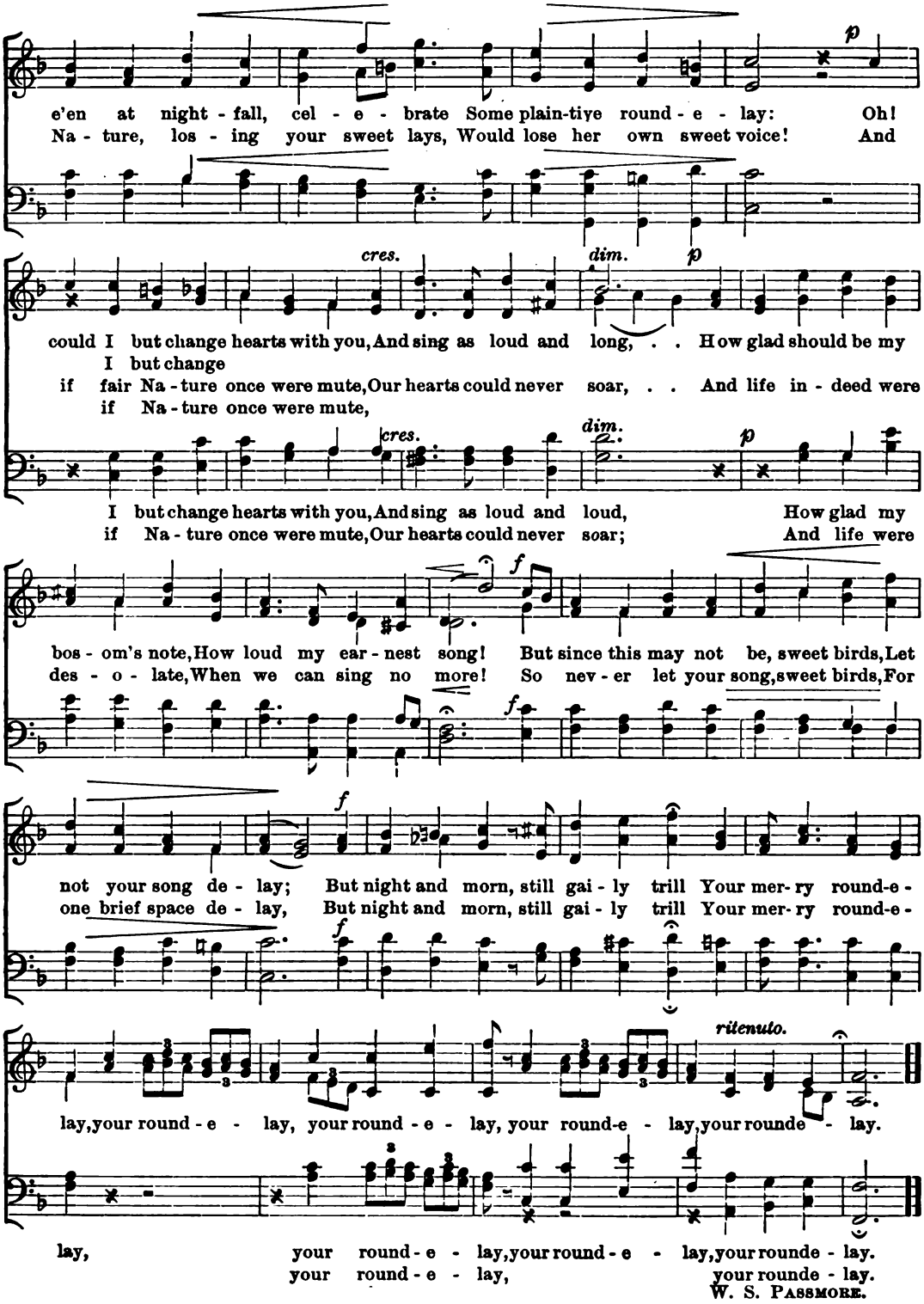
J. L. HATTON.

Allegro. *f* *p*

1. Ye mer - ry birds that soar and sing throughout the live - long day, And
Ye birds that sing . . . . Throughout the day,
2. Cease not the grate-ful strain, dear birds, That makes all hearts re - joice, For
Cease not the grate - - ful strain, dear birds,

f *p*

1. Ye mer - ry birds that soar and sing Throughout the live - long day, And
Ye birds that sing Throughout the day,
2. Cease not the grate - ful strain, dear birds, That makes all hearts re - joice, For
Cease not the grate - ful strain, dear birds,


p
e'en at night - fall, cel - e - brate Some plain-tive round - e - lay: Oh!
Na - ture, los - ing your sweet lays, Would lose her own sweet voice! And
cres.
dim.
p
could I but change hearts with you, And sing as loud and long, . . How glad should be my
I but change
if fair Na - ture once were mute, Our hearts could never soar, . . And life in - deed were
if Na - ture once were mute,
cres.
dim.
p
I but change hearts with you, And sing as loud and loud, How glad my
if Na - ture once were mute, Our hearts could never soar; And life were
f
bos - om's note, How loud my ear - nest song! But since this may not be, sweet birds, Let
des - o - late, When we can sing no more! So nev - er let your song, sweet birds, For
f
f
not your song de - lay; But night and morn, still gai - ly trill Your mer - ry round-e -
one brief space de - lay, But night and morn, still gai - ly trill Your mer - ry round-e -
f
ritenuto.
lay, your round - e - lay, your round - e - lay, your round-e - lay, your rounde - lay.
lay, your round - e - lay, your round - e - lay, your rounde - lay.
your round - e - lay, your rounde - lay.

W. S. PASSMORE.

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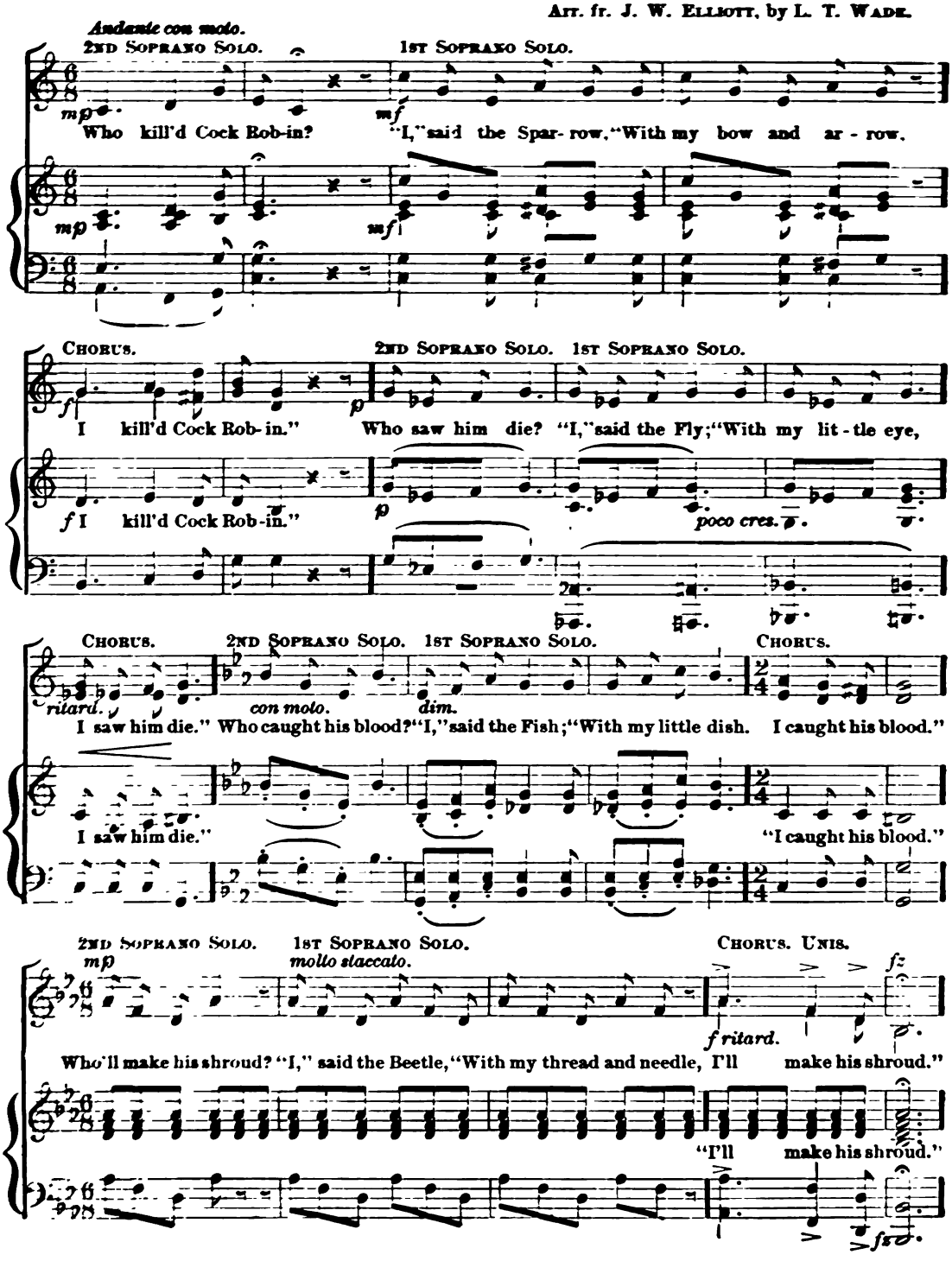


Allegretto.

2ND SOP. SOLO. 1ST SOP. SOLO. CHORUS.

f

Who'll bear the torch? "I," said the Linnet, "Will come in a min-ute; I'll bear the torch."

f *mf* "I'll bear the torch."

2ND SOP. SOLO. 1ST SOP. SOLO.

mp marcato.

Who'll be the clerk? "I," said the Lark, "I'll say A - men in the

CHORUS. 2ND SOP. SOLO. CHORUS. UNIS.

mf

dark. I'll be the clerk." Who'll dig his grave? "I," said the Owl; "With

I'll be the clerk."

f

my spade and showl, I'll dig his grave."

f

trem.

2ND SOP. SOLO. 1ST SOP. SOLO.

p *cres.* *dim.* *p*

Who'll be the Par-son? "I" said the Rook, "With my lit-tle book—I'll be the Par - son."

p *cres.* *dim.* *p*

2ND SOP. SOLO. 1ST SOP. SOLO.

Teneramente. *poco cres.* *p*

Who'll be chief mourner? "I," said the Dove; "I mourn for my love, I'll be chief mourner."

poco cres.

2ND SOP. SOLO. 1ST SOP. SOLO. S. S. A.

mp *sost.* *p*

Who'll sing his dirge? "I," said the Thrush; "As I sing in a bush, I'll sing his dirge."

tr.8va.

Ped. ✱ *Ped.* ✱ *Ped.* ✱

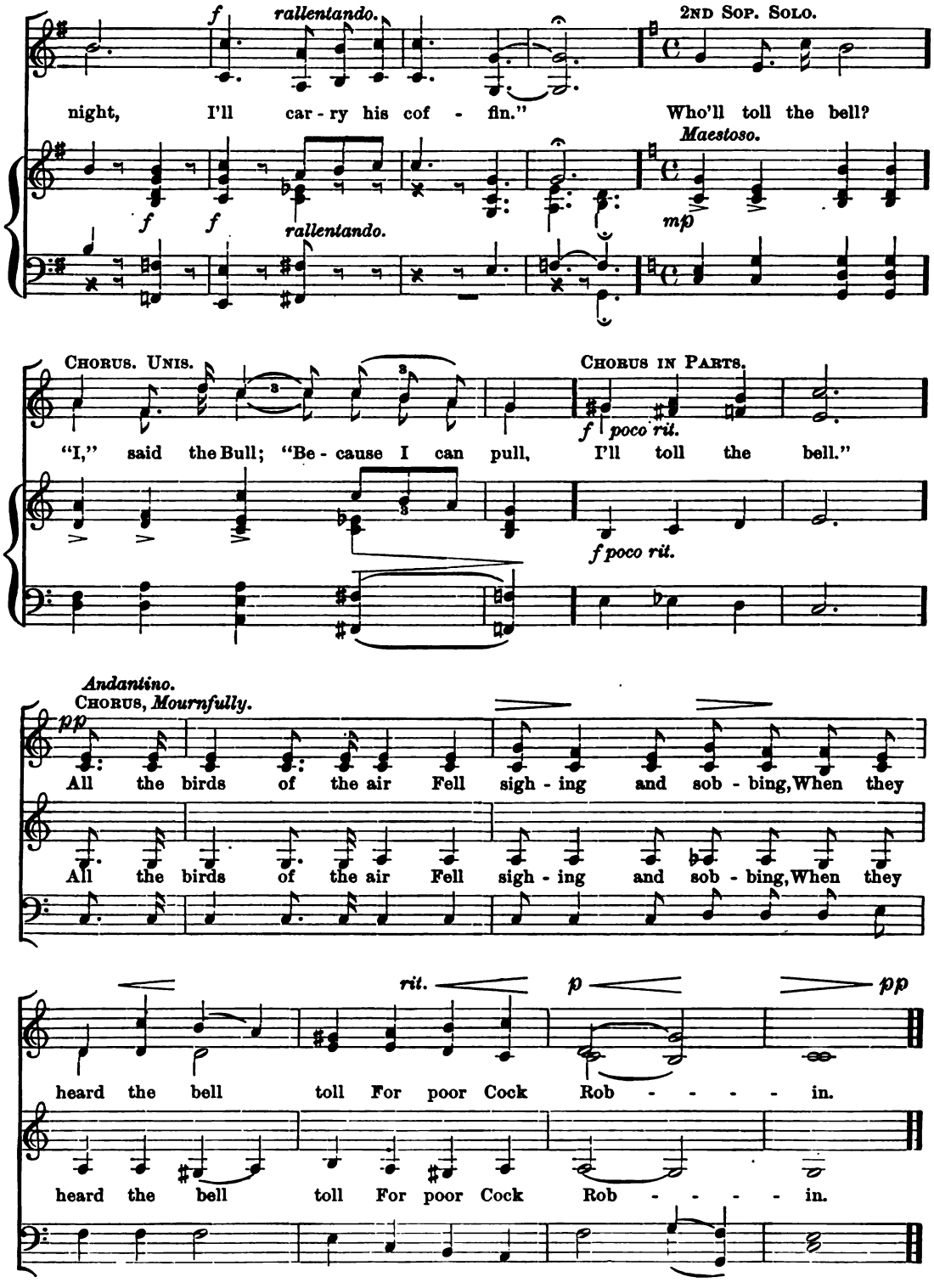
Allegretto moderato. *cres.*

2ND SOP. SOLO. 1ST SOP. SOLO. S. S. A. UNISON.

mp

Who'll car - ry his cof - fin? "I," said the Kite; "If it be in the

mp Allegretto moderato. *cres.*


f
rallentando.
2ND SOP. SOLO.
night, I'll car - ry his cof - fin."
Who'll toll the bell?
Maestoso.
f
f
rallentando.
mp
CHORUS. UNIS.
CHORUS IN PARTS.
f poco rit.
"I," said the Bull; "Be - cause I can pull,
I'll toll the bell."
f poco rit.
Andantino.
CHORUS, Mournfully.
pp
All the birds of the air Fell sigh - ing and sob - bing, When they
All the birds of the air Fell sigh - ing and sob - bing, When they
rit.
p
pp
heard the bell toll For poor Cock Rob - - - - in.
heard the bell toll For poor Cock Rob - - - - in.

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Andante. ♪ = 76.

1st & 2nd Soprano.

Glad sky, that spread - est Thy dome a - bove us,

Alto.

Glad sky, that spread - est Thy dome a - bove us,

Bass.

pp

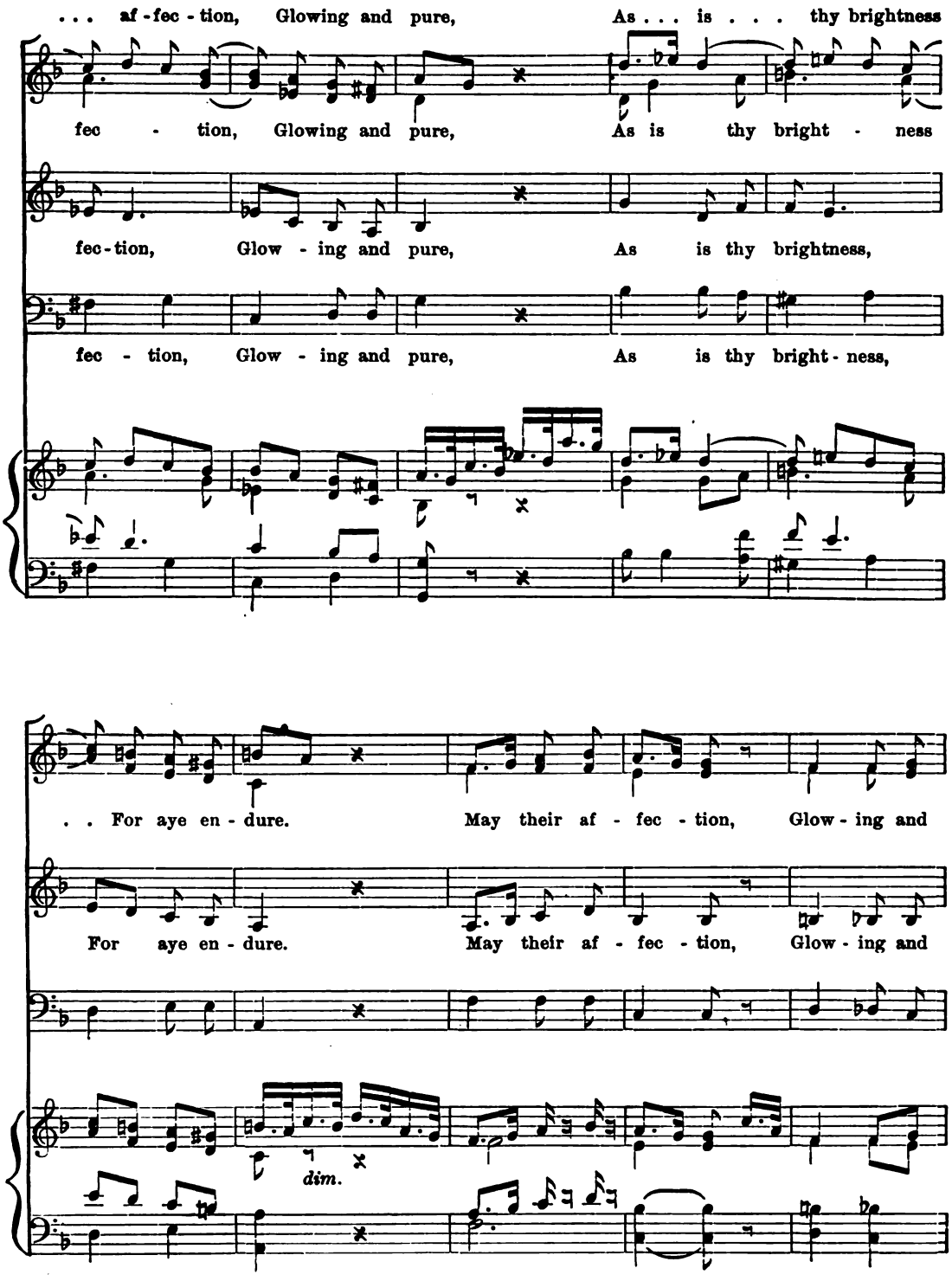
cres.

Be thou an o - men Of good to true lov - ers. May their . .
May their af -

Be thou an o - men Of good to true lov - ers: May their af -

May their af -

cres.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fec - tion, Glowing and pure, As is thy bright - ness
fec - tion, Glow - ing and pure, As is thy brightness,
fec - tion, Glow - ing and pure, As is thy bright - ness,
. . For aye en - dure. May their af - fec - tion, Glow - ing and
For aye en - dure. May their af - fec - tion, Glow - ing and
dim.

pure. As . . . is thy bright - ness, as is thy bright-ness, For aye en -

pure. . . . . For aye en -

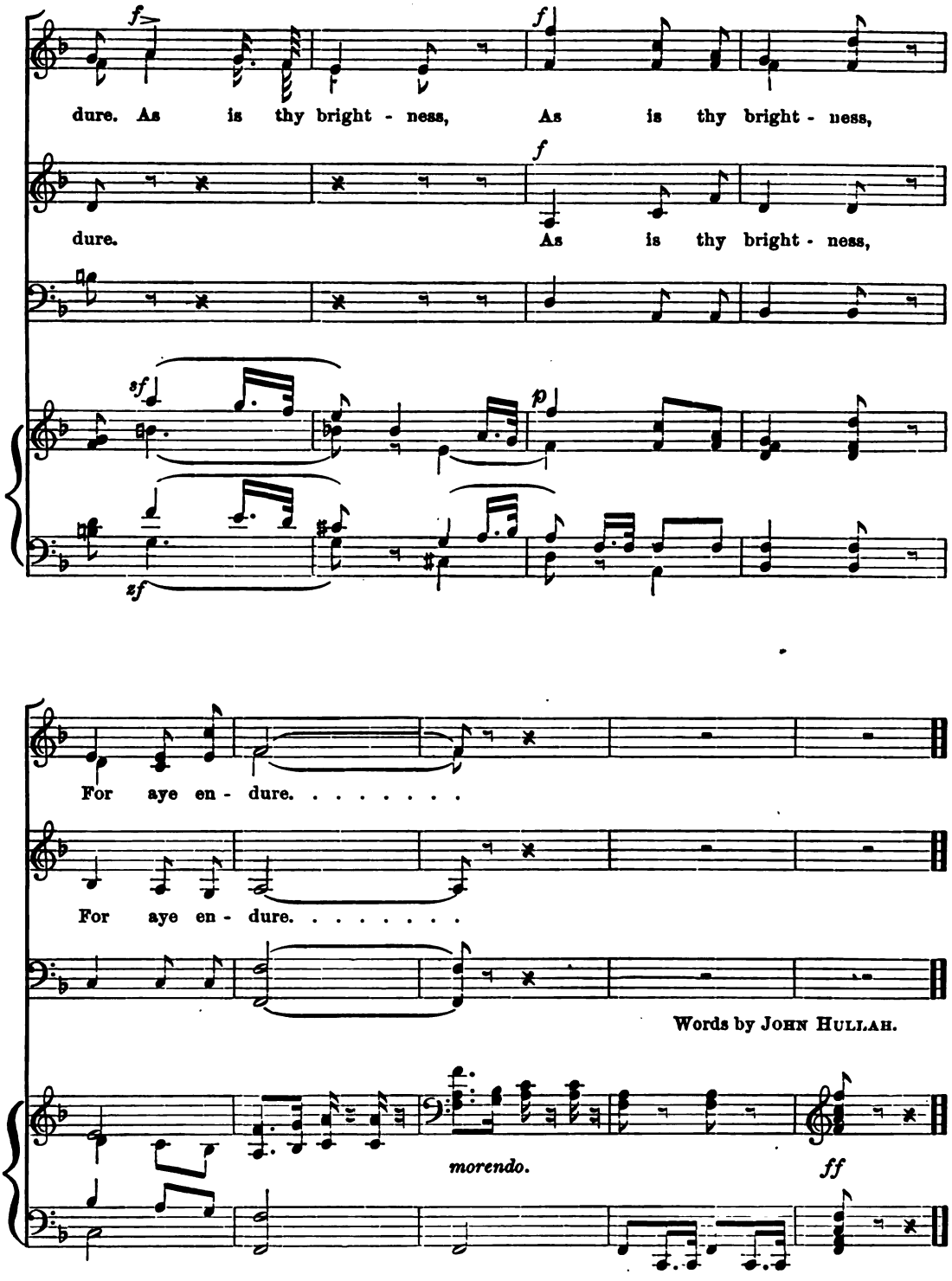
dure, As is thy bright-ness, For aye en-dure, As is thy brightness, For aye en -

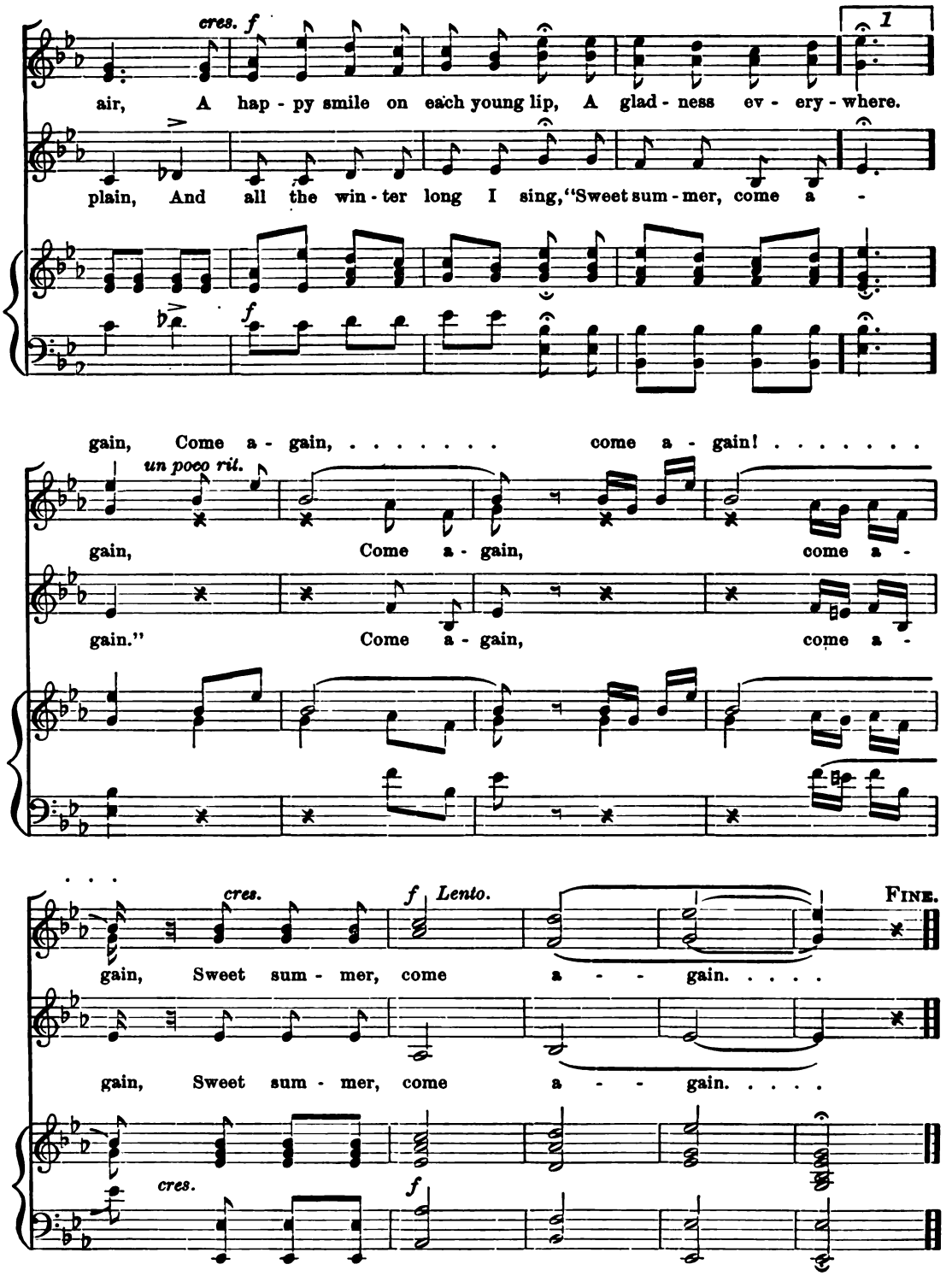
cres.

dure, As is thy bright-ness, For aye en-dure, As is thy brightness, For aye en -

cres.

cres.


f
f
dure. As is thy bright - ness, As is thy bright - ness,
f
dure. As is thy bright - ness,
sf
p
sf
For aye en - dure. . . . . .
For aye en - dure. . . . . .
Words by JOHN HULLAH.
morendo.
ff


cres. f
1
air, A hap - py smile on each young lip, A glad - ness ev - ery - where.
plain, And all the win - ter long I sing, "Sweet sum - mer, come a -
f
gain, Come a - gain, ... come a - gain! . . . . . .
un poco rit.
gain, Come a - gain, come a -
gain." Come a - gain, come a -
. . .
cres.
f Lento.
FINE.
gain, Sweet sum - mer, come a - - gain. . . . .
gain, Sweet sum - mer, come a - - gain. . . . .
cres.
f

Oh, is it not a pleasant thing To wander thro' the woods To look up - on the

Oh, is it not a pleas - ant thing To look up - on the

Oh, is it not a pleasant thing To look up - on the

paint - ed flowers, And watch the opening buds; Or seat - - - - - - - ed

rit. *a tempo.*

paint - ed flowers, And watch the opening buds; Or seat-ed in the cool deep shade, At

paint - ed flowers

at some ash tree's root,

f *lento.* *D.C. al Segno.*

some tall ash tree's root, To fill my lit - tle bas - ket With the sweet and scented fruit. Oh,

f *p*

lento.

No. 27. Fairy Song.

Allegretto scherzando.

Agnes Zimmerman, arr.

1st & 2nd Soprano.

p

Come fol - low, fol - low me, Ye fair - y elves that

Alto.

Come fol - low, fol - low me, fol - low me, Ye fair - y elves that

Bass.

p *p cres.* *f*

be, Light trip - ping o'er the green, Come fol - low Mab, your

Light tripping o'er the green, fol-low Mab, your

f

be, Come fol - low Mab, your

fol - low me,

p

queen, We'll dance a - round we'll dance a -

We'll dance, We'll

p

queen, Hand in hand, ... we'll dance a - round . . . . . .

p

We'll dance a - round, we'll dance a -

f

round, Hand in hand we'll dance a - round, For this place is fair - y

dance,

f

. . . Hand in hand we'll dance a - round, For this place is fair - y

round,

The gen - tle
The gen - tle

pp

mem - 'ry's si - lent bea-con be The gen - tle, gen - tle twilight star, twi - light
bea - con light of love shall be The gen - tle, gen - tle twilight star, twi - light

pp

mem - 'ry's si - lent bea-con be The gen - tle, gen - tle twilight star, twi - light
bea - con light of love shall be The gen - tle, gen - tle twilight star, twi - light

pp

colla voce.

star. star.
star. star.

star. star.
star. star.

p

pp

ppp

ground, is fair - y ground, ... is fair - y ground.

is fair - y ground,

is fair - y ground, is fair - y ground, ... When

is fair - y ground,

Poco meno mosso.

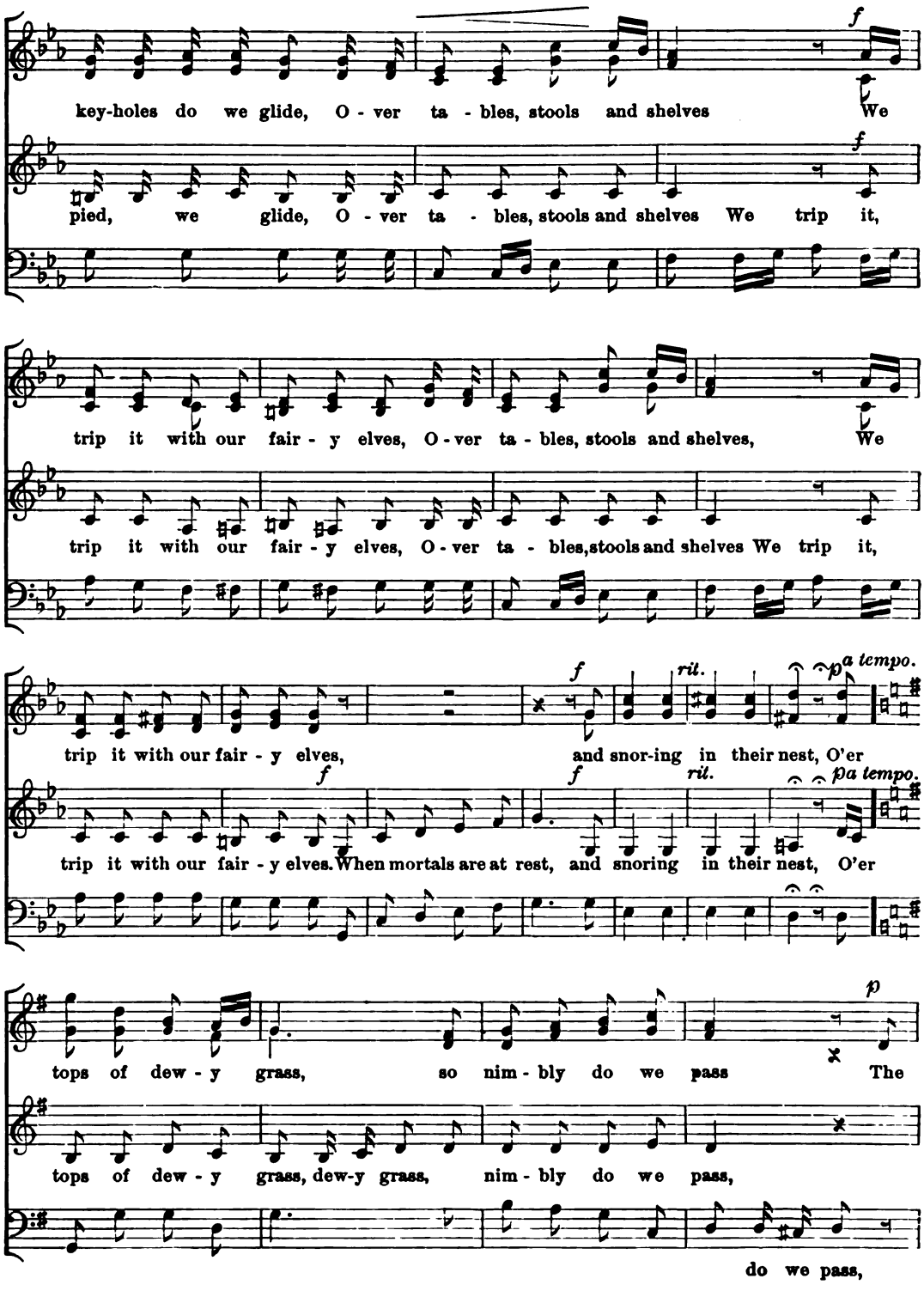
Un - heard and un - es-pied, thro' the

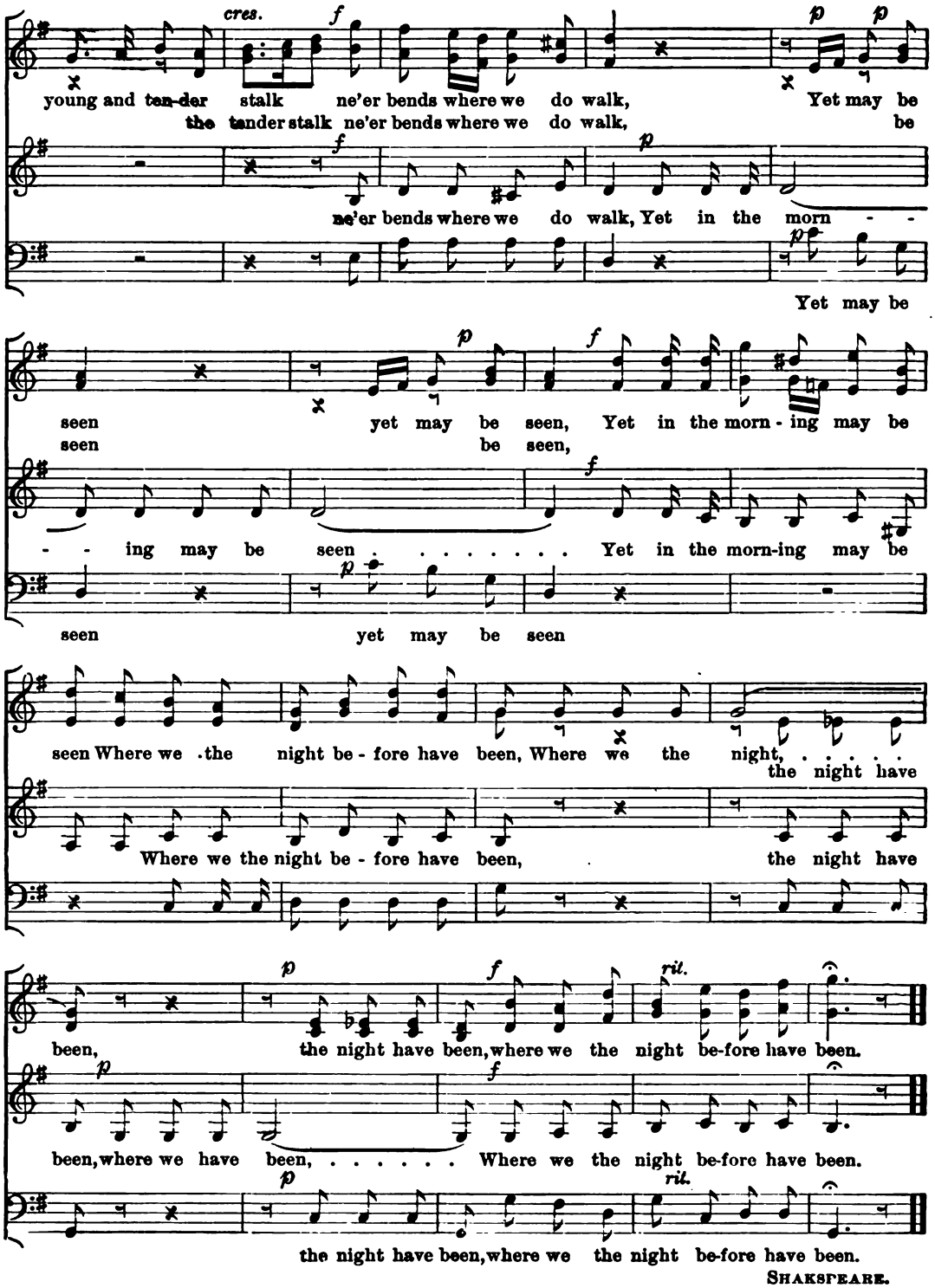
mor-tals are at rest, and snor-ing in their nest; . . . . . .

key - holes do we glide, Un - heard and un - es - pied, thro' the

key - holes do we glide, Un - heard and un - es - pied, thro' the

Un - heard and un -


key-holes do we glide, O - ver ta - bles, stools and shelves We
pied, we glide, O - ver ta - bles, stools and shelves We trip it,
trip it with our fair - y elves, O - ver ta - bles, stools and shelves, We
trip it with our fair - y elves, O - ver ta - bles, stools and shelves We trip it,
trip it with our fair - y elves, and snor-ing in their nest, O'er
trip it with our fair - y elves. When mortals are at rest, and snoring in their nest, O'er
a tempo.
rit.
tops of dew - y grass, so nim - bly do we pass The
tops of dew - y grass, dew-y grass, nim - bly do we pass,
do we pass,


cres.
young and ten-der stalk ne'er bends where we do walk, Yet may be
the tender stalk ne'er bends where we do walk, be
ne'er bends where we do walk, Yet in the morn - -
Yet may be
seen yet may be seen, Yet in the morn - ing may be
seen be seen,
- - ing may be seen . . . . . Yet in the morn-ing may be
seen yet may be seen
seen Where we the night be - fore have been, Where we the night, ... the night have
Where we the night be - fore have been, the night have
been, the night have been, where we the night be-fore have been.
been, where we have been, ... Where we the night be-fore have been.
the night have been, where we the night be-fore have been.

SHAKSPEARE.

No. 28. ALL AMONG THE BARLEY.

Allegretto. Arr. from Elizabeth Sterling.

1st & 2nd Soprano. *mf*

1. Come out, 'tis now Sep - tem - ber, The hun - ter's moon's be - gun; And
2. The Spring, she is a young maid, That does not know her mind, The

Alto.

3. The Wheat is like a rich man, That's sleek and well to do; The

Bass. *mf*

1. And thro' the
2. The Sum - mer
3. The Oats are

mf

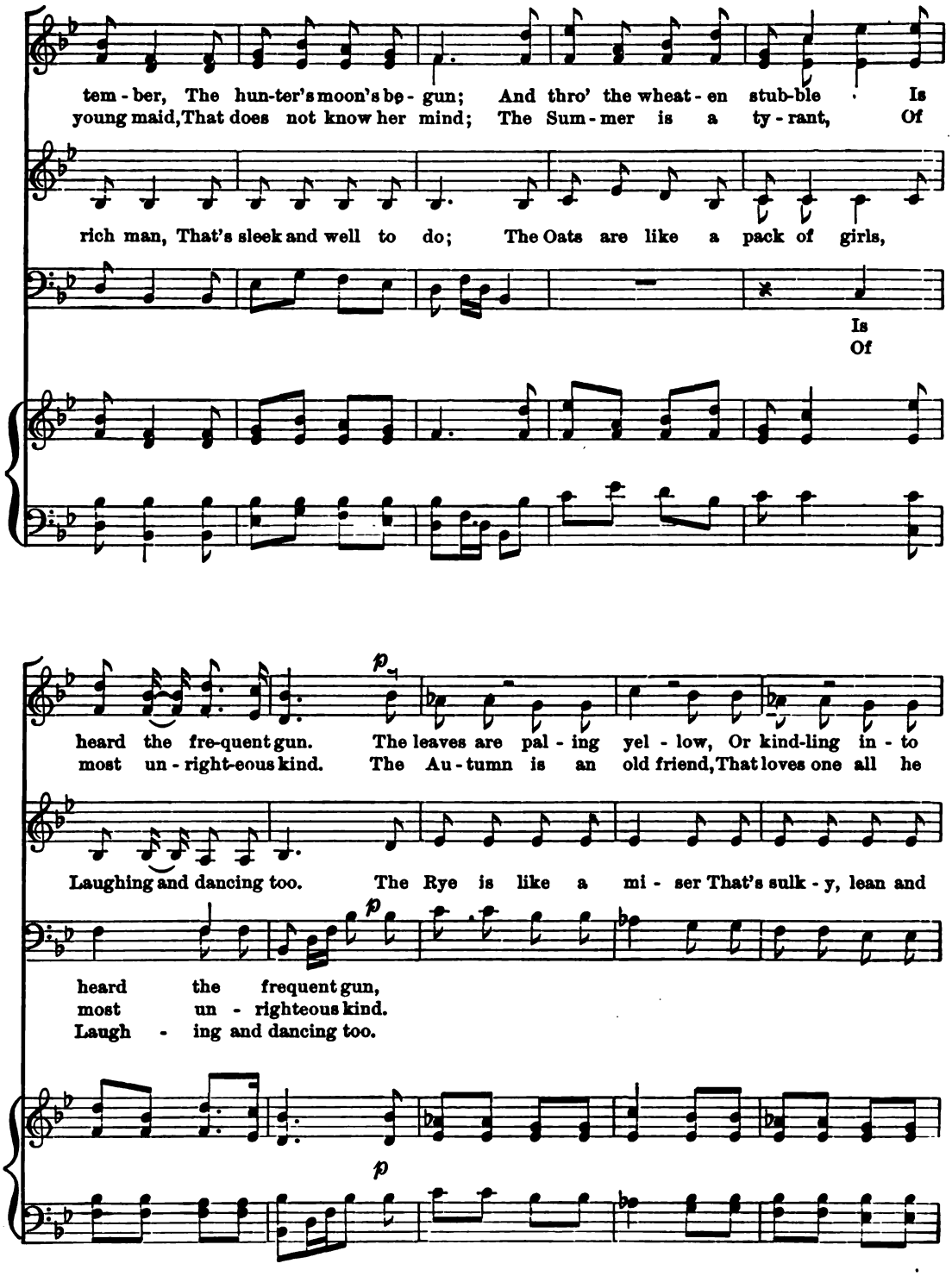
thro' the wheaten stub - ble Is heard the fre - quent gun; Come out, 'tis now Sep -
Sum-mer is a ty - rant Of most un - right-eous kind; The Spring, she is a

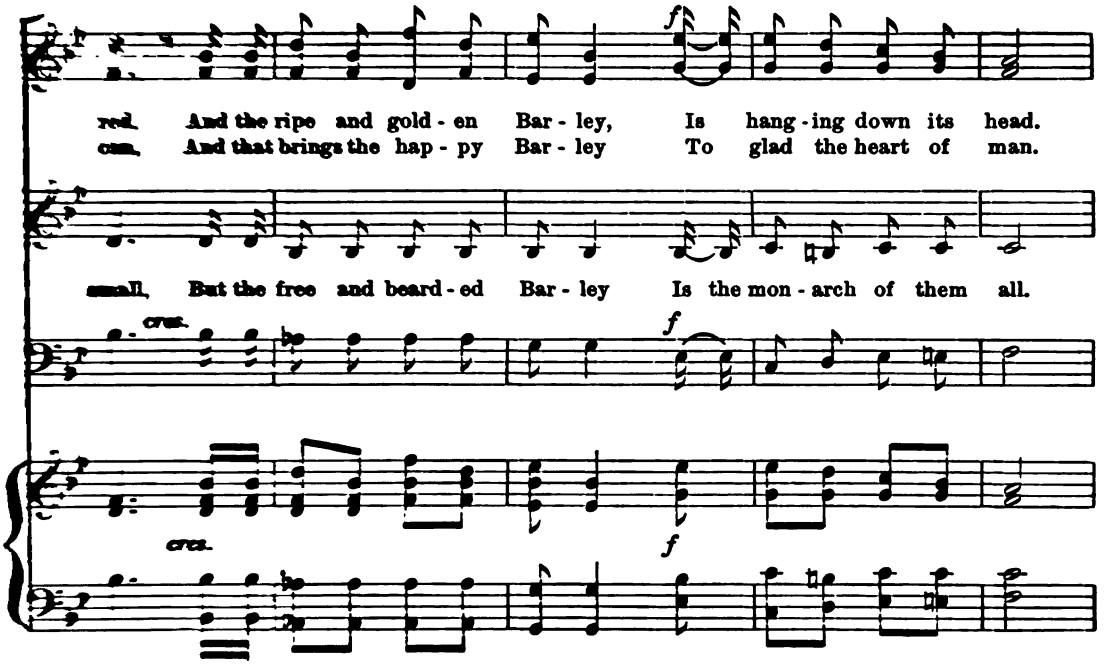
f

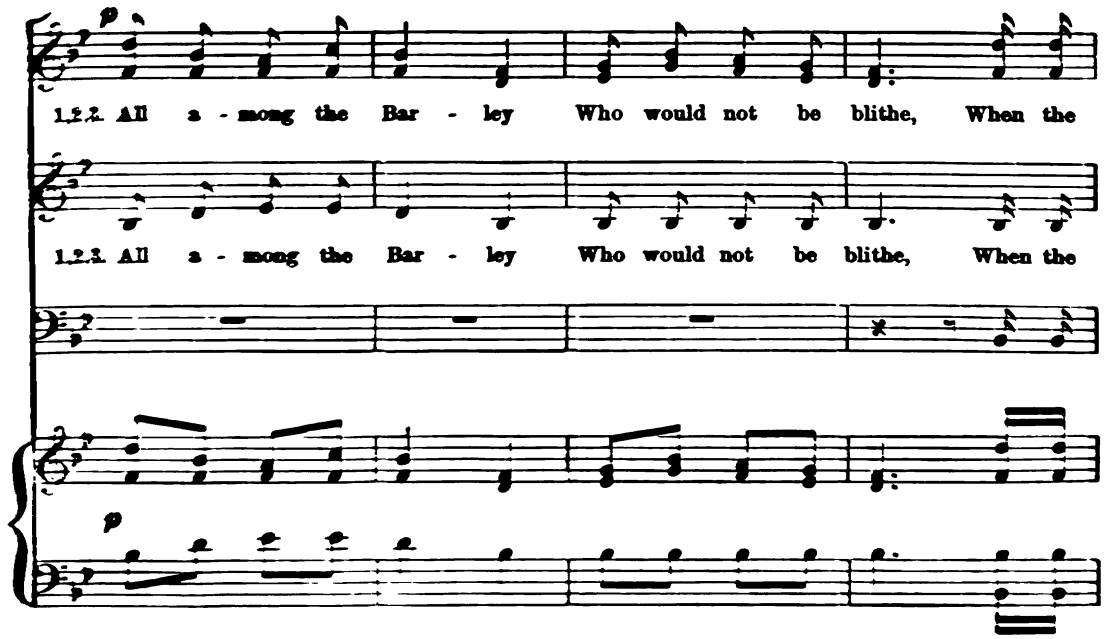
Oats are like a pack of girls, Laughing and dancing too; The Wheat is like a

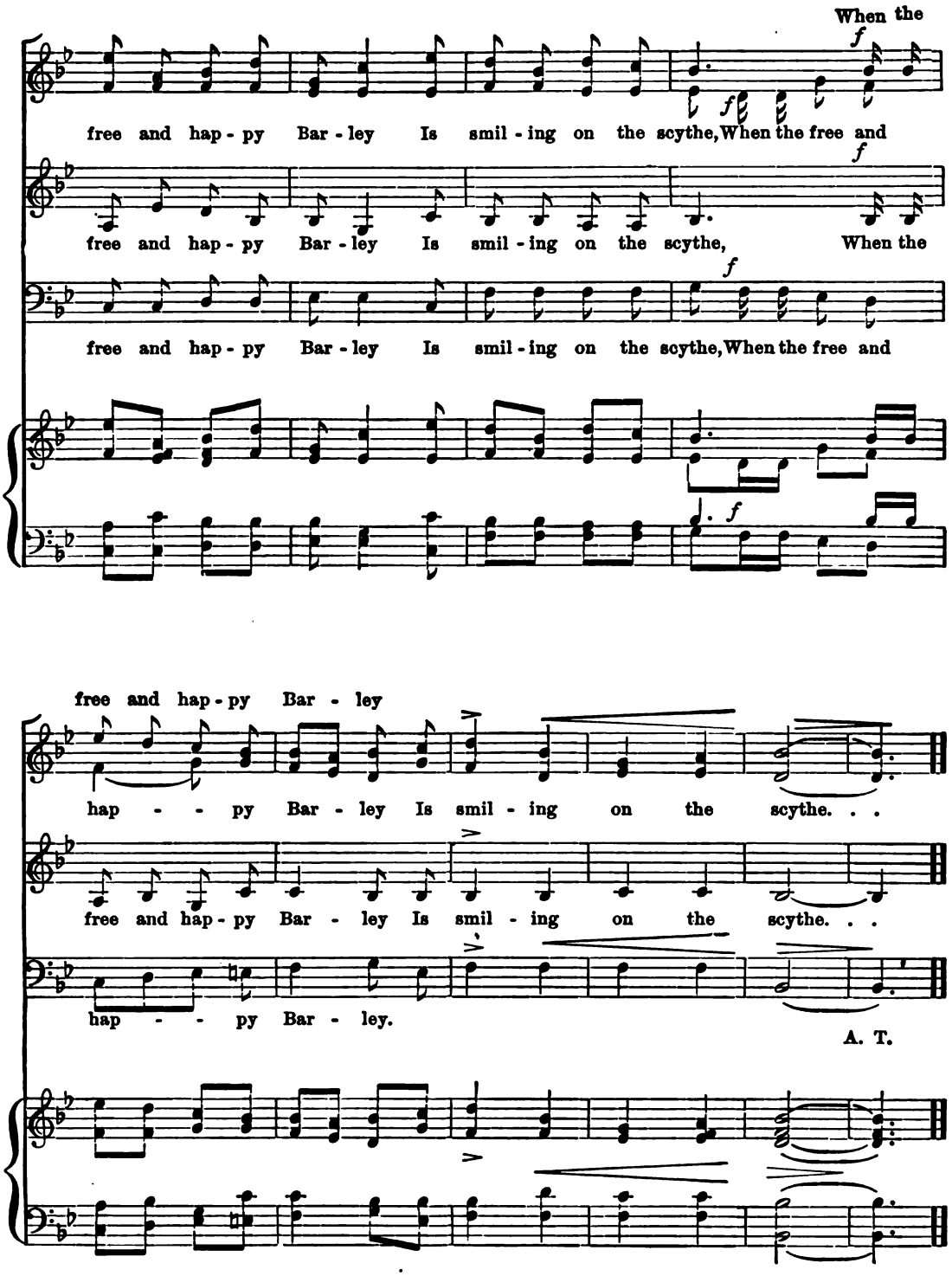
wheat - en stub-ble Is heard the fre - quent gun; Come out, 'tis now Sep -
is a ty-rant, Of most un - right-eous kind; The Spring, she is a
like a pack of girls, Laughing and dancing too; The Wheat is like a

f


tem - ber, The hun-ter's moon's be - gun; And thro' the wheat - en stub-ble Is
young maid, That does not know her mind; The Sum - mer is a ty - rant, Of
rich man, That's sleek and well to do; The Oats are like a pack of girls,
Is
Of
heard the fre-quent gun. The leaves are pal - ing yel - low, Or kind-ling in - to
most un - right-eous kind. The Au - tumn is an old friend, That loves one all he
Laughing and dancing too. The Rye is like a mi - ser That's sulk - y, lean and
heard the frequent gun,
most un - righteous kind.
Laugh - ing and dancing too.
p
p
p


red. And the ripe and gold - en Bar - ley, Is hang - ing down its head.
com. And that brings the hap - py Bar - ley To glad the heart of man.
small, But the free and beard - ed Bar - ley Is the mon - arch of them all.
cres.
f
cres.
f


p
1.2.2. All a - mong the Bar - ley Who would not be blithe, When the
1.2.3. All a - mong the Bar - ley Who would not be blithe, When the
p


When the
free and hap - py Bar - ley Is smil - ing on the scythe, When the free and
free and hap - py Bar - ley Is smil - ing on the scythe, When the
free and hap - py Bar - ley Is smil - ing on the scythe, When the free and
free and hap - py Bar - ley
hap - - py Bar - ley Is smil - ing on the scythe. . .
free and hap - py Bar - ley Is smil - ing on the scythe. . .
hap - - py Bar - ley.
A. T.

No. 29. Evening Chorus.

Conradin Kreutzer, arr.

Andante.

1st & 2nd Soprano.

pp *p*

Cur - few bell's last breath is dy - ing, On the qui - et

Alto.

Cur - few bell's last breath is dy - ing, On the qui - et

Bass.

eve - ning air; And the world in slum - ber ly - ing,

eve - ning air; And the world in slum - ber ly - ing,

cres. *f* *f* *p*

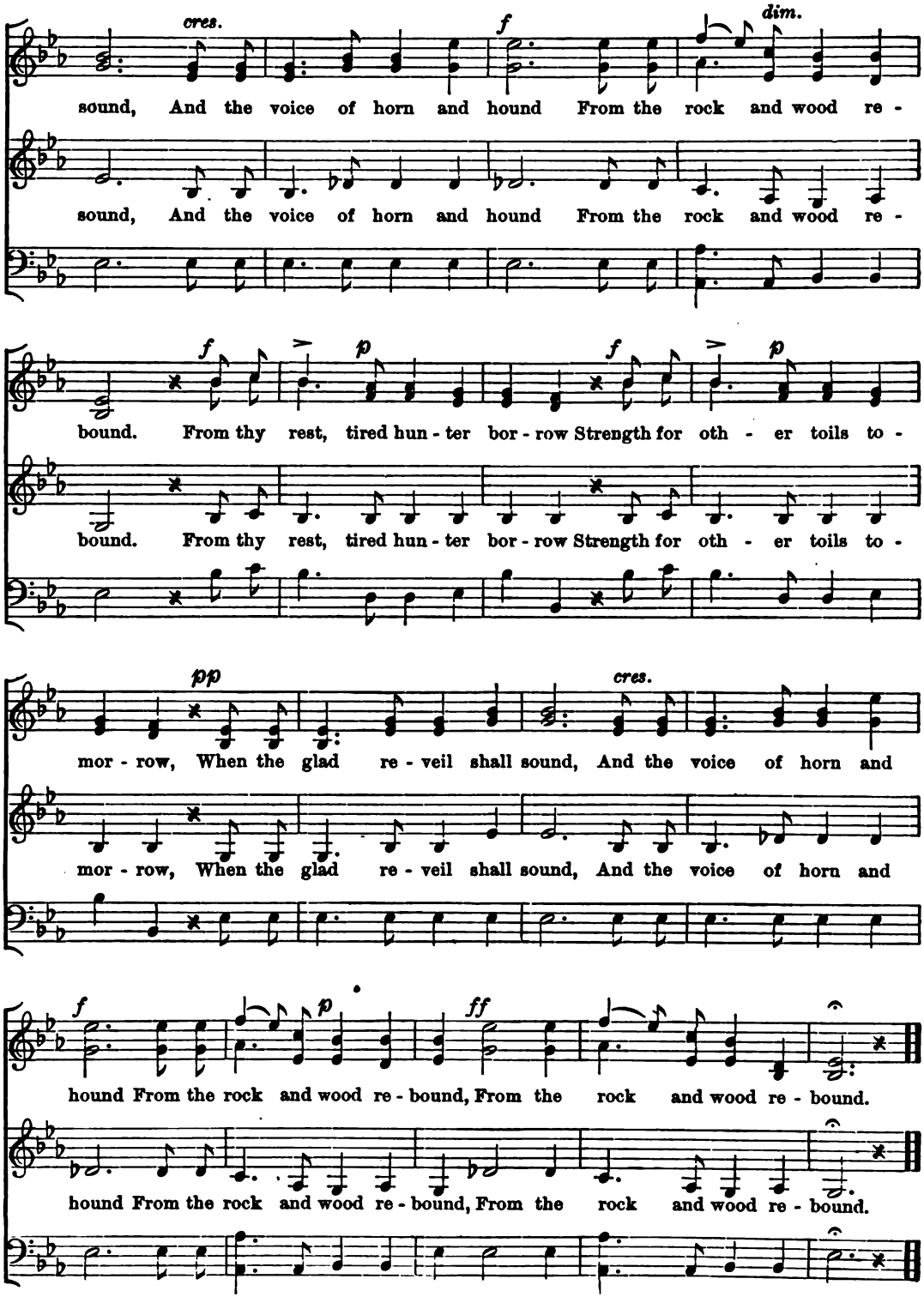
Finds a short re - lease from care. From thy rest, tired hun - ter

Finds a short re - lease from care. From thy rest, tired hun - ter

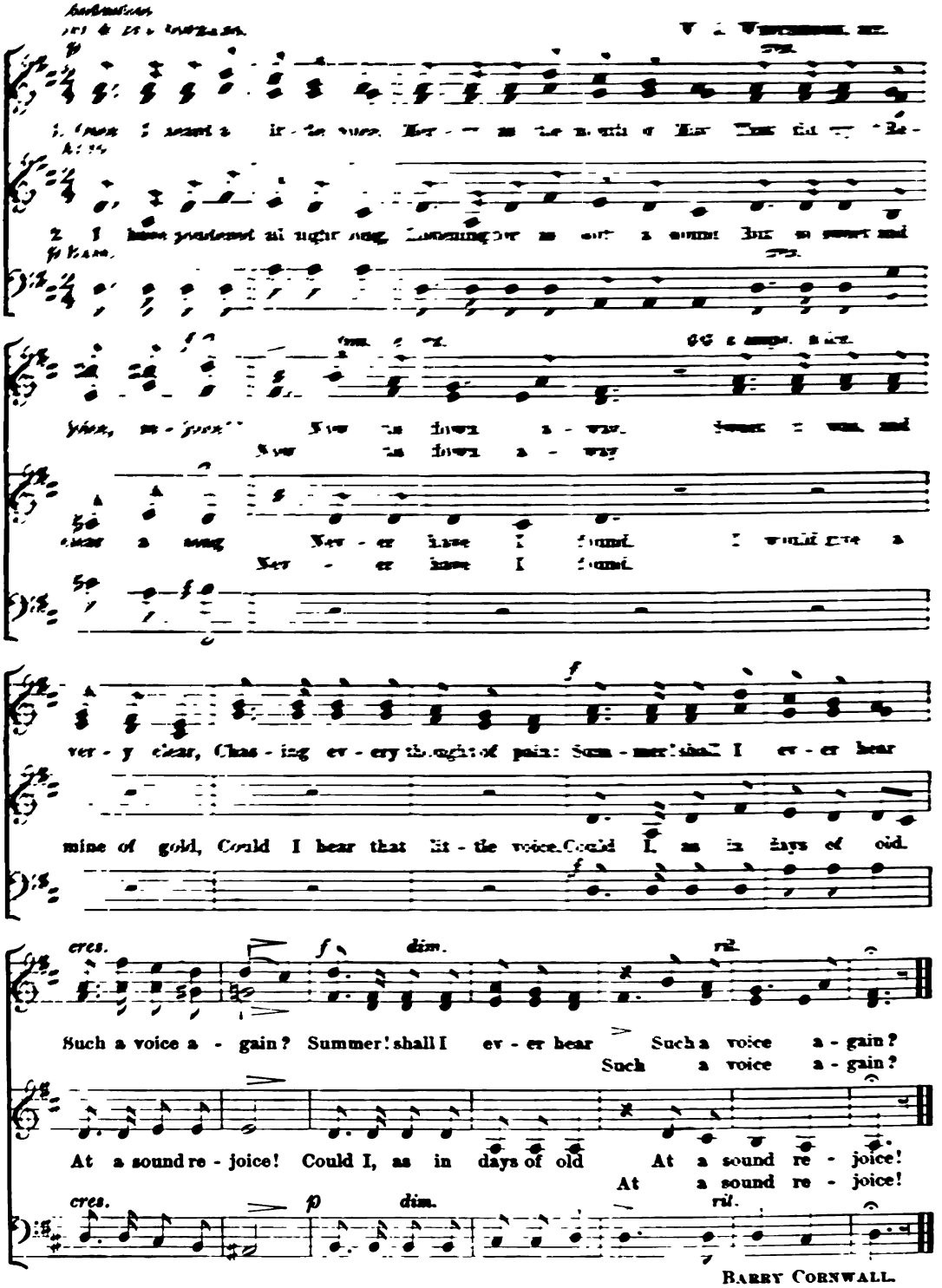
f *p* *pp*

bor - row Strength for oth - er toils to - mor - row; When the glad re - veil shall

bor - row Strength for oth - er toils to - mor - row; When the glad re - veil shall


cres.
f
dim.
sound, And the voice of horn and hound From the rock and wood re -
sound, And the voice of horn and hound From the rock and wood re -
f
p
f
p
bound. From thy rest, tired hun - ter bor - row Strength for oth - er toils to -
bound. From thy rest, tired hun - ter bor - row Strength for oth - er toils to -
pp
cres.
mor - row, When the glad re - veil shall sound, And the voice of horn and
mor - row, When the glad re - veil shall sound, And the voice of horn and
f
p
ff
hound From the rock and wood re - bound, From the rock and wood re - bound.
hound From the rock and wood re - bound, From the rock and wood re - bound.

THE LITTLE VOICE



BARRY CORNWALL.

NO. 31. HARVEST HOME.

Allegro.

G. A. MACFARREN, arr.

1ST & 2ND SOPRANO.

Har - vest home, har - vest home, har - vest home, har - vest home,

ALTO.

Har - vest home, har - vest home, har - vest home, har - vest home,

BASS.

har - vest home, har - vest home, We come, we come, And we

har - vest home, har - vest home, We come, . . . And we

We come, we come, And we

bring the last load of our gold - en grain, Loud - ly shout,

Loud - ly

bring the last load of our gold - en grain, Loud - ly

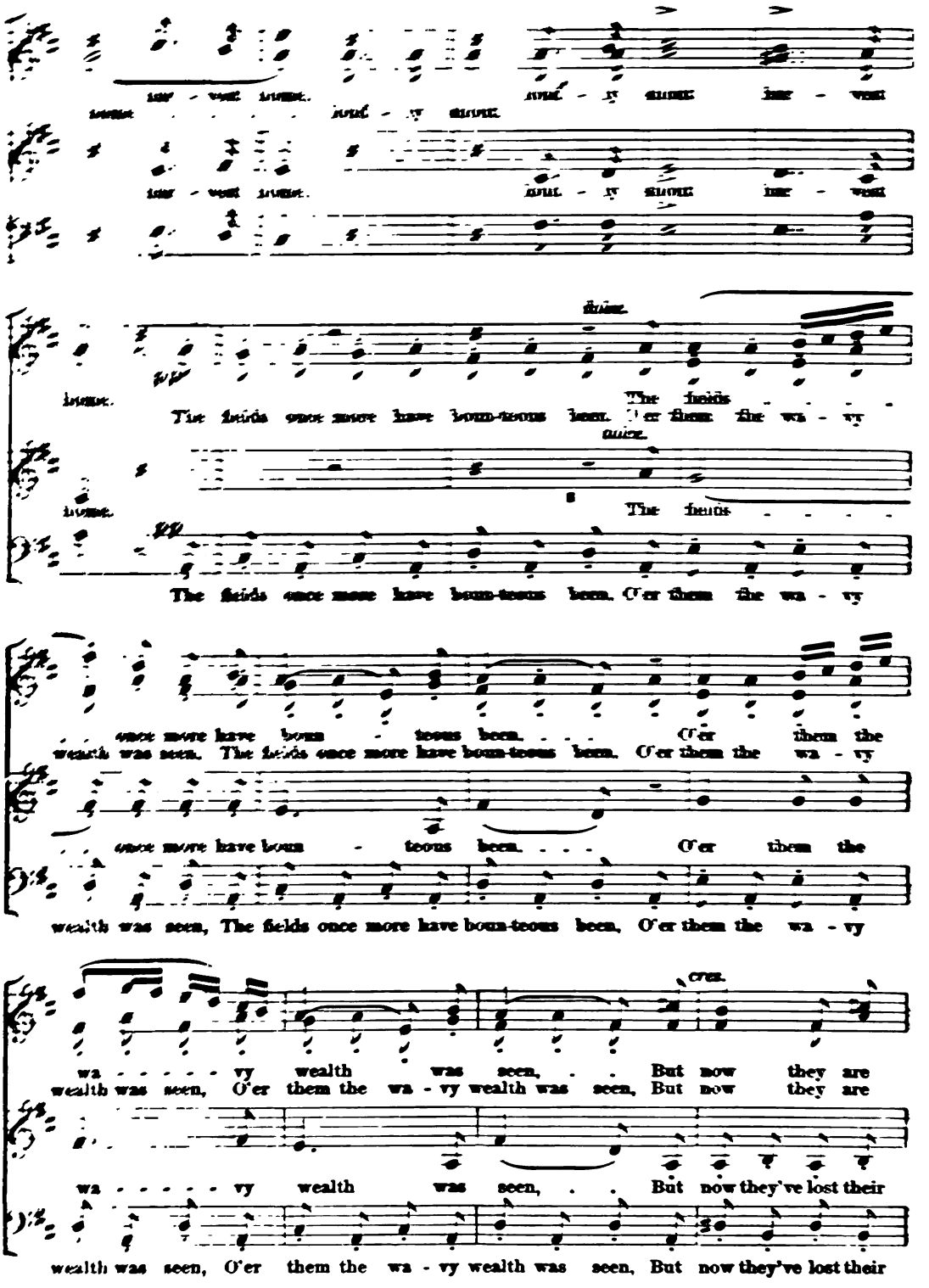
cres. *ff*

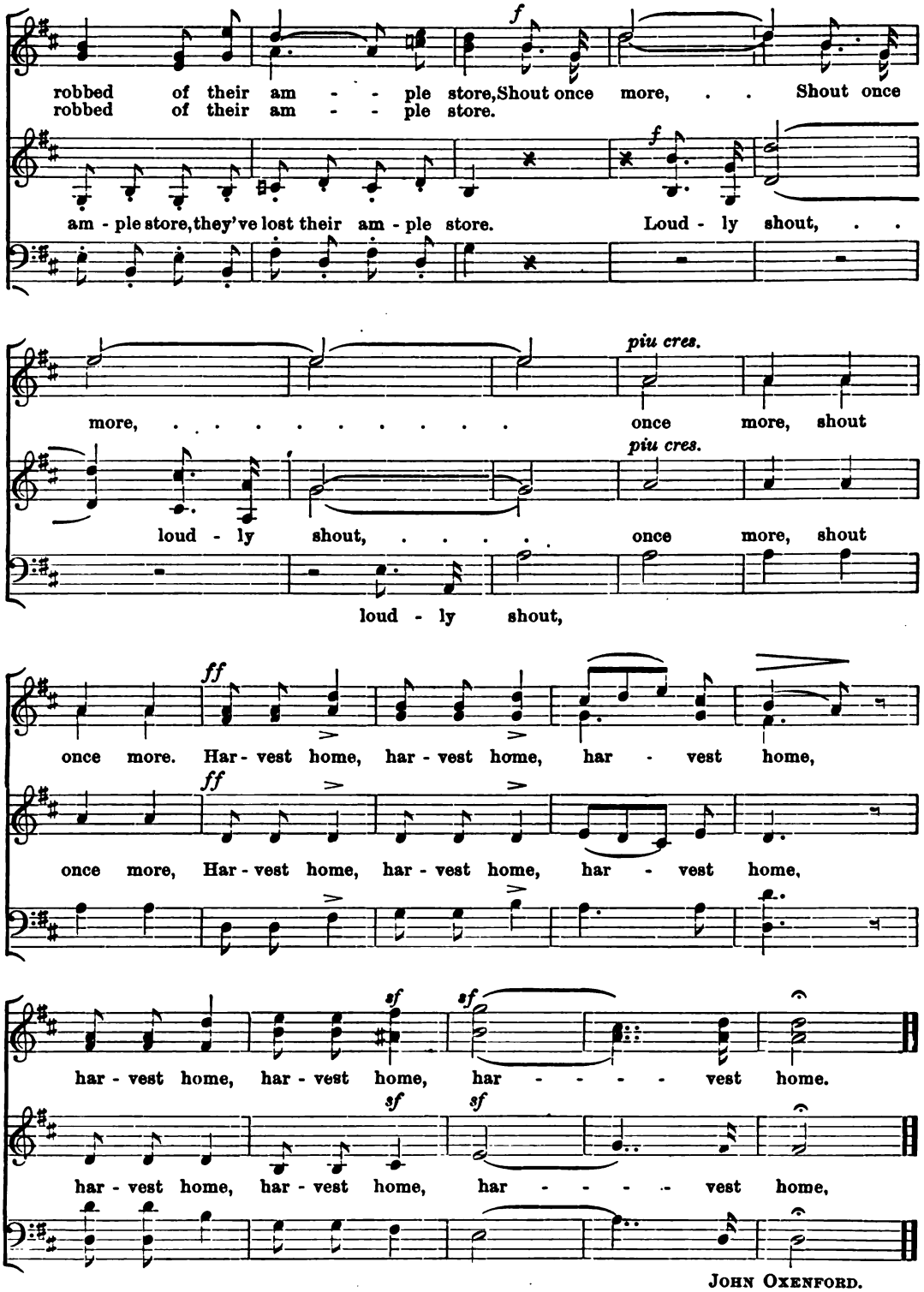
loud - ly shout a - gain, a - gain, a - gain. Har - vest home,

shout, loud - ly shout a - gain, a - gain. Har - vest home, . . har - vest

cres. *ff*

shout, loud - ly shout a - gain, a - gain. Har - vest home,

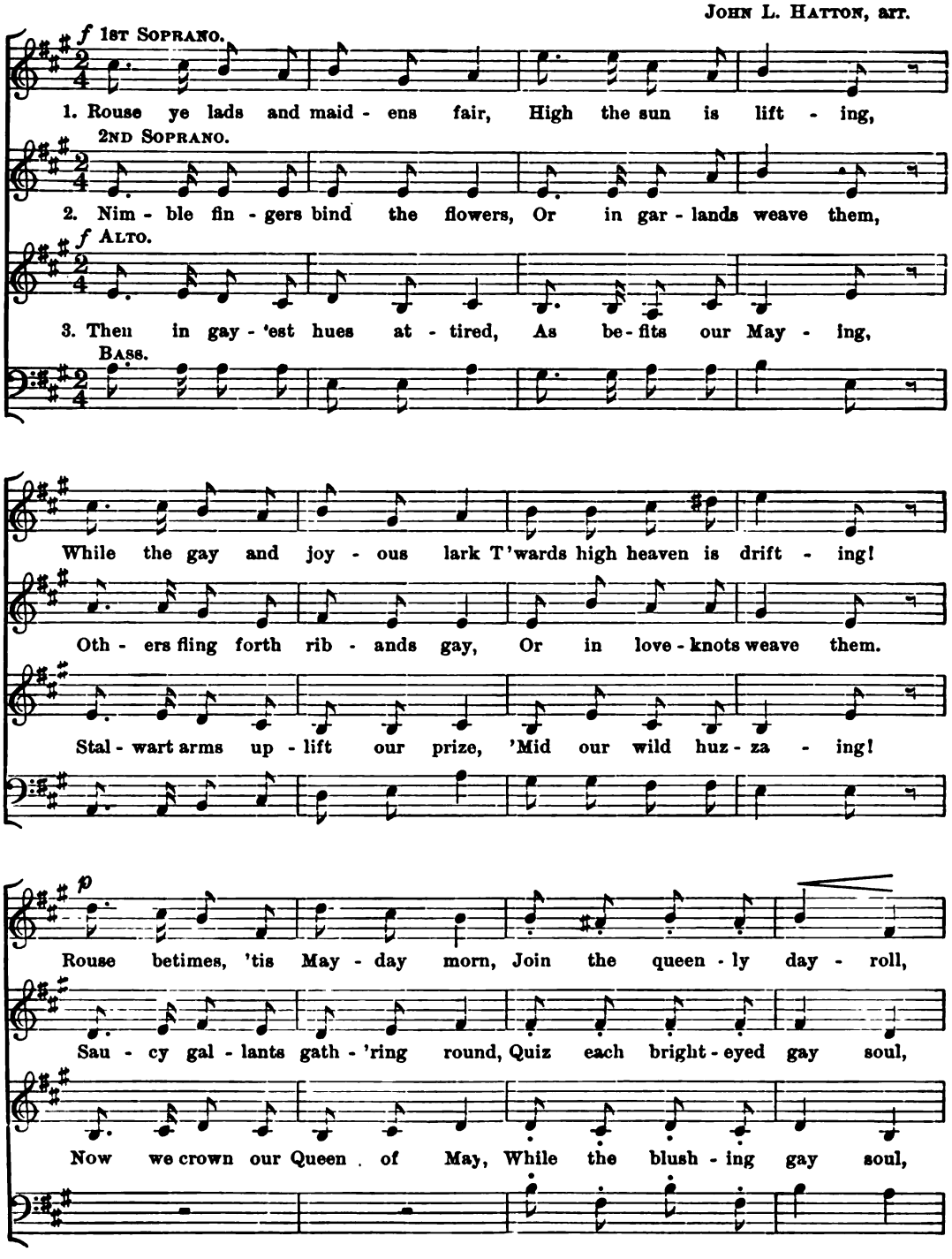

home. The fields once more have boun-teous been. O'er them the wa - vy
The fields once more have boun-teous been. O'er them the wa - vy
wealth was seen. The fields once more have boun-teous been. O'er them the wa - vy
wealth was seen, The fields once more have boun-teous been, O'er them the wa - vy
wa - - - - - vy wealth was seen, . . But now they are
wealth was seen, O'er them the wa - vy wealth was seen, But now they are
wa - - - - - vy wealth was seen, . . But now they've lost their
wealth was seen, O'er them the wa - vy wealth was seen, But now they've lost their

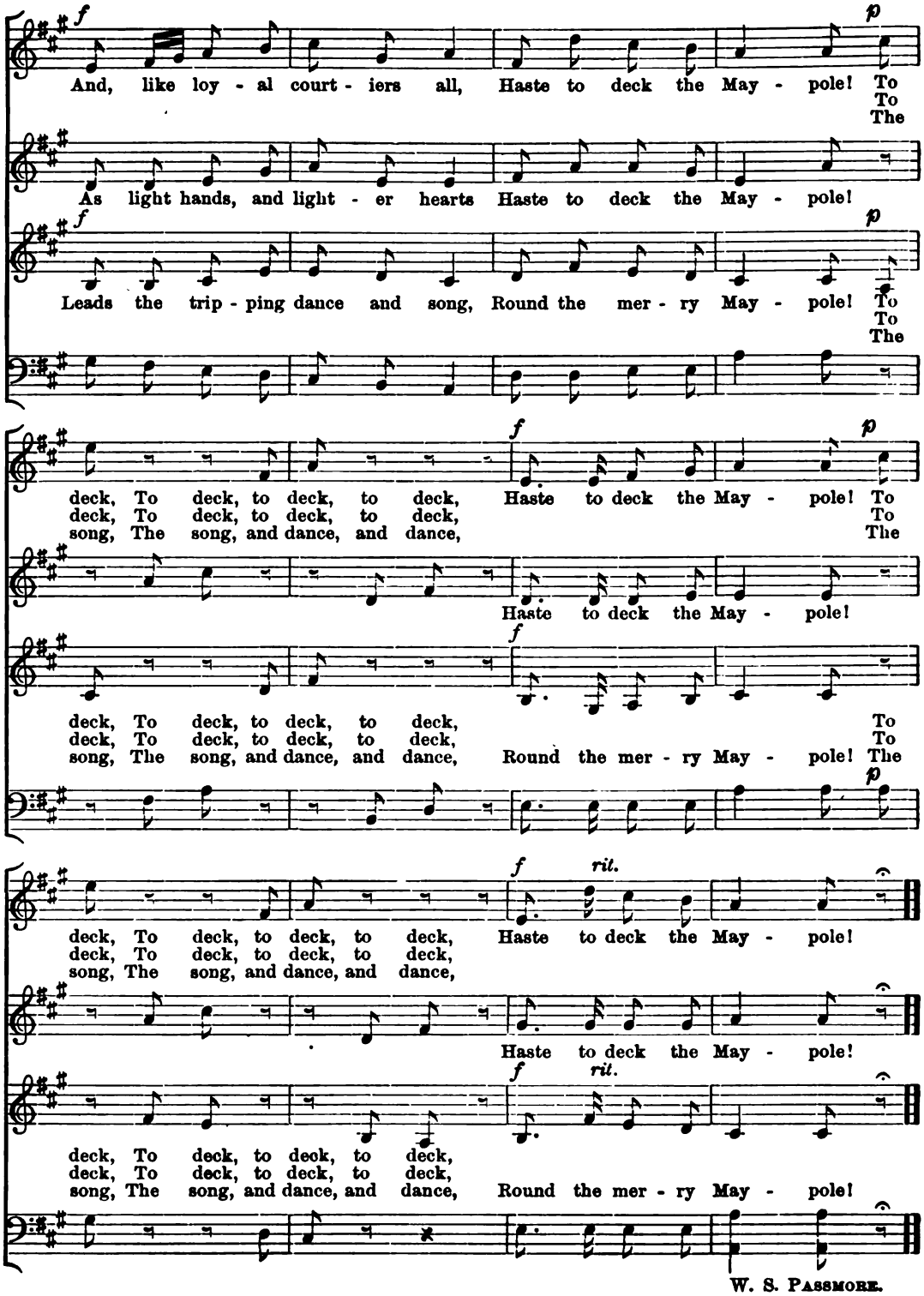


JOHN OXENFORD.

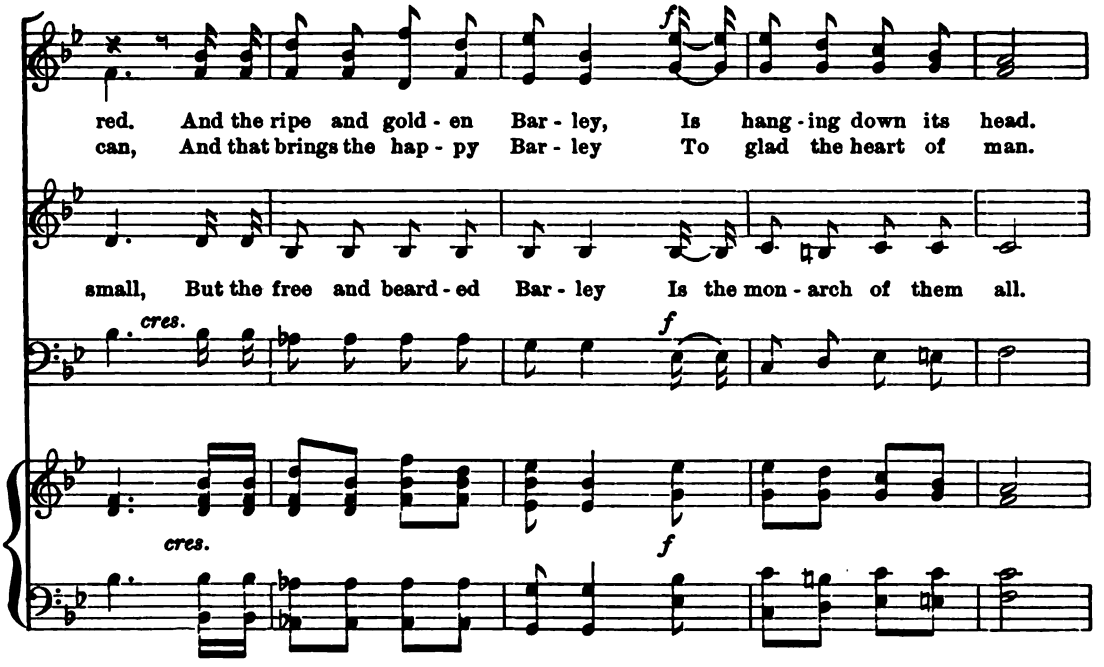
NO. 32. RAISING THE MAYPOLE.

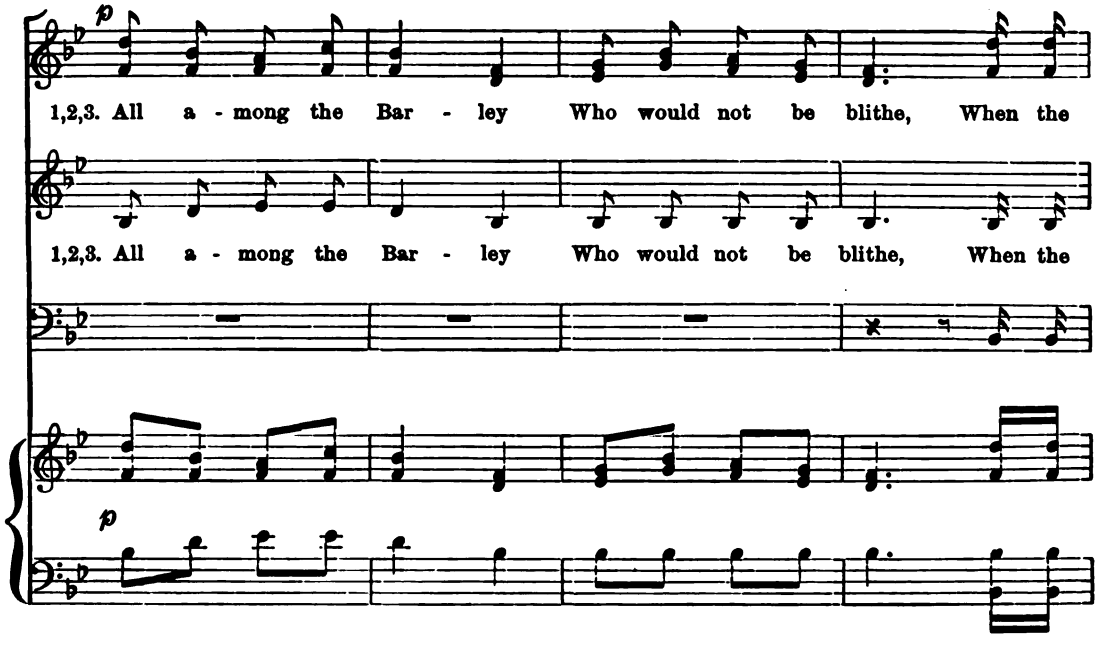
JOHN L. HATTON, arr.

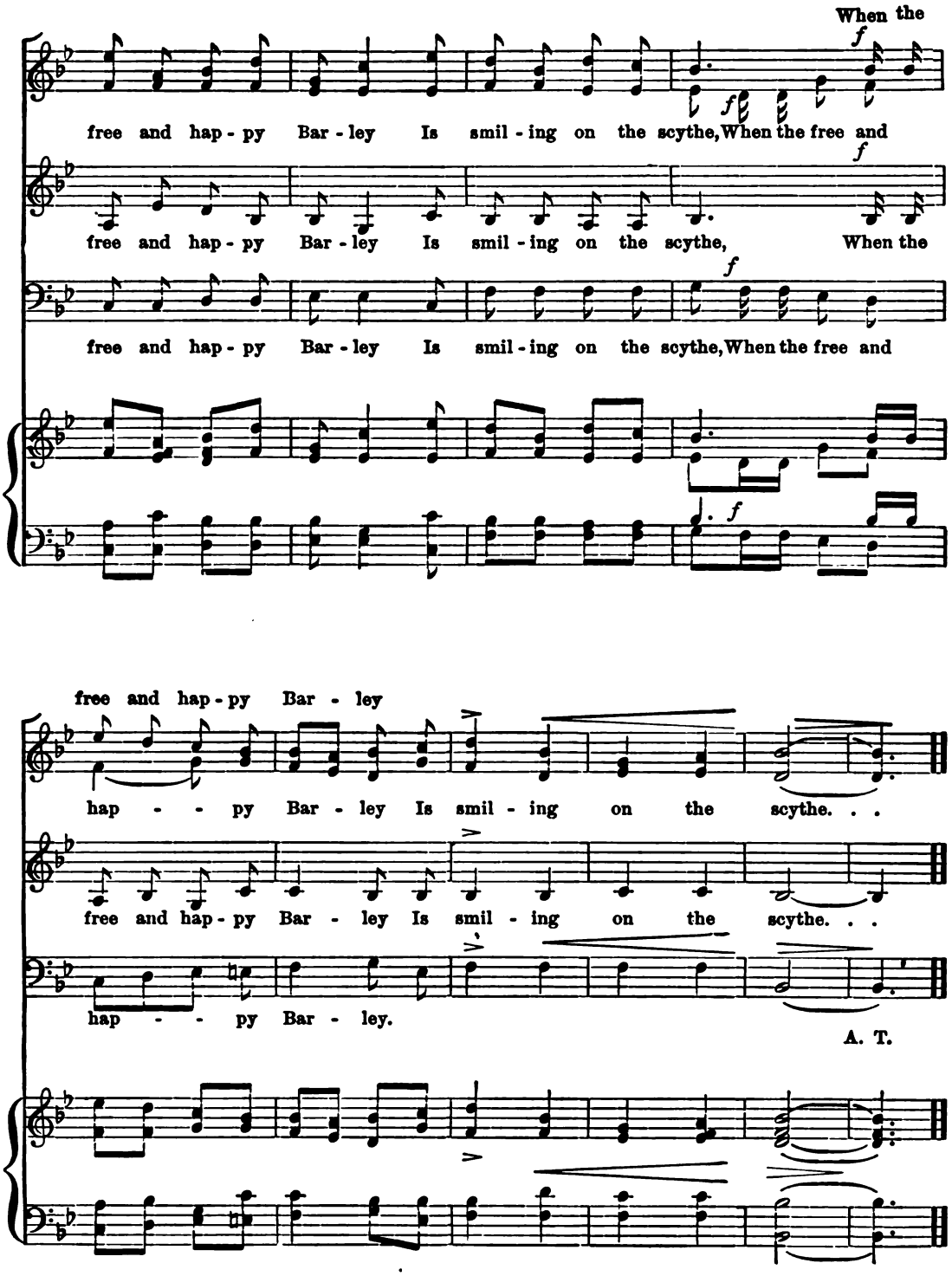


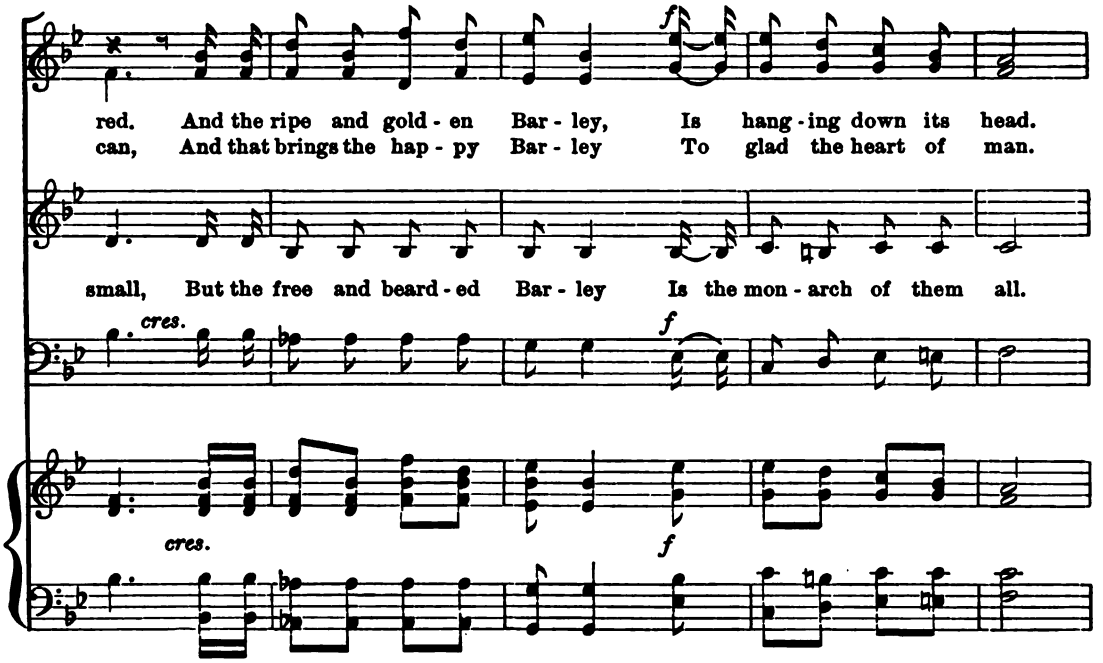

f
p
And, like loy - al court - iers all, Haste to deck the May - pole! To
To
The
As light hands, and light - er hearts Haste to deck the May - pole!
f
p
Leads the trip - ping dance and song, Round the mer - ry May - pole! To
To
The
f
p
deck, To deck, to deck, to deck, Haste to deck the May - pole! To
deck, To deck, to deck, to deck, To
song, The song, and dance, and dance, The
Haste to deck the May - pole!
f
deck, To deck, to deck, to deck, To
deck, To deck, to deck, to deck, To
song, The song, and dance, and dance, Round the mer - ry May - pole! The
p
f rit.
deck, To deck, to deck, to deck, Haste to deck the May - pole!
deck, To deck, to deck, to deck,
song, The song, and dance, and dance,
Haste to deck the May - pole!
f rit.
deck, To deck, to deck, to deck,
deck, To deck, to deck, to deck,
song, The song, and dance, and dance, Round the mer - ry May - pole!

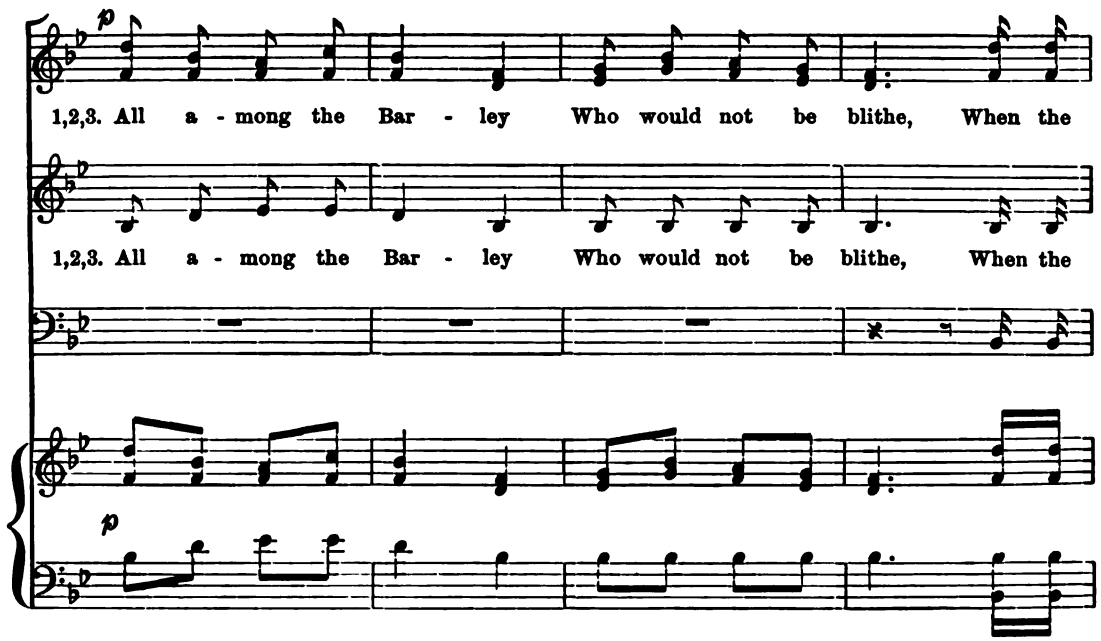
W. S. PASSMORE.

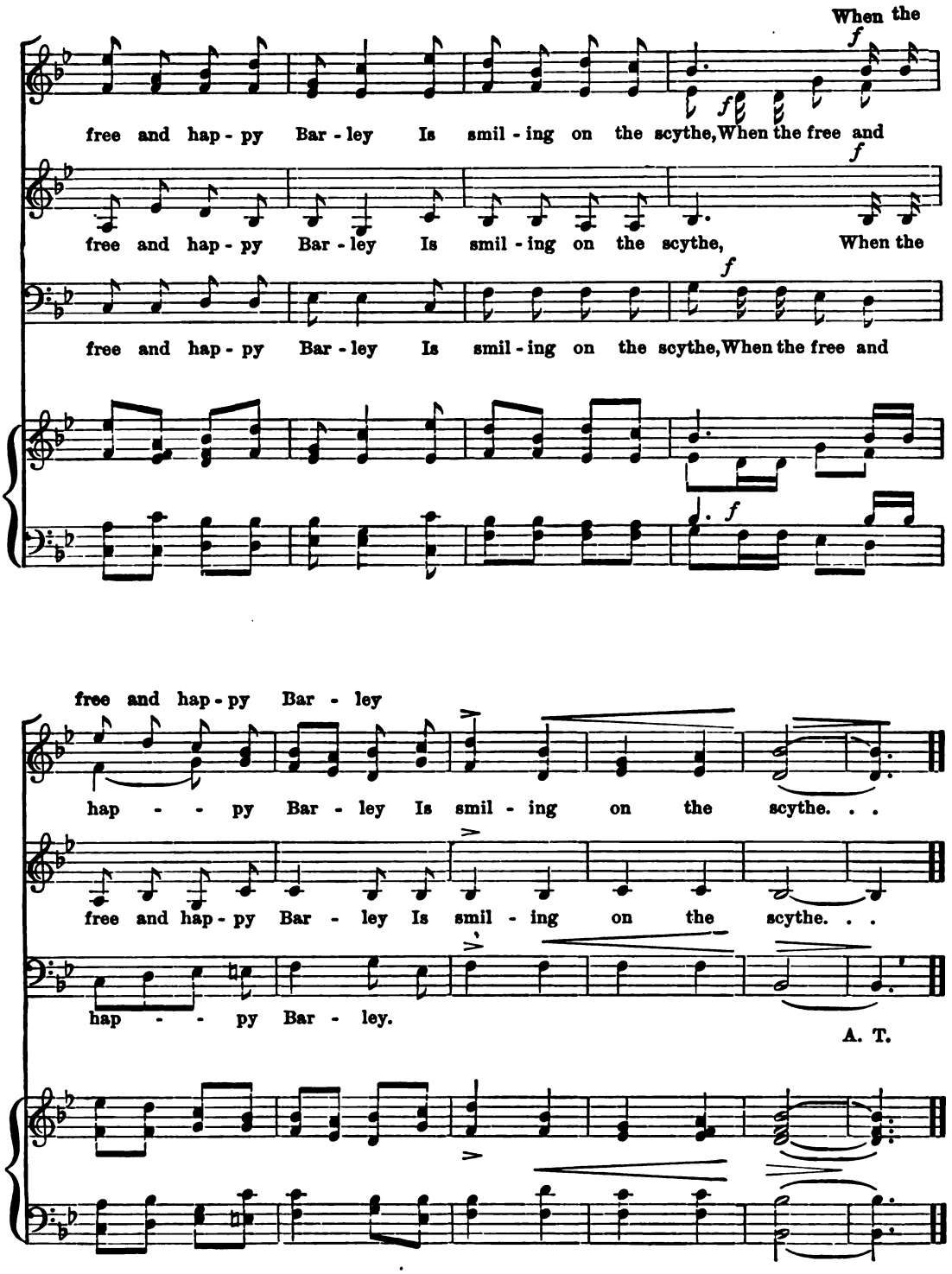

f
red. And the ripe and gold - en Bar - ley, Is hang - ing down its head.
can, And that brings the hap - py Bar - ley To glad the heart of man.
small, But the free and beard - ed Bar - ley Is the mon - arch of them all.
cres.
f
cres.
f


p
1,2,3. All a - mong the Bar - ley Who would not be blithe, When the
1,2,3. All a - mong the Bar - ley Who would not be blithe, When the
p


When the
free and hap - py Bar - ley Is smil - ing on the scythe, When the free and
free and hap - py Bar - ley Is smil - ing on the scythe, When the
free and hap - py Bar - ley Is smil - ing on the scythe, When the free and
free and hap - py Bar - ley
hap - - py Bar - ley Is smil - ing on the scythe. . .
free and hap - py Bar - ley Is smil - ing on the scythe. . .
hap - - py Bar - ley.
A. T.


f
red. And the ripe and gold - en Bar - ley, Is hang - ing down its head.
can, And that brings the hap - py Bar - ley To glad the heart of man.
small, But the free and beard - ed Bar - ley Is the mon - arch of them all.
cres.
f
cres.
f


p
1,2,3. All a - mong the Bar - ley Who would not be blithe, When the
1,2,3. All a - mong the Bar - ley Who would not be blithe, When the
p


When the
free and hap - py Bar - ley Is smil - ing on the scythe, When the free and
free and hap - py Bar - ley Is smil - ing on the scythe, When the
free and hap - py Bar - ley Is smil - ing on the scythe, When the free and
free and hap - py Bar - ley
hap - - py Bar - ley Is smil - ing on the scythe. . .
free and hap - py Bar - ley Is smil - ing on the scythe. . .
hap - - py Bar - ley.
A. T.

No. 29. EVENING CHORUS.

Andante.

1st & 2nd Soprano.

pp

Cur - few bell's last breath is dy - ing, On the qui - et

Alto.

Cur - few bell's last breath is dy - ing, On the qui - et

Bass.

eve - ning air; And the world in slum - ber ly - ing,

eve - ning air; And the world in slum - ber ly - ing,

cres. f f p

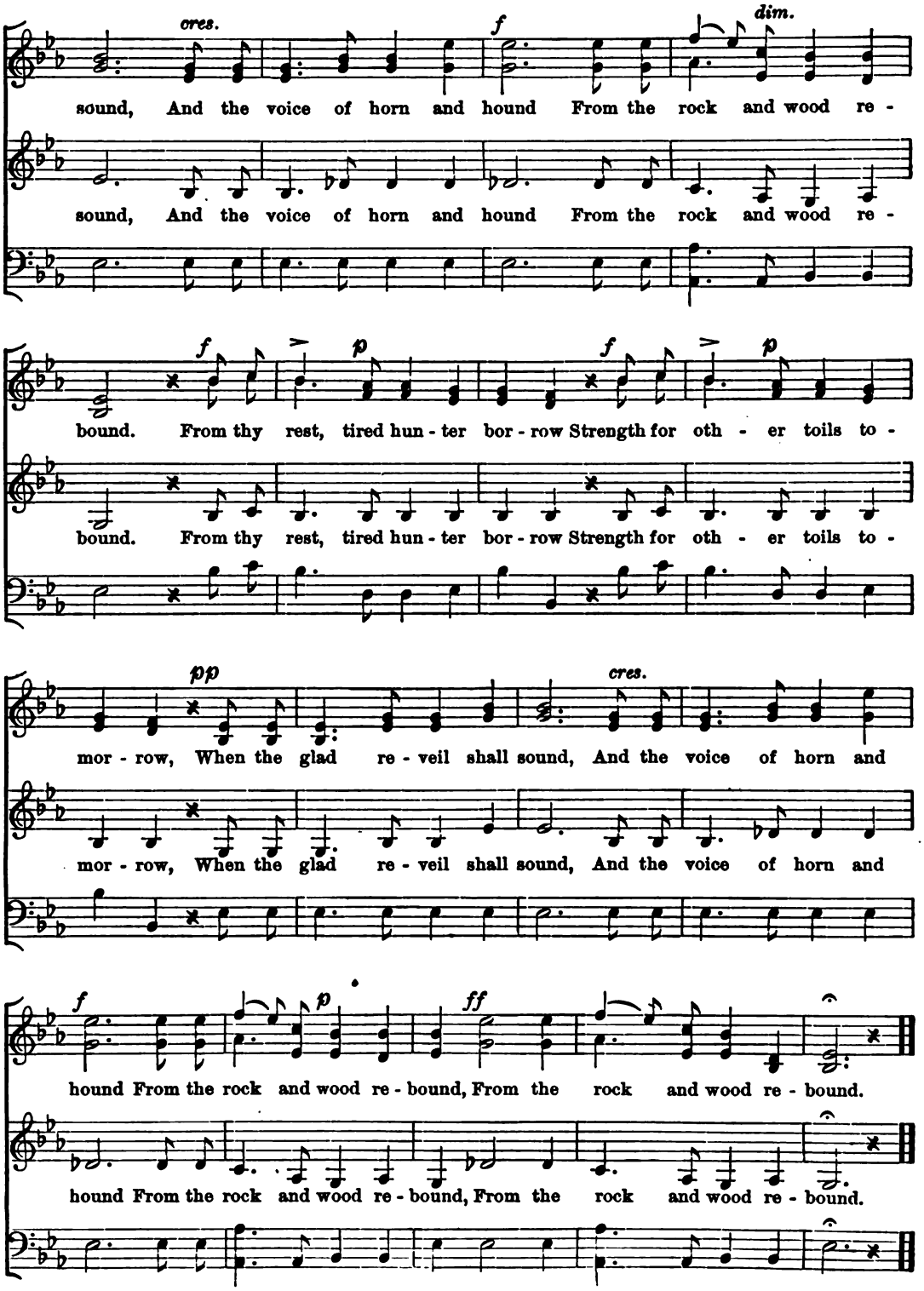
Finds a short re - lease from care. From thy rest, tired hun - ter

Finds a short re - lease from care. From thy rest, tired hun - ter

f p pp

bor - row Strength for oth - er toils to - mor - row; When the glad re - veil shall

bor - row Strength for oth - er toils to - mor - row; When the glad re - veil shall


cres.
f
dim.
sound, And the voice of horn and hound From the rock and wood re -
sound, And the voice of horn and hound From the rock and wood re -
f
p
f
p
bound. From thy rest, tired hun - ter bor - row Strength for oth - er toils to -
bound. From thy rest, tired hun - ter bor - row Strength for oth - er toils to -
pp
cres.
mor - row, When the glad re - veil shall sound, And the voice of horn and
mor - row, When the glad re - veil shall sound, And the voice of horn and
f
p
ff
hound From the rock and wood re - bound, From the rock and wood re - bound.
hound From the rock and wood re - bound, From the rock and wood re - bound.

No. 30. THE LITTLE VOICE.

Andantino.

1ST & 2ND SOPRANO.

W. J. WHITEHOUSE, ARR.

p *cres.*

I heard a lit - tle voice, Mer - ry as the month of May, That did cry, "Re-

I have pondered all night long, Listening for as soft a sound; But so sweet and

cres.

dim. e rit. *pp a tempo. dolce.*

Now 'tis flown a - way. Sweet it was, and

Now 'tis flown a - way.

Nev - er have I found. I would give a

Nev er have I found.

f

Sum - mer! shall I ev - er hear

Could I, as in days of old.

f

cres. *dim.* *rit.*

Such a voice a - gain? Such a voice a - gain?

At a sound re - joice! At a sound re - joice!

cres. *p* *dim.* *rit.*

BARRY CORNWALL.

NO. 31. HARVEST HOME.

Allegro.

G. A. MACFARREN, arr.

1ST & 2ND SOPRANO.

Har - vest home, har - vest home, har - vest home, har - vest home,

ALTO.

Har - vest home, har - vest home, har - vest home, har - vest home,

BASS.

har - vest home, har - vest home, We come, we come, And we

har - vest home, har - vest home, We come, . . . And we

We come, we come, And we

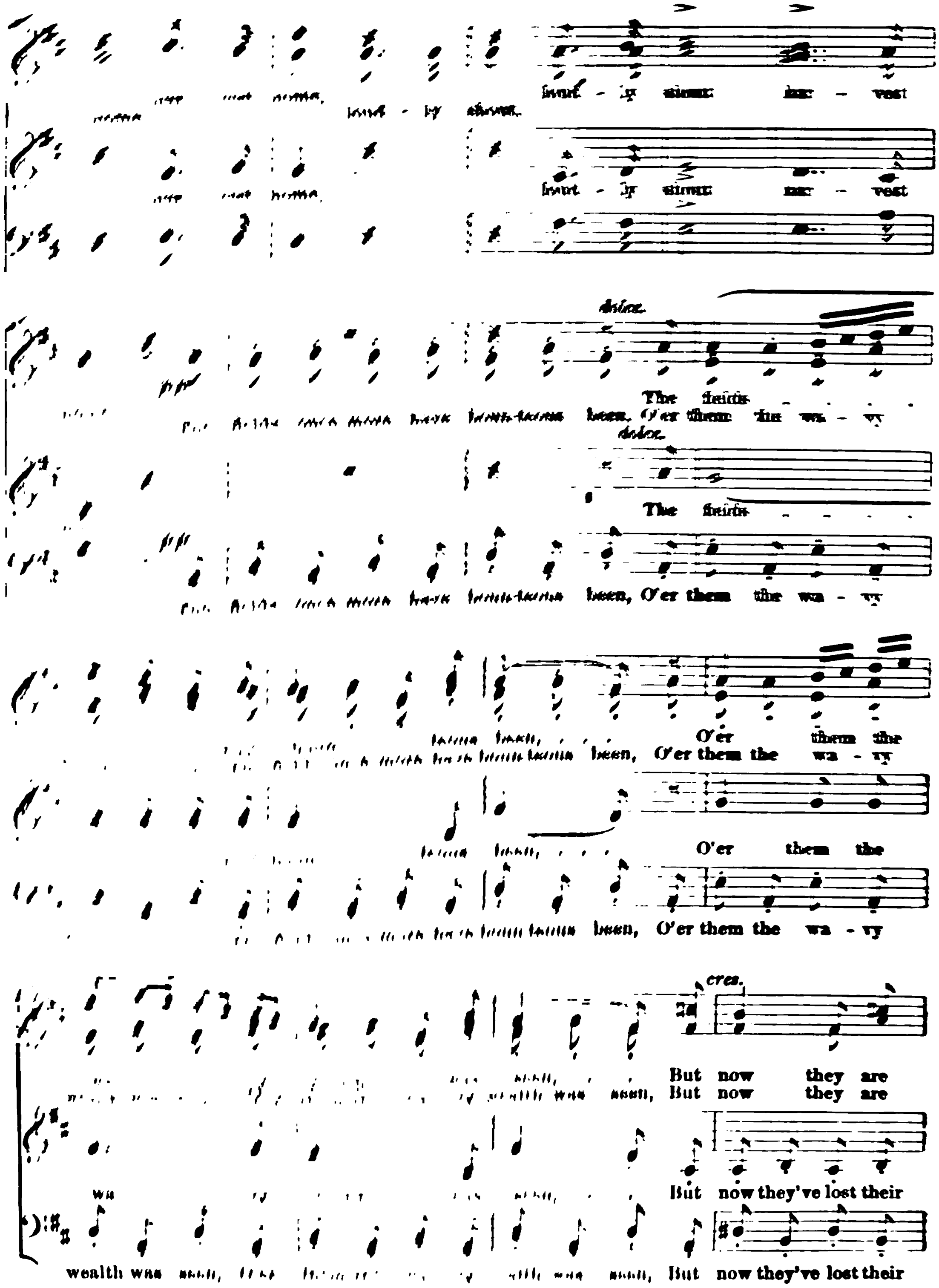
bring the last load of our gold - en grain, Loud - ly shout, Loud - ly

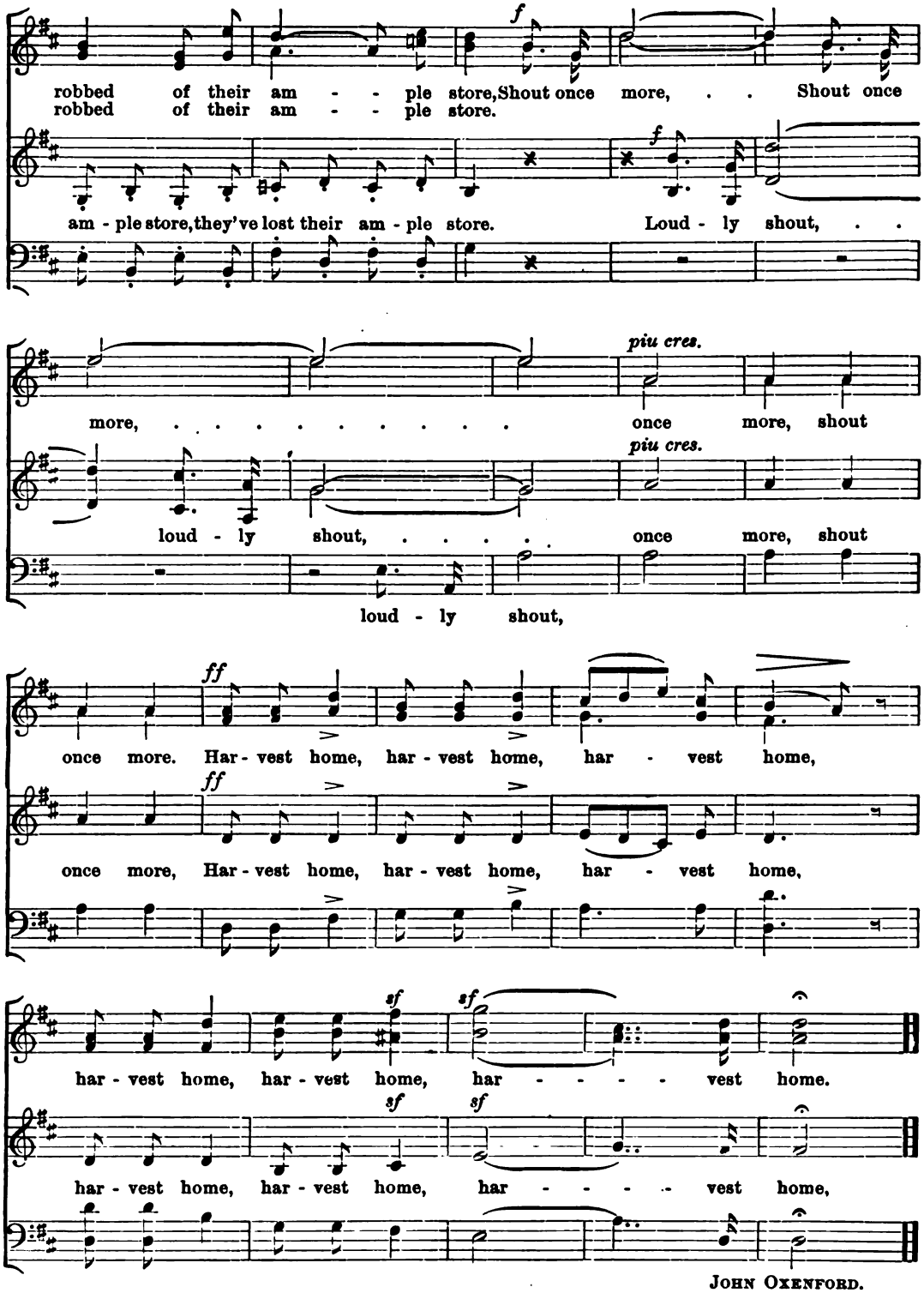
bring the last load of our gold - en grain, Loud - ly

loud - ly shout a - gain, a - gain, a - gain. Har - vest home,

shout, loud - ly shout a - gain, a - gain. Har - vest home, . . har - vest

shout, loud - ly shout a - gain, a - gain. Har - vest home,


loud - ly shout har - vest
loud - ly shout har - vest
dolce.
The fairis
been, O'er them the wa - vy
dolce.
The fairis
been, O'er them the wa - vy
O'er them the
been, O'er them the wa - vy
O'er them the
been, O'er them the wa - vy
cres.
But now they are
But now they are
But now they've lost their
wealth was
But now they've lost their



JOHN OXENFORD.

No. 32. Raising the Maypole.

John L. Hatton, arr.

f 1st Soprano.

1. Rouse ye lads and maid - ens fair, High the sun is lift - ing,

2nd Soprano.

2. Nim - ble fin - gers bind the flowers, Or in gar - lands weave them,

f Alto.

3. Then in gay - 'est hues at - tired, As be - fits our May - ing,

Bass.

While the gay and joy - ous lark T'wards high heaven is drift - ing!

Oth - ers fling forth rib - ands gay, Or in love - knots weave them.

Stal - wart arms up - lift our prize, 'Mid our wild hur - ra - ing!

p

Rouse betimes, 'tis May - day morn, Join the queen - ly day - roll,

Sau - cy gal - lants gath - 'ring round, Quiz each bright - eyed gay soul,

Now we crown our Queen of May, While the blush - ing gay soul,

f *p*

And, like loy - al court - iers all, Haste to deck the May - pole! To
To
The

As light hands, and light - er hearts Haste to deck the May - pole!

f *p*

Leads the trip - ping dance and song, Round the mer - ry May - pole! To
To
The

f *p*

deck, To deck, to deck, to deck, Haste to deck the May - pole! To
deck, To deck, to deck, to deck, To
song, The song, and dance, and dance, The

Haste to deck the May - pole!

f

deck, To deck, to deck, to deck, To
deck, To deck, to deck, to deck, To
song, The song, and dance, and dance, Round the mer - ry May - pole! The

p

f *rit.*

deck, To deck, to deck, to deck, Haste to deck the May - pole!
deck, To deck, to deck, to deck,
song, The song, and dance, and dance,

Haste to deck the May - pole!

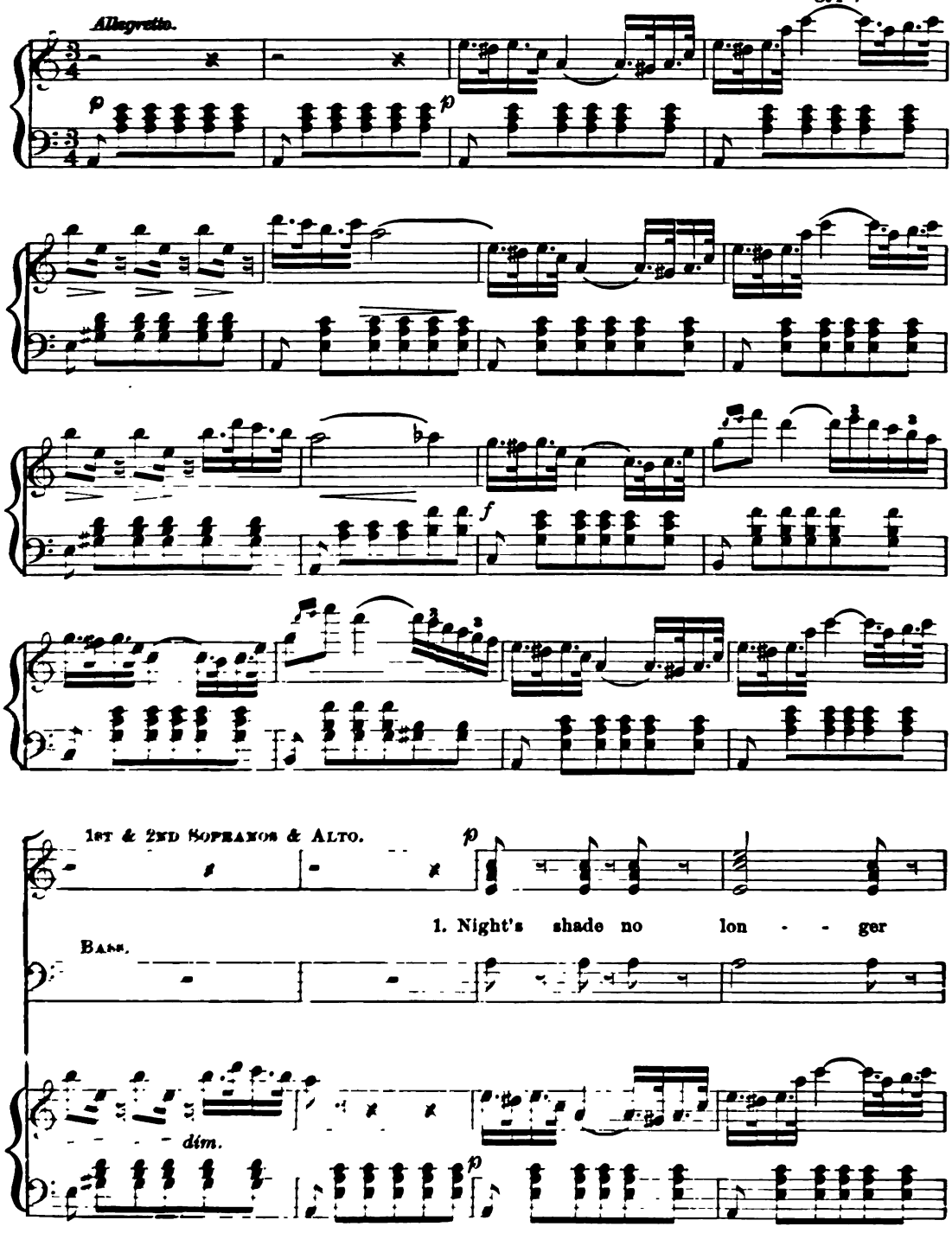
f *rit.*

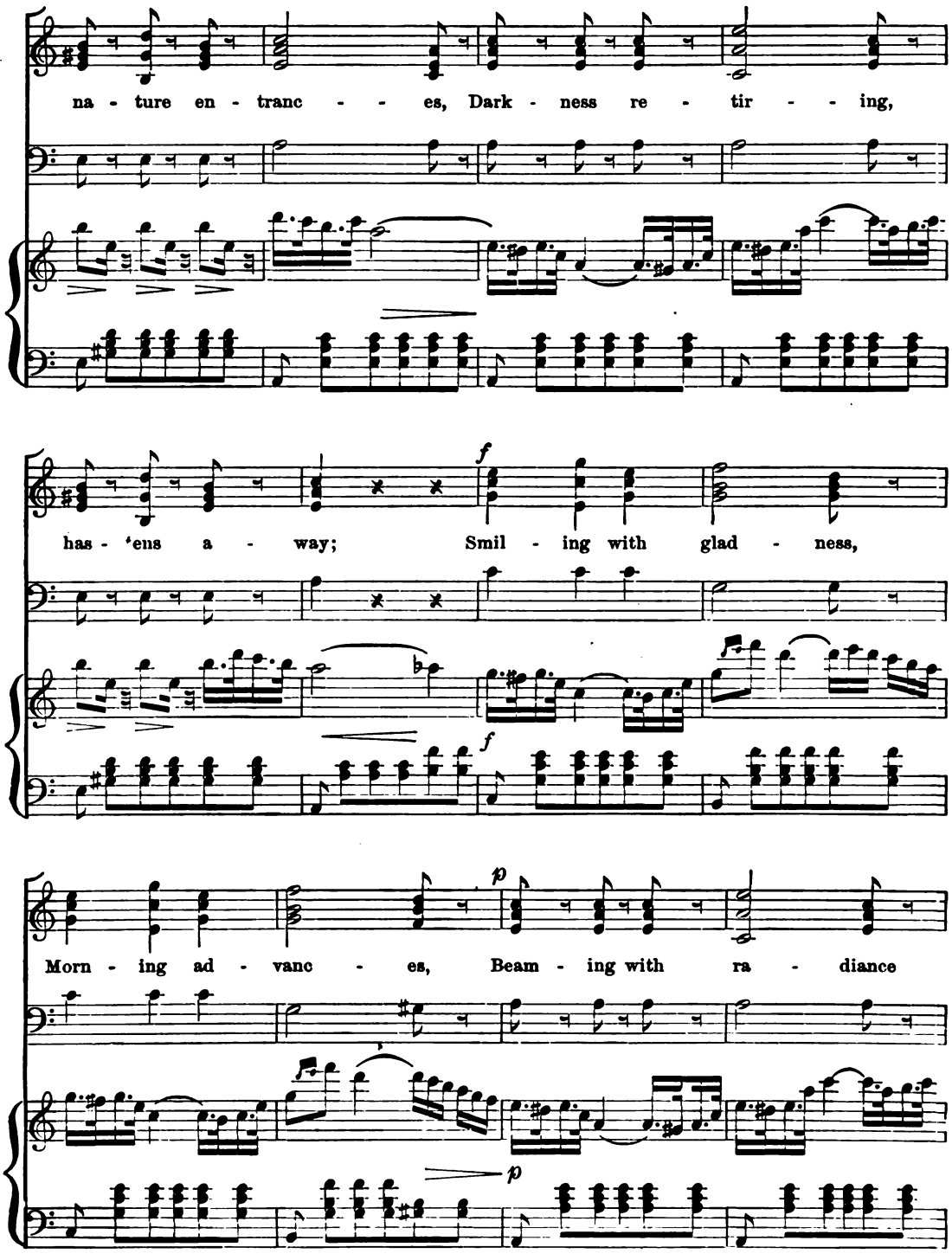
deck, To deck, to deck, to deck,
deck, To deck, to deck, to deck,
song, The song, and dance, and dance, Round the mer - ry May - pole!

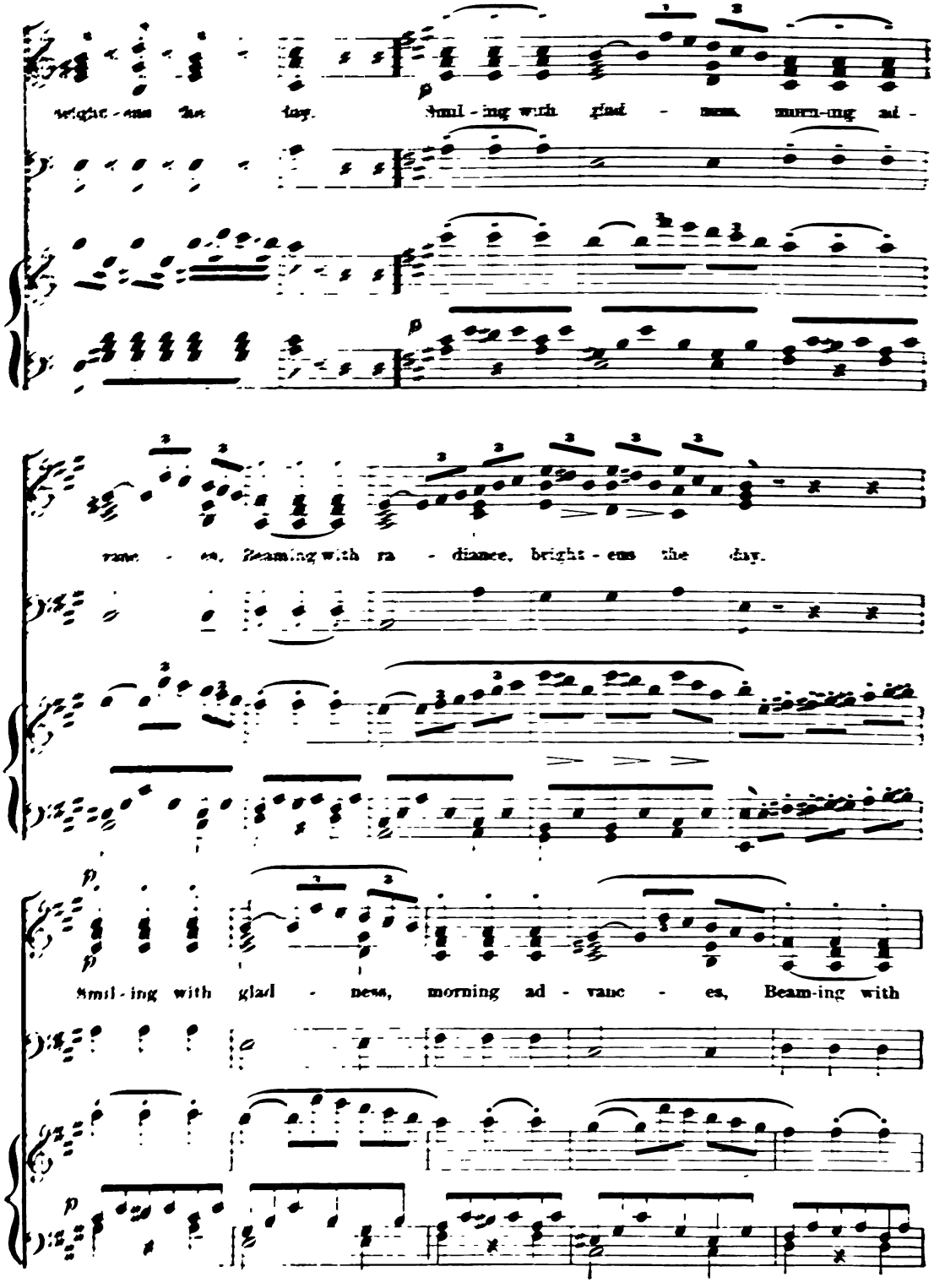
W. S. PASSMORE.

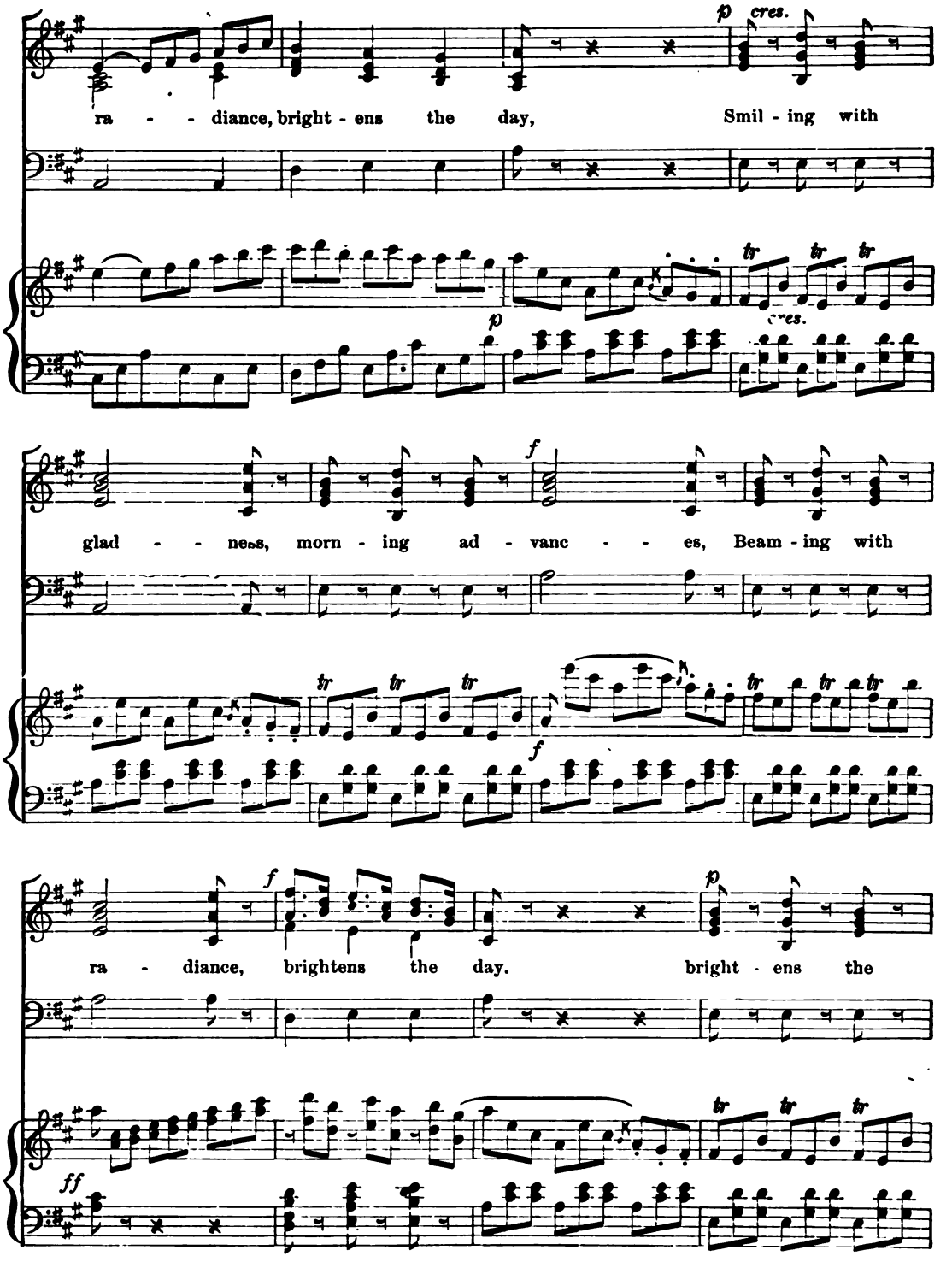
No. 33. Night's Shade no Longer.

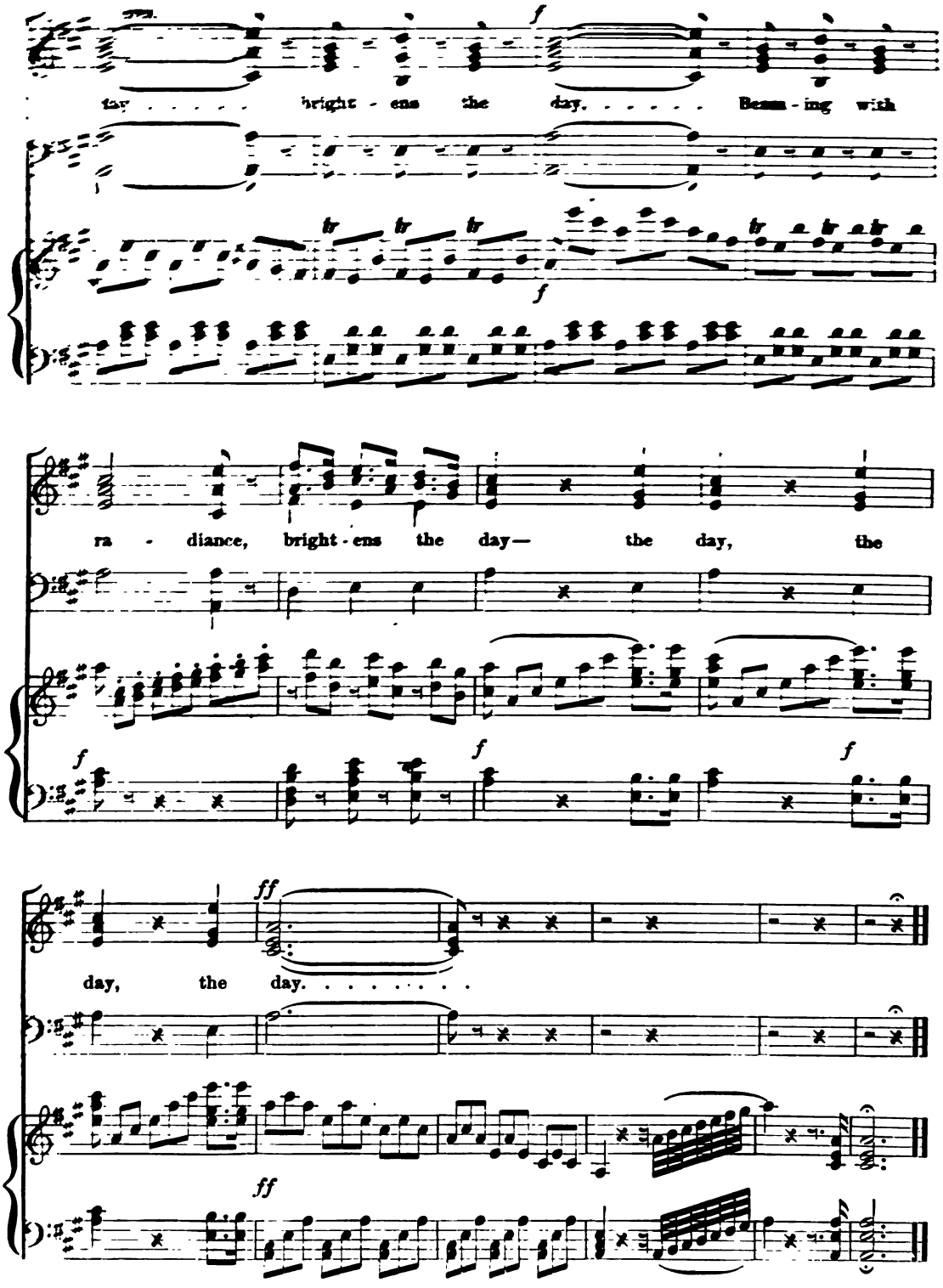
From Rossini's "Moses in Egypt," arr.




na - ture en - tranc - - es, Dark - ness re - tir - - ing,
has - 'ens a - way; Smil - ing with glad - ness,
Morn - ing ad - vanc - es, Beam - ing with ra - diance


weight - ens the day. Smil - ing with glad - ness, morn - ing ad -
vanc - es, Beaming with ra - diance, bright - ens the day.
Smil - ing with glad - ness, morning ad - vanc - es, Beam - ing with


p
cres.
ra - - diance, bright - ens the day, Smil - ing with
tr
p
cres.
f
glad - - ness, morn - ing ad - vanc - - es, Beam - ing with
tr
f
f
ra - diance, brightens the day. bright - ens the
p
ff


tar . . . . . bright - ens the day. . . . . Beam - ing with
ra - diance, bright - ens the day— the day, the
day, the day. . . . . .

NO. 34. EVENTIDE.

FRANZ ABT.

Andantino legato.

1. The sun is down, the eve - ning come, The wea - ry toil - ers all at home; And
2. E'en now de - scends the cool - ing dew, Each blade and leaf to bless a - new; A -

grateful calm-ness, peace and rest, Suc-ceed to day's dis-tract-ing haste.
mid the flow'rs light breezes play, And steal their richest scents a - way.

mf

The woods are hush'd, and
With glist'ning eye, the

p *pp ril.* *a tempo.*

The birds' ac - cus - tomed voic - es fail; The
Be - holds the si - lent world a - far; And

p

hush'd the vale, The birds' ac - cus - tom'd voic - es fail;
eve - ning star, Be - holds the si - lent world a - far;

ver - y flow'rs are fall'n a - sleep, To wake no more till day shall
bids thee watch no lon - ger keep, Be still, be still, do thou, too,

p

To wake no more till day shall
Be still, be still, do thou, too,

p sostenuto. *dim.* *pp*

peep, The ver - y flow'rs are fall'n a - sleep, To wake no more till day shall peep.
sleep, And bids thee watch no lon - ger keep, Be still, be still, do thou, too, sleep.

p

VON FALLERSLEBEN.

In Praise of Music

[illegible] Schumann.

Allegretto.

[illegible] po - ra, O [illegible]!

1. And wished the man to swal - low! Who knows what then be - fell? Hur -
2. A[illegible] le - gro, dol - ce, pres - to! Who knows what then be - fell? Hur -
3. M[illegible] net, gal - op and danc - es, Who knows what then be - fell? Hur -
4. T[illegible] down they fell up - on him, And that is what be - fell! Hur -

ra, ra, ra, ra, O tem - po, tem - po - ra! All

praise be thine for - ev - er - more, Frau Mu - si - ca!

E. Geibel, tr. by W. W. Caldwell.

No. 36. THE PRIMROSE.

Allegretto. MENDELSSOHN.

1ST SOPRANO.

p

1. Beau - ti - ful flow - er, Ope - ning so ear - ly; Fresh is thy
2. Light was thy slum - ber, Ear - ly thy wak - ing, Sweet is thy

2ND SOPRANO.

ALTO.

1. Beau - ti - ful flow - er, Ope - ning so ear - ly; Fresh is thy
2. Light was thy slum - ber, Ear - ly thy wak - ing, Sweet is thy

BASS.

ACCPT.

cres.

fra - grance! Let me now greet thee,
morn - ing. Beau - ti - ful prim - rose,

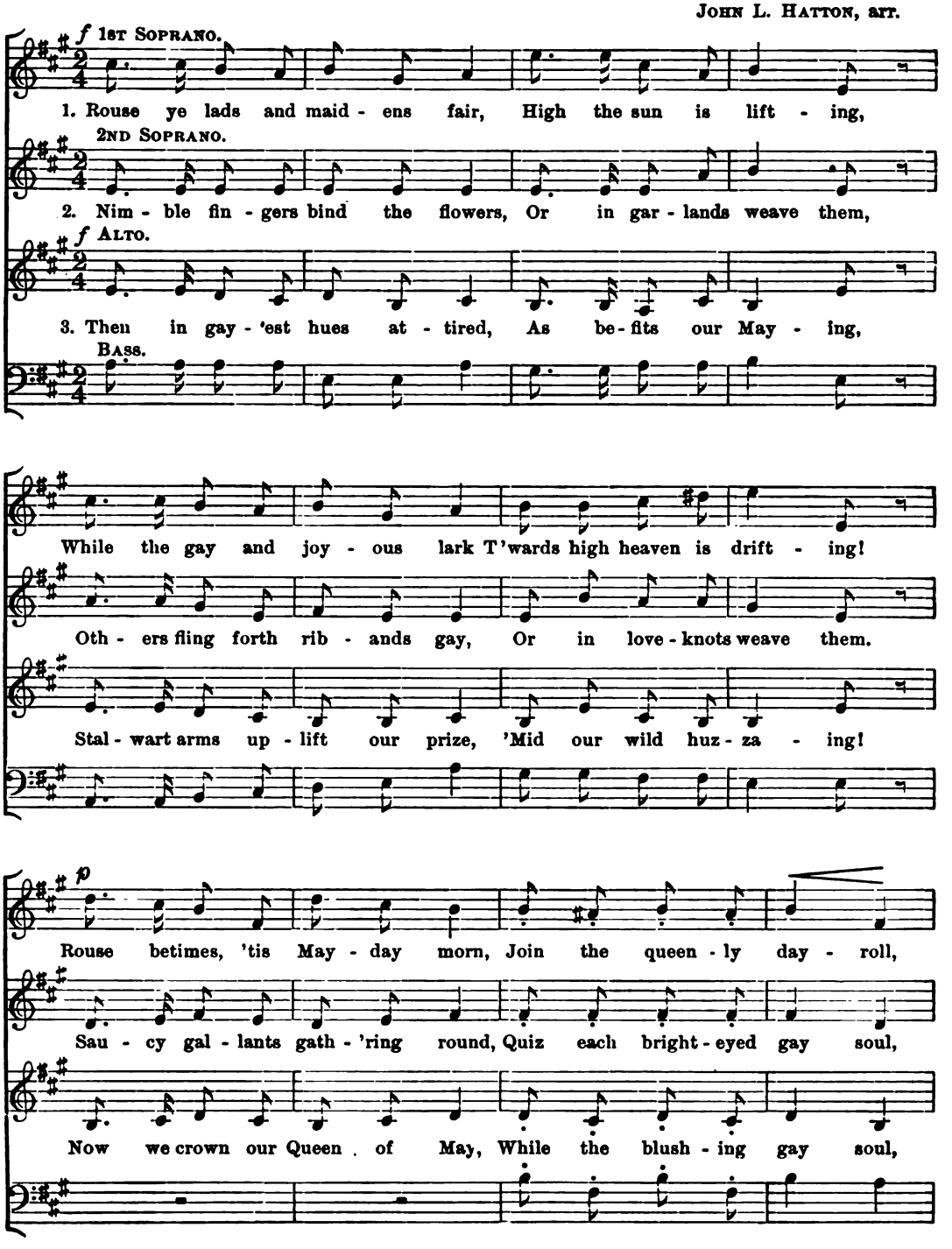
cres.

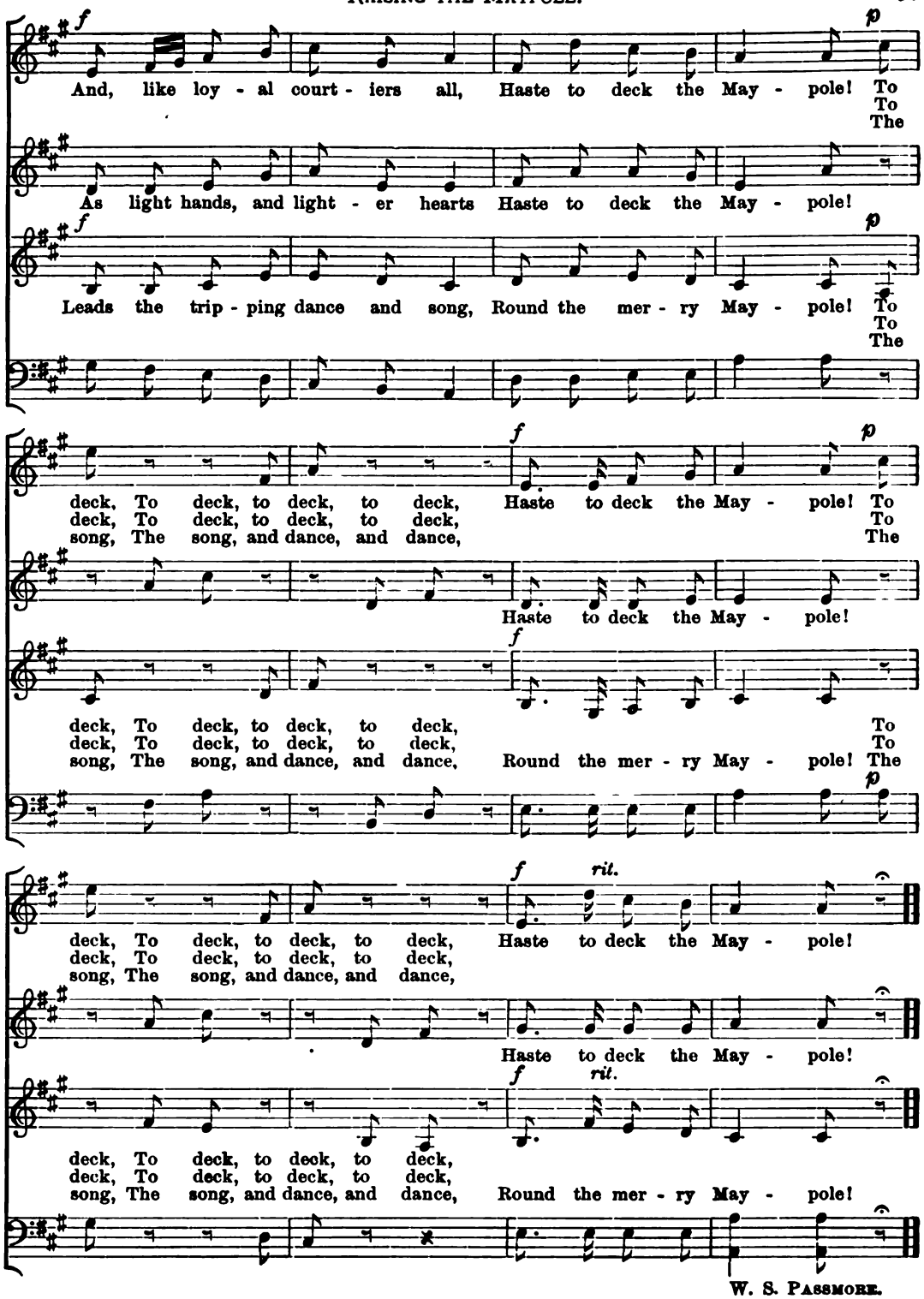
fra - grance! Take now my greet - ing, ... Her - ald of
morn - ing. Take now my greet - ing, ... Her - ald of

1. Let me now greet thee,
2. Beau - ti - ful prim - rose,

No. 32. Raising the Maypole.

John L. Hatton, arr.

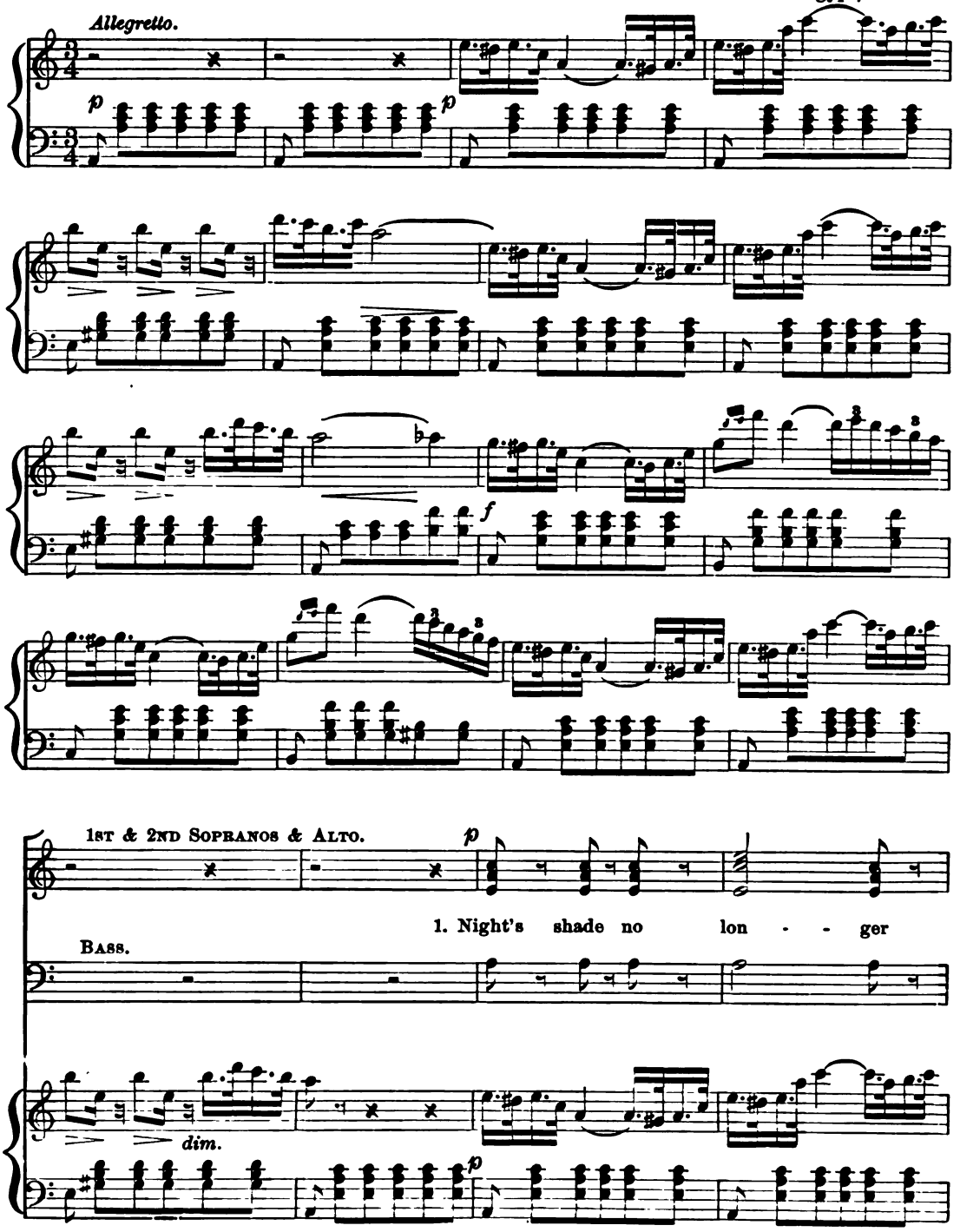


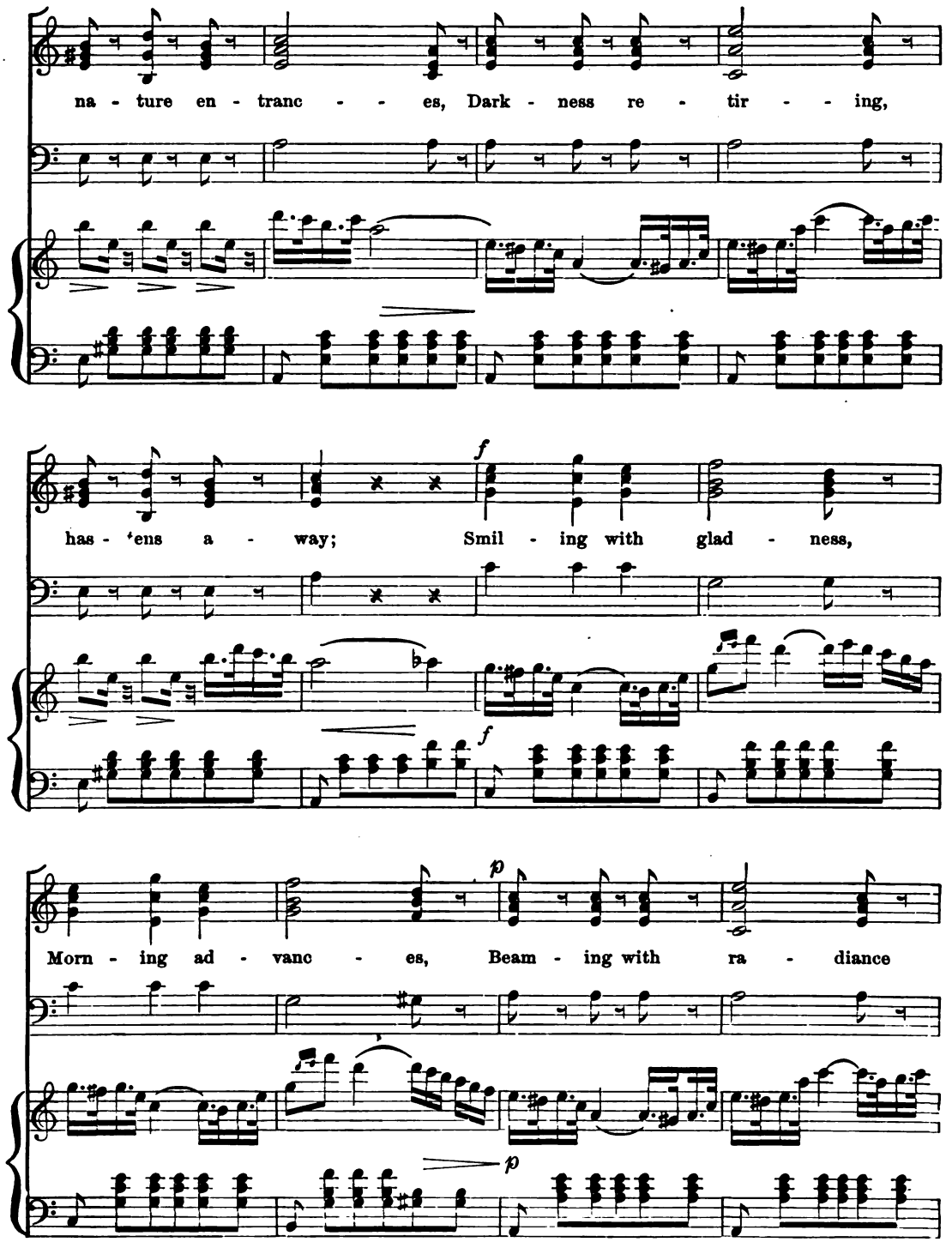

f
p
And, like loy - al court - iers all, Haste to deck the May - pole! To
To
The
As light hands, and light - er hearts Haste to deck the May - pole!
f
p
Leads the trip - ping dance and song, Round the mer - ry May - pole! To
To
The
f
p
deck, To deck, to deck, to deck, Haste to deck the May - pole! To
deck, To deck, to deck, to deck, To
song, The song, and dance, and dance, The
Haste to deck the May - pole!
f
deck, To deck, to deck, to deck, To
deck, To deck, to deck, to deck, To
song, The song, and dance, and dance, Round the mer - ry May - pole! The
p
f rit.
deck, To deck, to deck, to deck, Haste to deck the May - pole!
deck, To deck, to deck, to deck,
song, The song, and dance, and dance,
Haste to deck the May - pole!
f rit.
deck, To deck, to deck, to deck,
deck, To deck, to deck, to deck,
song, The song, and dance, and dance, Round the mer - ry May - pole!

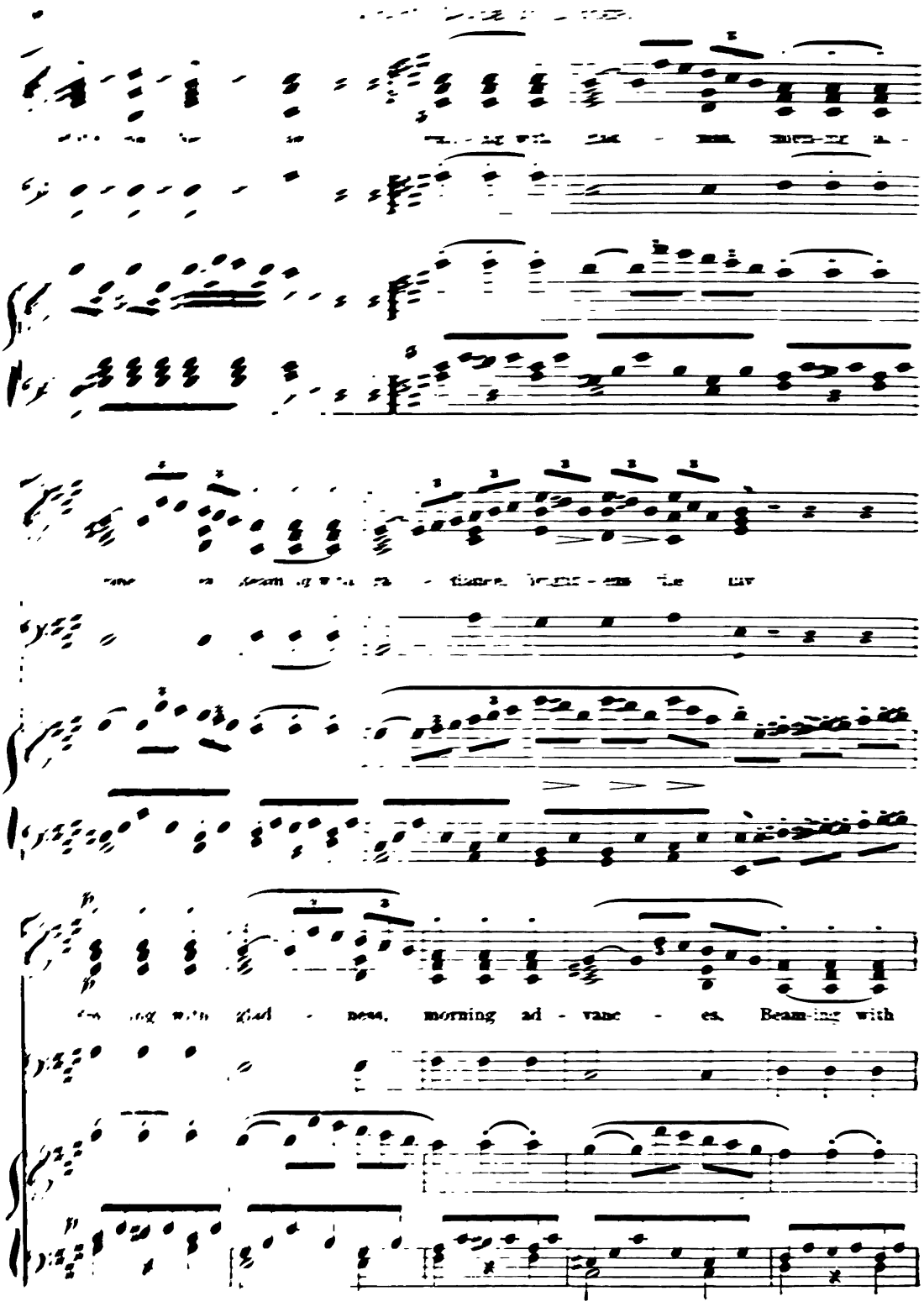
W. S. PASSMORE.

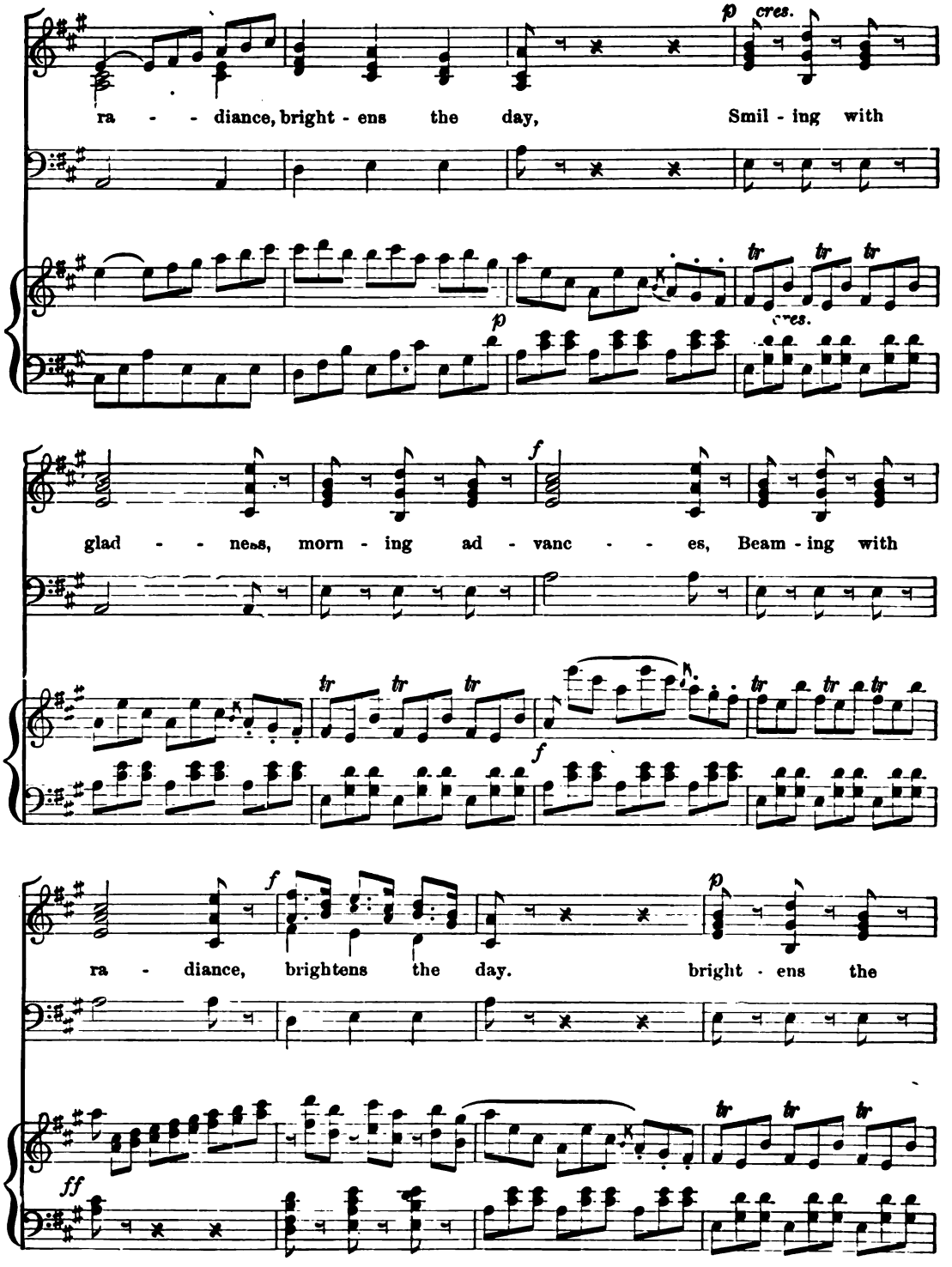
No. 33. Night's Shade no Longer.

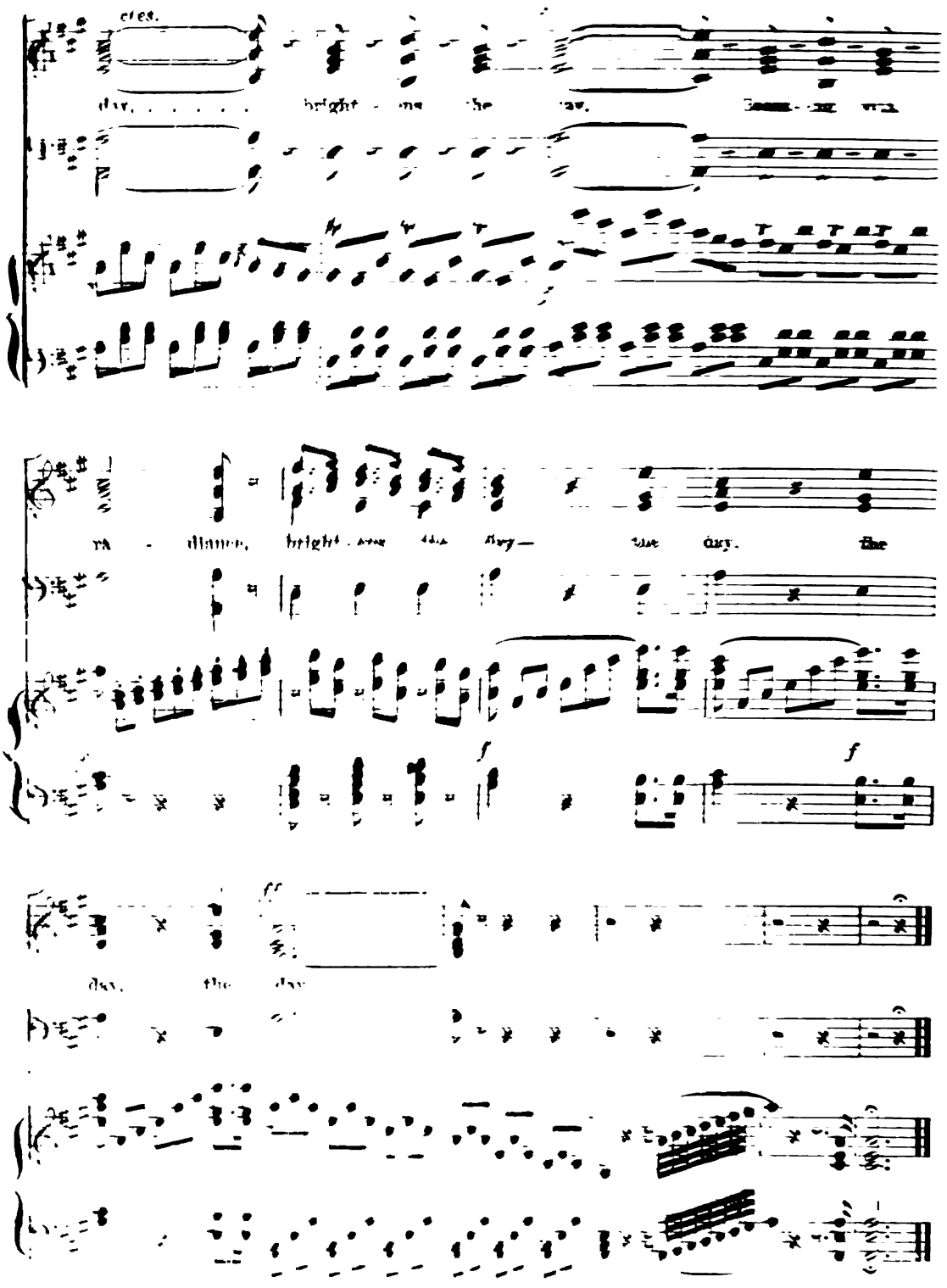
From Rossini's "Moses in Egypt," arr.




na - ture en - tranc - - es, Dark - ness re - tir - - ing,
has - 'ens a - way; Smil - ing with glad - ness,
Morn - ing ad - vanc - es, Beam - ing with ra - diance


ness, morning ad - vanc - es. Beam-ing with


p cres.
ra - - diance, bright - ens the day, Smil - ing with
p
cres.
f
glad - - ness, morn - ing ad - vanc - - es, Beam - ing with
f
f
ra - diance, brightens the day. bright - ens the
p
ff


cres.
day, bright as the day.
ra - diance, bright as the day— the day. The
f
f
day, the day

No. 34. EVENTIDE.

FRANZ ABT.

Andantino legato.

1. The sun is down, the eve-ning come, The wea-ry toil-ers all at home; And
2. E'en now de-scends the cool-ing dew, Each blade and leaf to bless a-new; A-

grateful calm-ness, peace and rest, Suc-ceed to day's dis-tract-ing haste.
mid the flow'rs light breezes play, And steal their richest scents a-way.

mf

The woods are hush'd, and
With glist'ning eye, the

p *pp rit.* *a tempo.*

The birds' ac-cus-tomed voic-es fail; The
Be-holds the si-lent world a-far; And

p

hush'd the vale, The birds' ac-cus-tom'd voic-es fail;
eve-ning star, Be-holds the si-lent world a-far;

ver-y flow'rs are fall'n a-sleep, To wake no more till day shall
bids thee watch no lon-ger keep, Be still, be still, do thou, too,

p

To wake no more till day shall
Be still, be still, do thou, too,

p sostenuto. *dim.* *pp*

peep, The ver-y flow'rs are fall'n a-sleep, To wake no more till day shall peep.
sleep, And bids thee watch no lon-ger keep, Be still, be still, do thou, too, sleep.

p

VON FALLERSLEBEN.

No. 35. IN PRAISE OF MUSIC.

GERMAN STUDENT SONG.

Allegretto.

1. A jol - ly mu - sic - fel - low Was walk - ing by the Nile, O
2. When crawled from out the wa - ter A mon - strous croc - o - dile! O
3. Then grasped that mu - sic - fel - low His an - cient vi - o - lin, O
4. And o - ver it did light - ly To draw the bow be - gin, O
5. Soon as that mu - sic - fel - low To play - ing did ad - vance, O
6. Im - me - diate - ly be - gan The croc - o - dile to dance, O
7. He danced up - on the sand there In cir - cles in and out, O
8. And Py - ra - mids, the seven He al - so waltzed a - bout, O

tem - - po - ra, O mo - - - - - res!

1. And wished the man to swal - low! Who knows what then be - fell? Hur -
2. Al - le - gro, dol - ce, pres - to! Who knows what then be - fell? Hur -
3. Min - uet, gal - op and danc - es, Who knows what then be - fell? Hur -
4. Till down they fell up - on him, And that is what be - fell! Hur -

ra, ra, ra, ra, O tem - po, tem - po - ra! All

praise be thine for - ev - er - more, Fran Mu - si - ca!

E. GRIBEL, tr. by W. W. CALDWELL.

No. 36. THE PRIMROSE.

Allegretto. MENDELSSOHN.

1ST SOPRANO.

p

1. Beau - ti - ful flow - er, Ope - ning so ear - ly; Fresh is thy
2. Light was thy slum - ber, Ear - ly thy wak - ing, Sweet is thy

2ND SOPRANO.

ALTO.

1. Beau - ti - ful flow - er, Ope - ning so ear - ly; Fresh is thy
2. Light was thy slum - ber, Ear - ly thy wak - ing, Sweet is thy

BASS.

ACCPT.

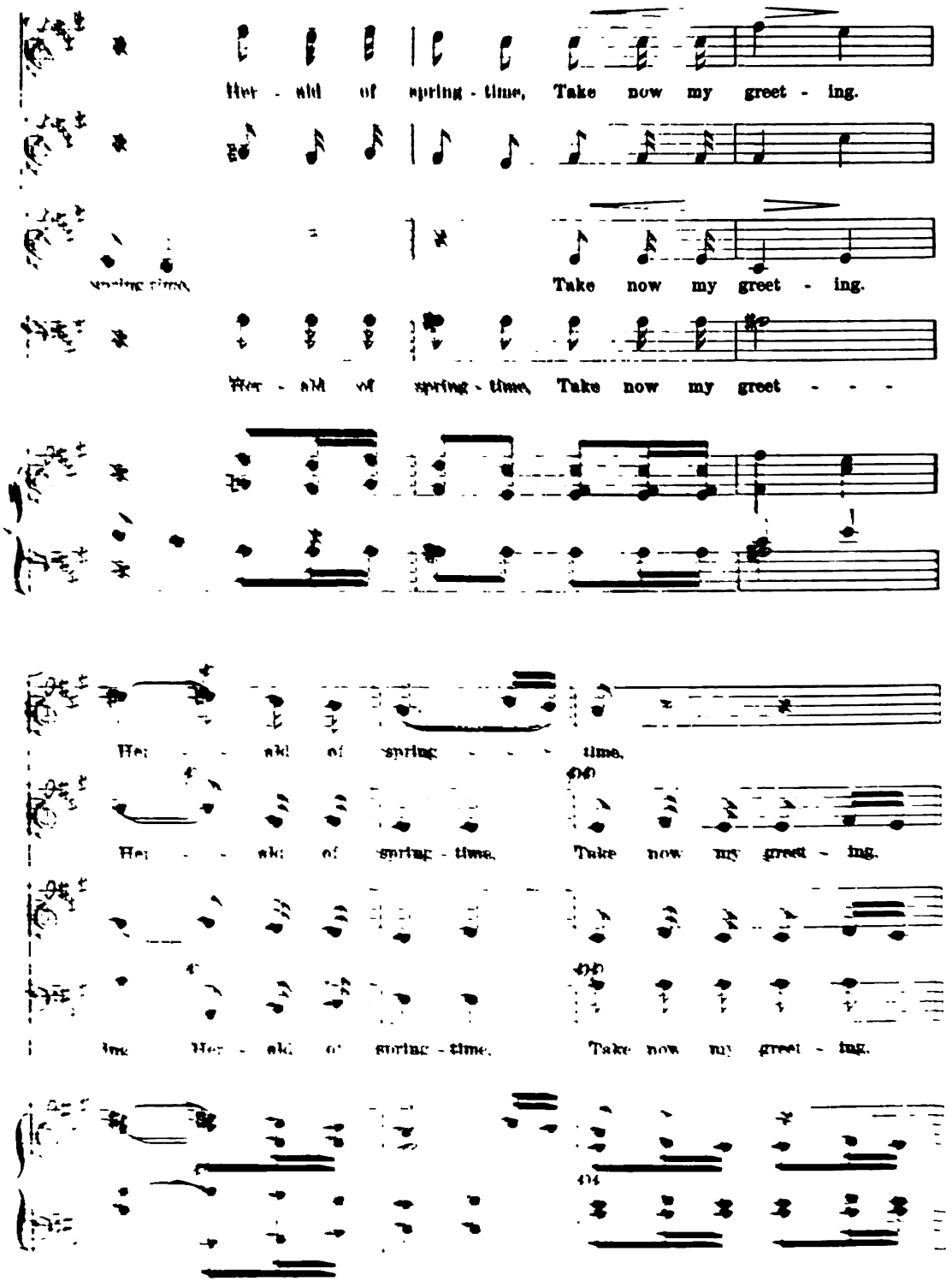
cres.

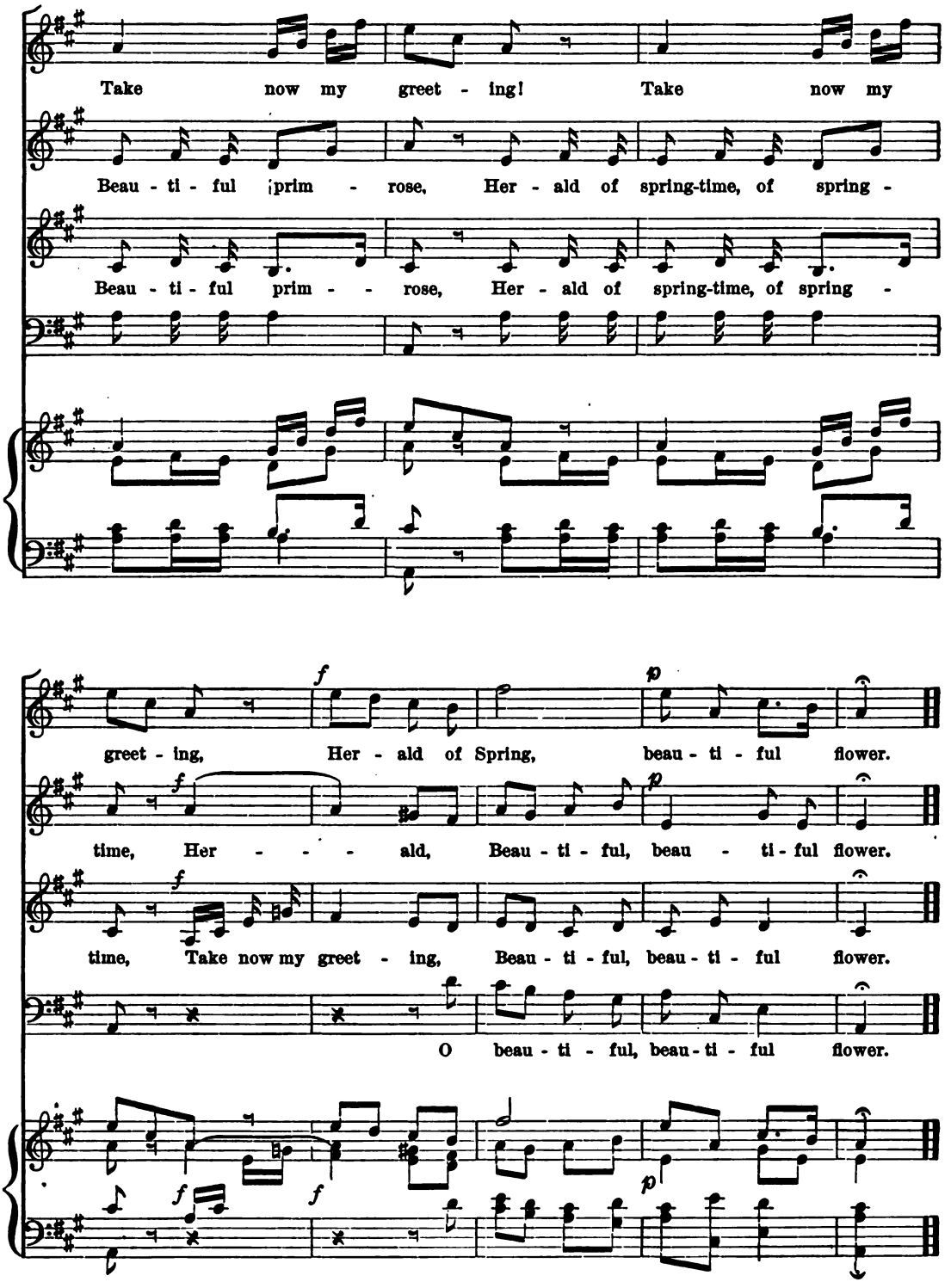
fra - grance! Let me now greet thee,
morn - ing. Beau - ti - ful prim - rose,

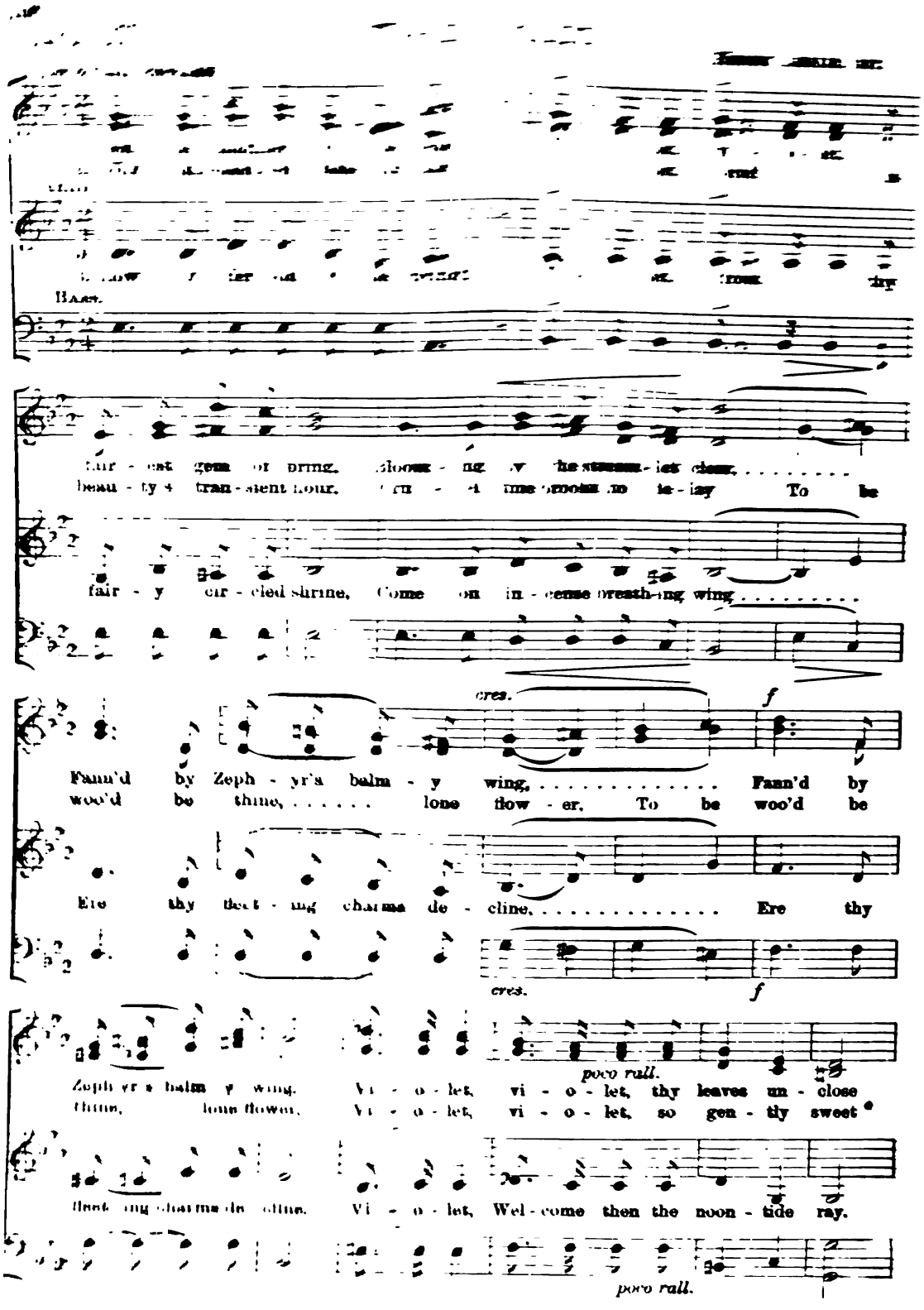
cres.

fra - grance! Take now my greet - ing, ... Her - ald of
morn - ing. Take now my greet - ing, ... Her - ald of

1. Let me now greet thee,
2. Beau - ti - ful prim - rose,


Her - ald of spring - time, Take now my greet - ing.
Take now my greet - ing.
Her - ald of spring - time, Take now my greet - - -
Her - - ald of spring - - - time.
Her - - ald of spring - time, Take now my greet - ing.
Her - ald of spring - time, Take now my greet - ing.


Take now my greet - ing! Take now my
Beau - ti - ful prim - rose, Her - ald of spring-time, of spring -
Beau - ti - ful prim - - rose, Her - ald of spring-time, of spring -
greet - ing, Her - ald of Spring, beau - ti - ful flower.
time, Her - - - ald, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful flower.
time, Take now my greet - ing, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful flower.
O beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful flower.


Bass.
fair - est gem of spring, Gloom - ing o'er the stream - let clear,
beau - ty's tran - sient hour, Ere time crooks to la - ny To be
fair - y cir - cled shrine, Come on in - cense breath - ing wing
cres.
f
Fann'd by Zeph - yr's balm - y wing, Fann'd by
woo'd be thine, lone flow - er, To be woo'd be
Ere thy fleet - ing charms de - cline, Ere thy
cres.
f
poco rall.
Zeph - yr's balm - y wing. Vi - o - let, vi - o - let, thy leaves un - close
thine, lone flower, Vi - o - let, vi - o - let, so gen - tly sweet
fleet - ing charms de - cline. Vi - o - let, Wel - come then the noon - tide ray.
poco rall.

a tempo. *cres* *cen*

Waft thy sweets on dew - y air, Waft thy sweets on dew - y air, Though we
Haste thy treas - ures to im - part, Haste thy treas - ures to im - part, From thy

Drink with joy the gold - en light, Drink with joy the gold - en light, Beams un -

do. *f* *dim.*

prize the blush - ing rose, ... Thou art still be - yond com-
cool and loved re - treat, ... Glad the eye and cheer the

fold and pass a - way, ... Dark - er grows the com - ing

do *f* *dim.*

f

pare. Thou art still be - yond com - pare.
heart. Glad the eye and cheer the heart.

night. . . . . Dark - er grows the com - ing night.

f

3. Vi - o - let! vi - o - let! Low - ly Her - ald of the Spring.

MRS. FREAKE.

No. 88. SLUMBER-SONG.

F. Kücken, arr.

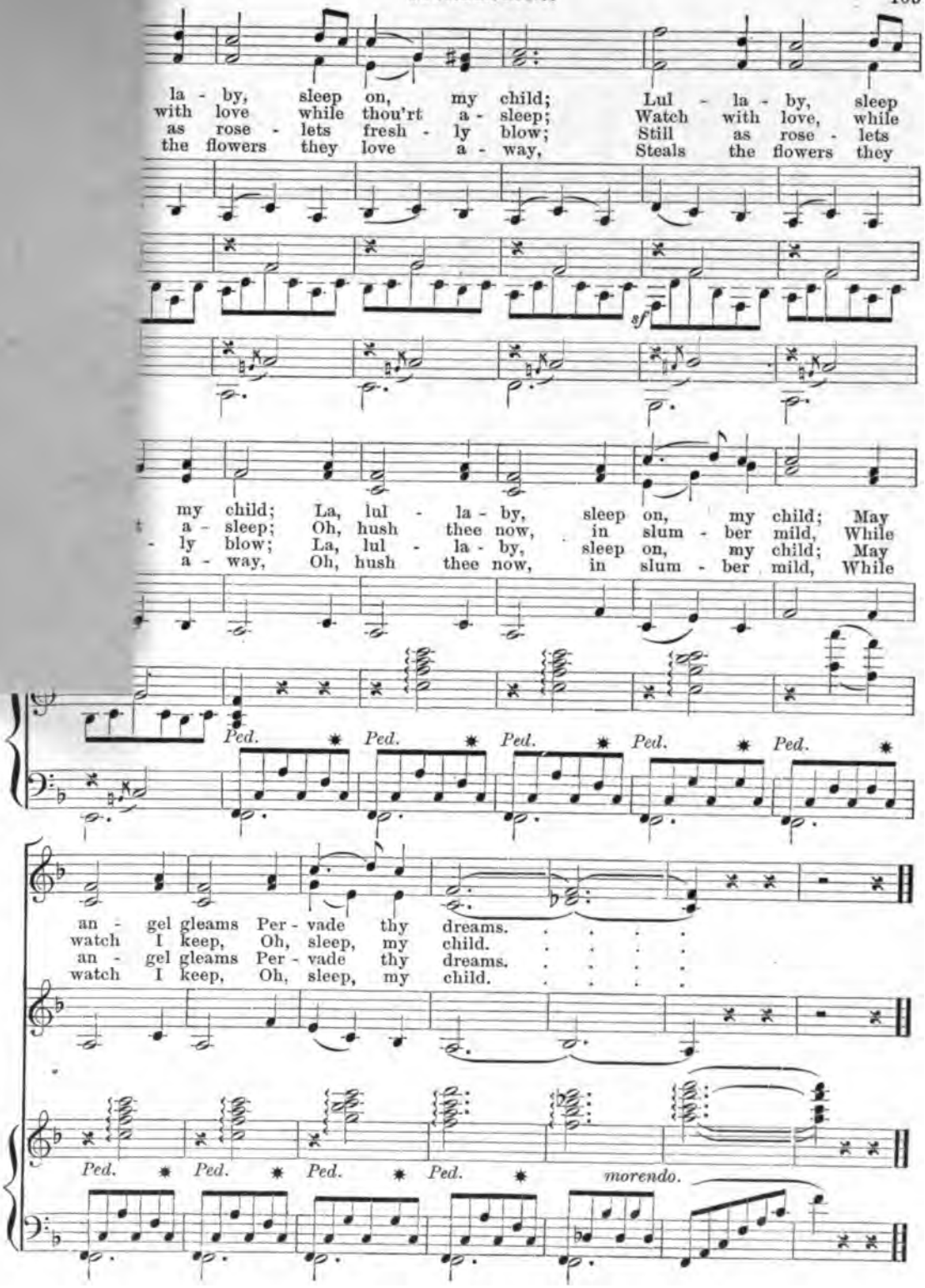
Moderato con espressione.

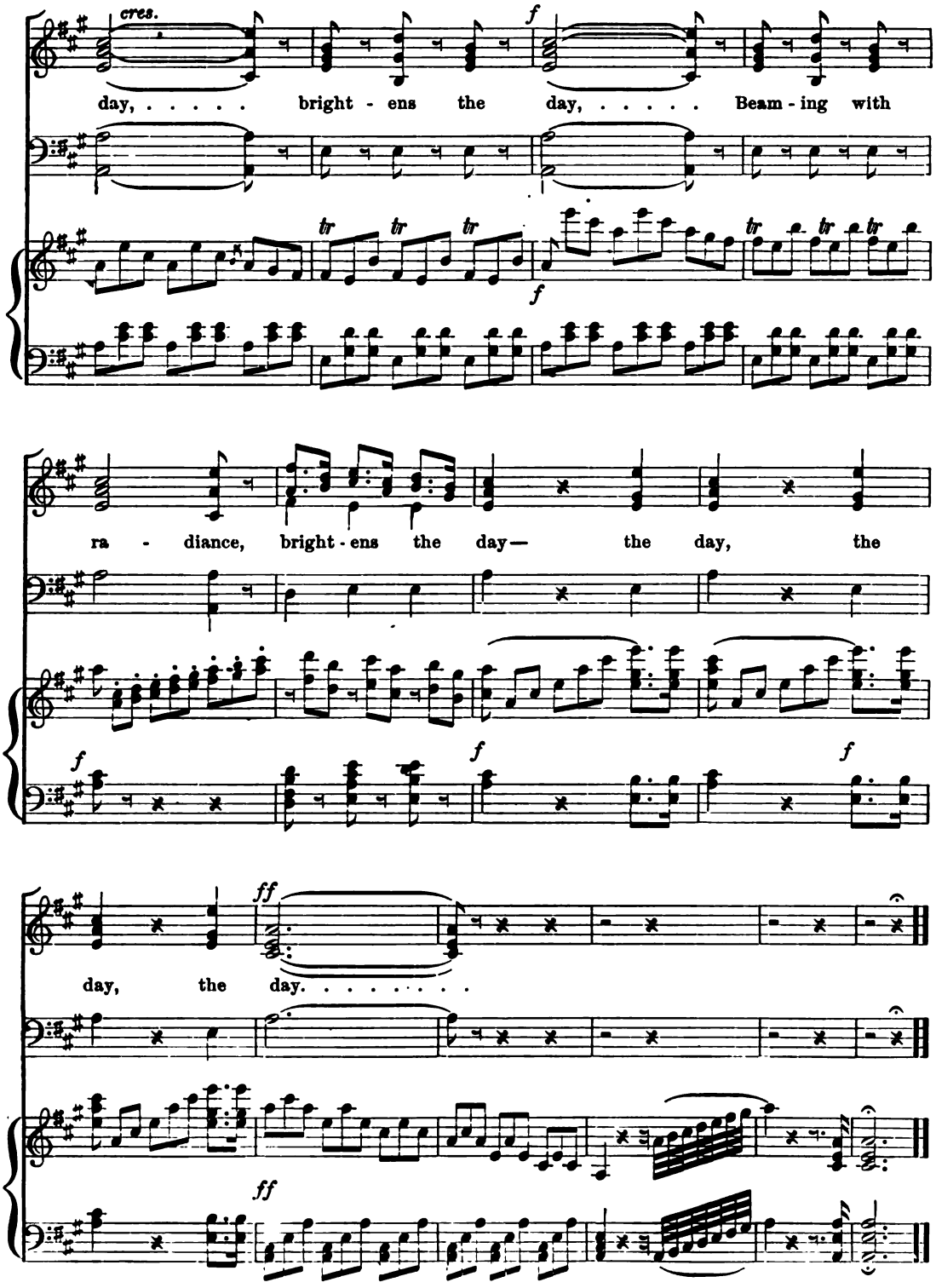
p

1st & 2nd Soprano.

1. All is still in sweet - est rest, Be thy sleep se - rene - ly blest! Winds are moan - ing o'er the wild,
2. Gen - tly rest! the night - stars gleam, Soft thy slum - ber, bright thy dream. Fear no harm, for I will keep
3. Close each lit - tle peep - ing eye, Let them like two rose - lets lie: And when pur - pling morn shall glow,
4. Let but an - gels, whis - p'ring, tell, In thy soft dream where they dwell: In that land, where no de - cay

Alto.


la - by, sleep on, my child; Lul - la - by, sleep
with love while thou'rt a - sleep; Watch with love, while
as rose - lets fresh - ly blow; Still as rose - lets
the flowers they love a - way, Steals the flowers they
af
my child; La, lul - la - by, sleep on, my child; May
a - sleep; Oh, hush thee now, in slum - ber mild, While
- ly blow; La, lul - la - by, sleep on, my child; May
a - way, Oh, hush thee now, in slum - ber mild, While
Ped.
an - gel gleams Per - vade thy dreams.
watch I keep, Oh, sleep, my child.
an - gel gleams Per - vade thy dreams.
watch I keep, Oh, sleep, my child.
Ped.
morendo.


cres.
f
day, ... bright - ens the day, ... Beam - ing with
tr tr tr
f
ra - diance, bright - ens the day— the day, the
f
f
f
day, the day. . . . . .
ff
ff

NO. 34. EVENTIDE.

FRANZ ABT.

Andantino legato.

1. The sun is down, the eve-ning come, The wea-ry toil-ers all at home; And
2. E'en now de-scends the cool-ing dew, Each blade and leaf to bless a-new; A-

grateful calm-ness, peace and rest, Suc-ceed to day's dis-tract-ing haste.
mid the flow'rs light breezes play, And steal their richest scents a-way.

mf

The woods are hush'd, and
With glist'ning eye, the

p *pp ril.* *a tempo.*

The birds' ac-cus-tomed voic-es fail; The
Be-holds the si-lent world a-far; And

p

hush'd the vale, The birds' ac-cus-tom'd voic-es fail;
eve-ning star, Be-holds the si-lent world a-far;

ver-y flow'rs are fall'n a-sleep, To wake no more till day shall
bids thee watch no lon-ger keep, Be still, be still, do thou, too,

p

To wake no more till day shall
Be still, be still, do thou, too,

p sostenuto. *dim.* *pp*

peep, The ver-y flow'rs are fall'n a-sleep, To wake no more till day shall peep.
sleep, And bids thee watch no lon-ger keep, Be still, be still, do thou, too, sleep.

p

VON FALLERSLEBEN.

No. 35. In Praise of Music.

German Student Song.

Allegretto.

1. A jol - ly mu - sic - fel - low Was walk - ing by the Nile, O
When crawled from out the wa - ter A mon - strous croc - o - dile! O
2. Then grasped that mu - sic - fel - low His an - cient vi - o - lin, O
And o - ver it did light - ly To draw the bow be - gin, O
3. Soon as that mu - sic - fel - low To play - ing did ad - vance, O
Im - me - diate - ly be - gan The croc - o - dile to dance, O
4. He danced up - on the sand there In cir - cles in and out, O
And Py - ra - mids, the seven He al - so waltzed a - bout, O

tem - - - po - ra, O me - - - - - res!

1. And wished the man to swal - low! Who knows what then be - fell? Hur -
2. Al - le - gro, dol - ce, pres - to! Who knows what then be - fell? Hur -
3. Min - uet, gal - op and danc - es, Who knows what then be - fell? Hur -
4. Till down they fell up - on him, And that is what be - fell! Hur -

ra, ra, ra, ra, O tem - po, tem - po - ra! All

praise be thine for - ev - er - more, Frau Mu - si - ca!

E. Geibel, tr. by W. W. Caldwell.

No. 36. THE PRIMROSE.

Allegretto. MENDELSSOHN.

1ST SOPRANO.

p

1. Beau - ti - ful flow - er, Ope - ning so ear - ly; Fresh is thy
2. Light was thy slum - ber, Ear - ly thy wak - ing, Sweet is thy

2ND SOPRANO.

ALTO.

1. Beau - ti - ful flow - er, Ope - ning so ear - ly; Fresh is thy
2. Light was thy slum - ber, Ear - ly thy wak - ing, Sweet is thy

BASS.

ACCPT.

cres.

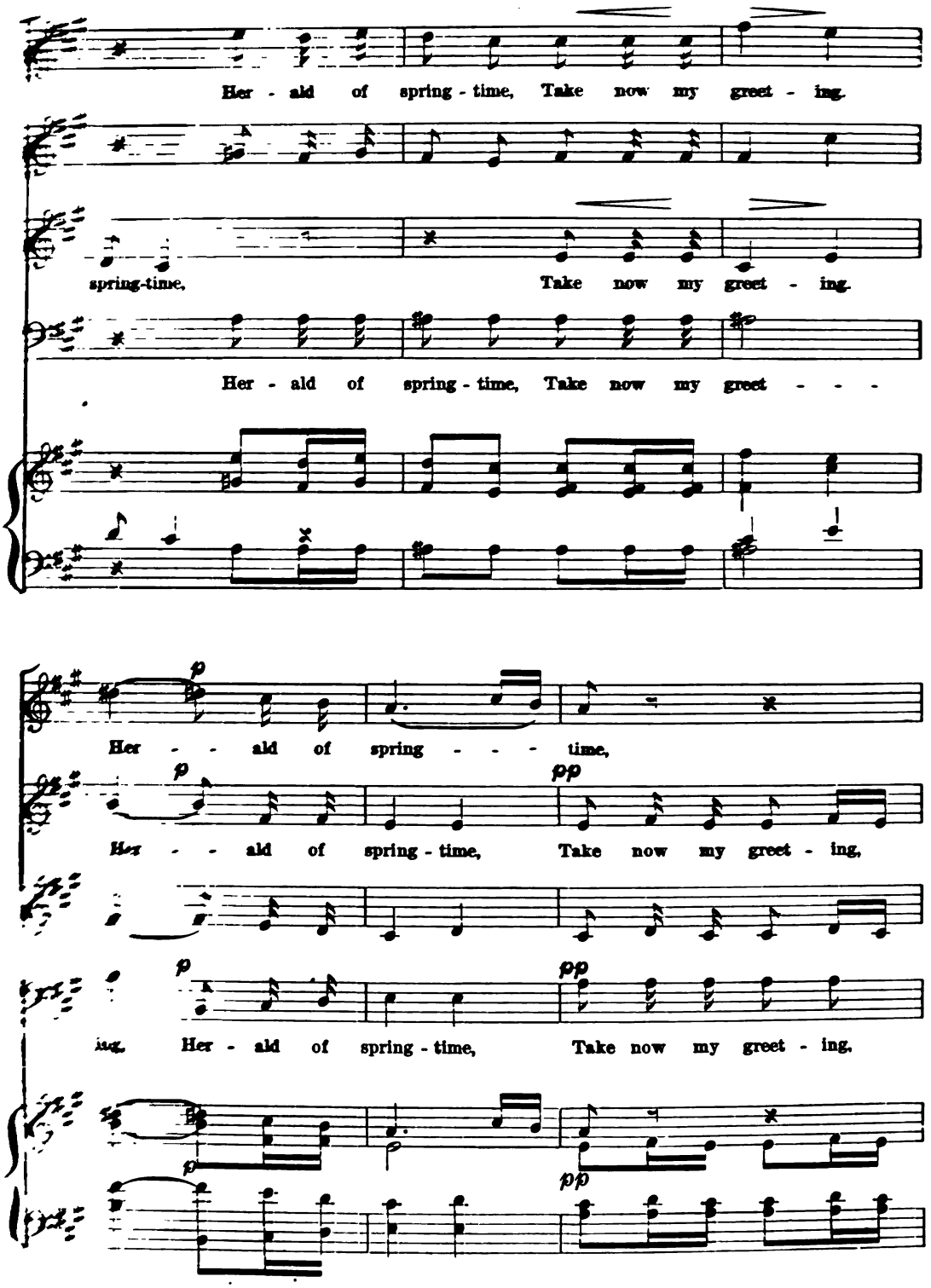
fra - grance! Let me now greet thee,
morn - ing. Beau - ti - ful prim - rose,

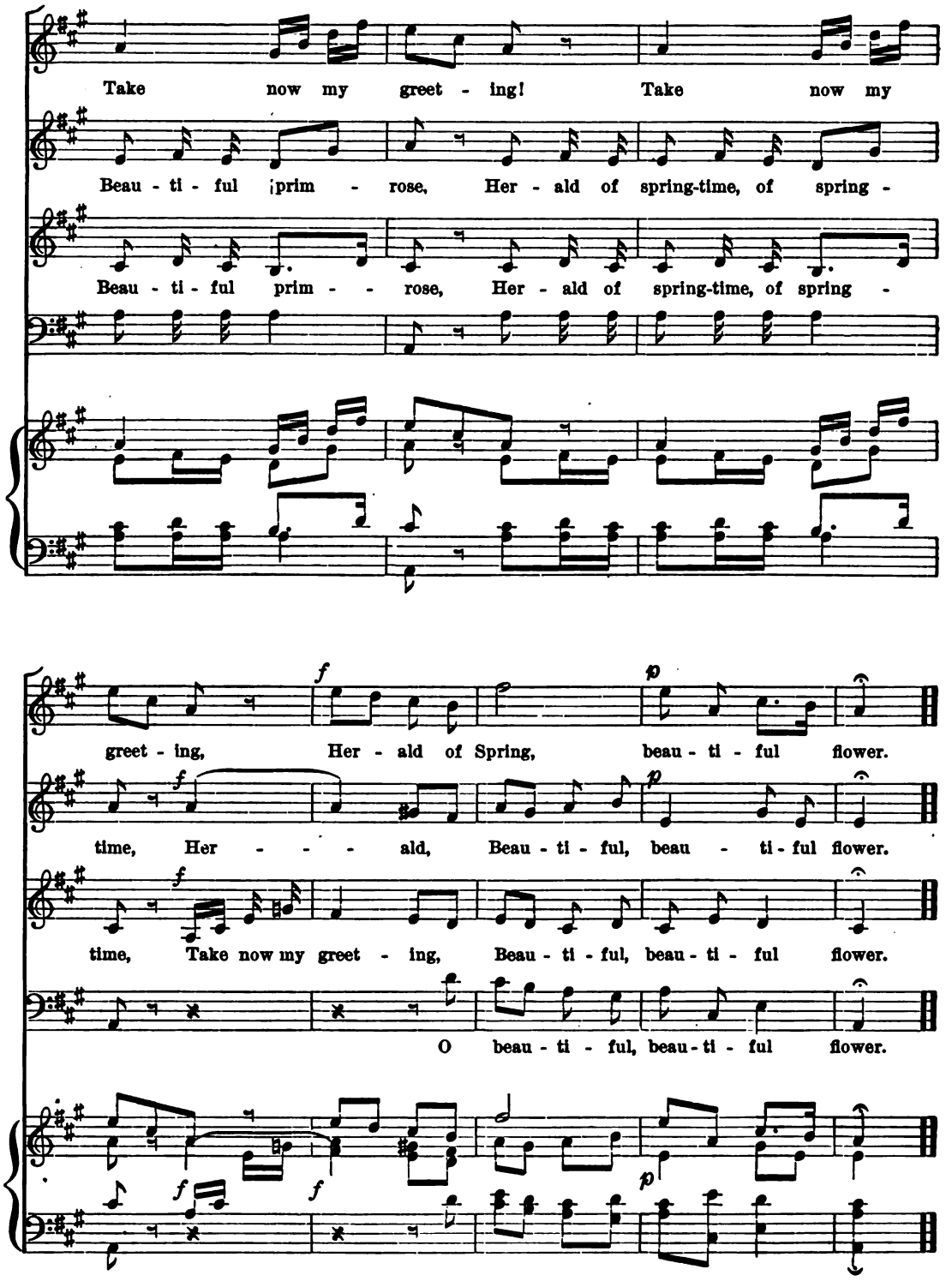
cres.

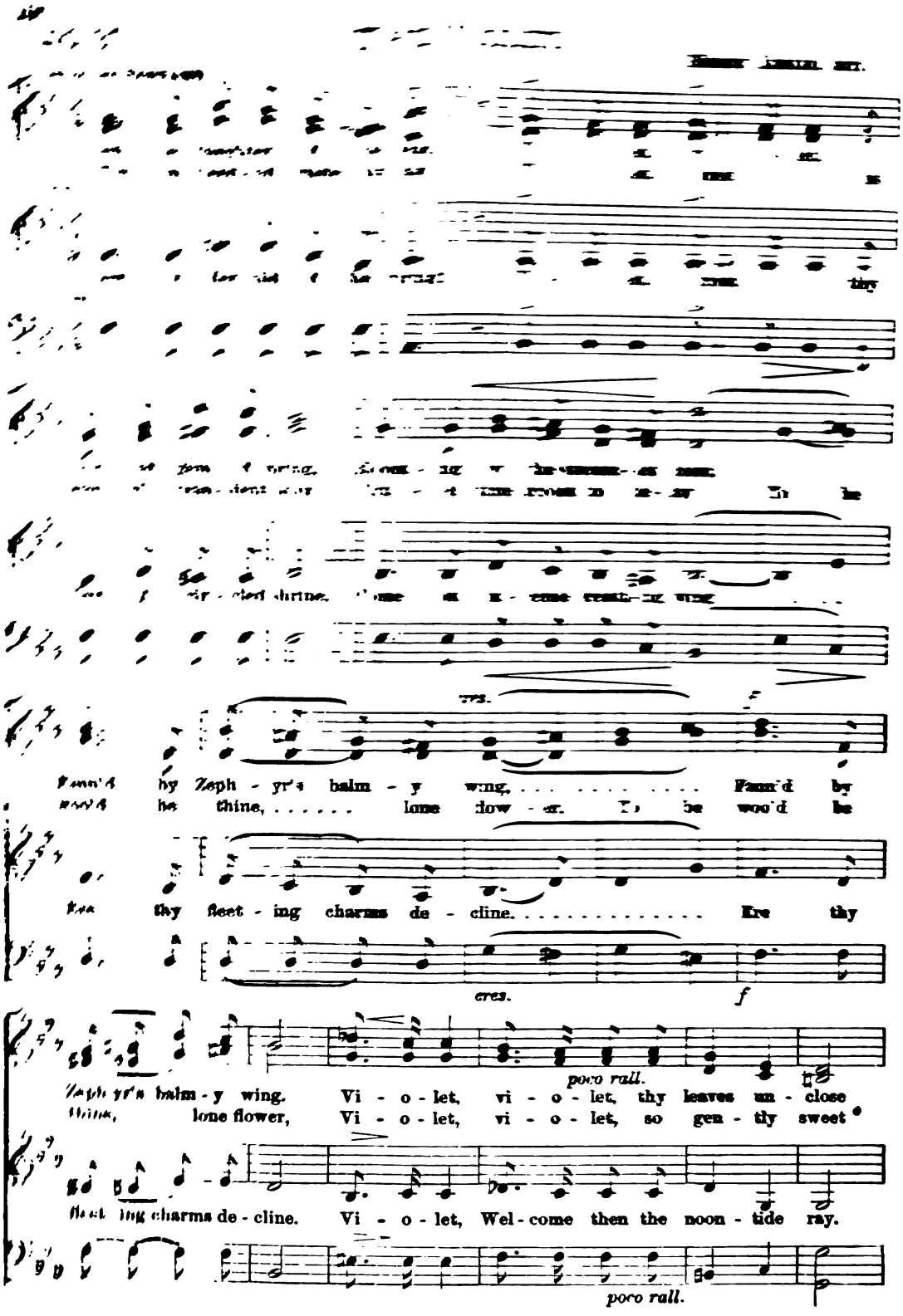
fra - grance! Take now my greet - ing, ... Her - ald of
morn - ing. Take now my greet - ing, ... Her - ald of

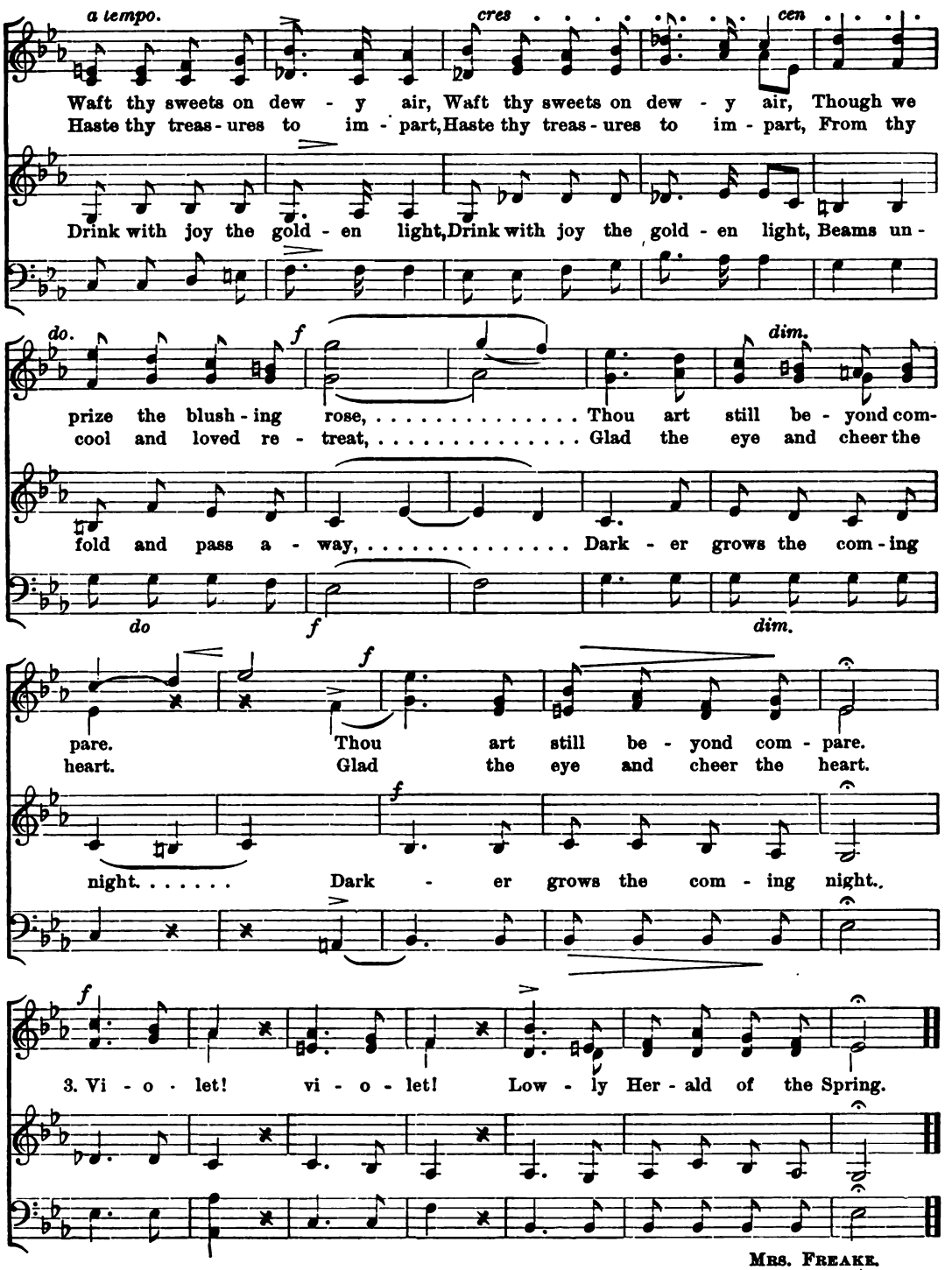
1. Let me now greet thee,
2. Beau - ti - ful prim - rose,

The Primrose.

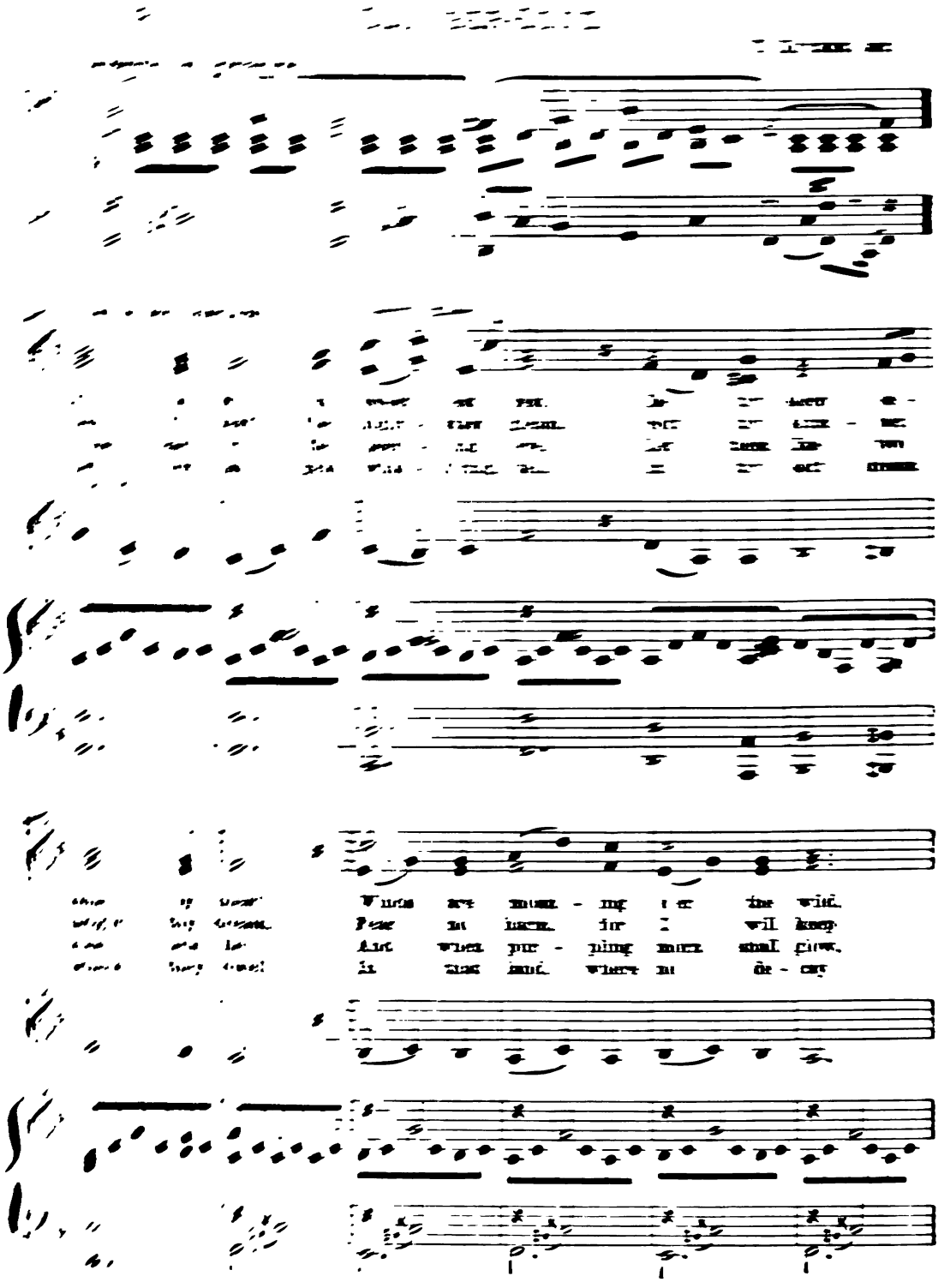


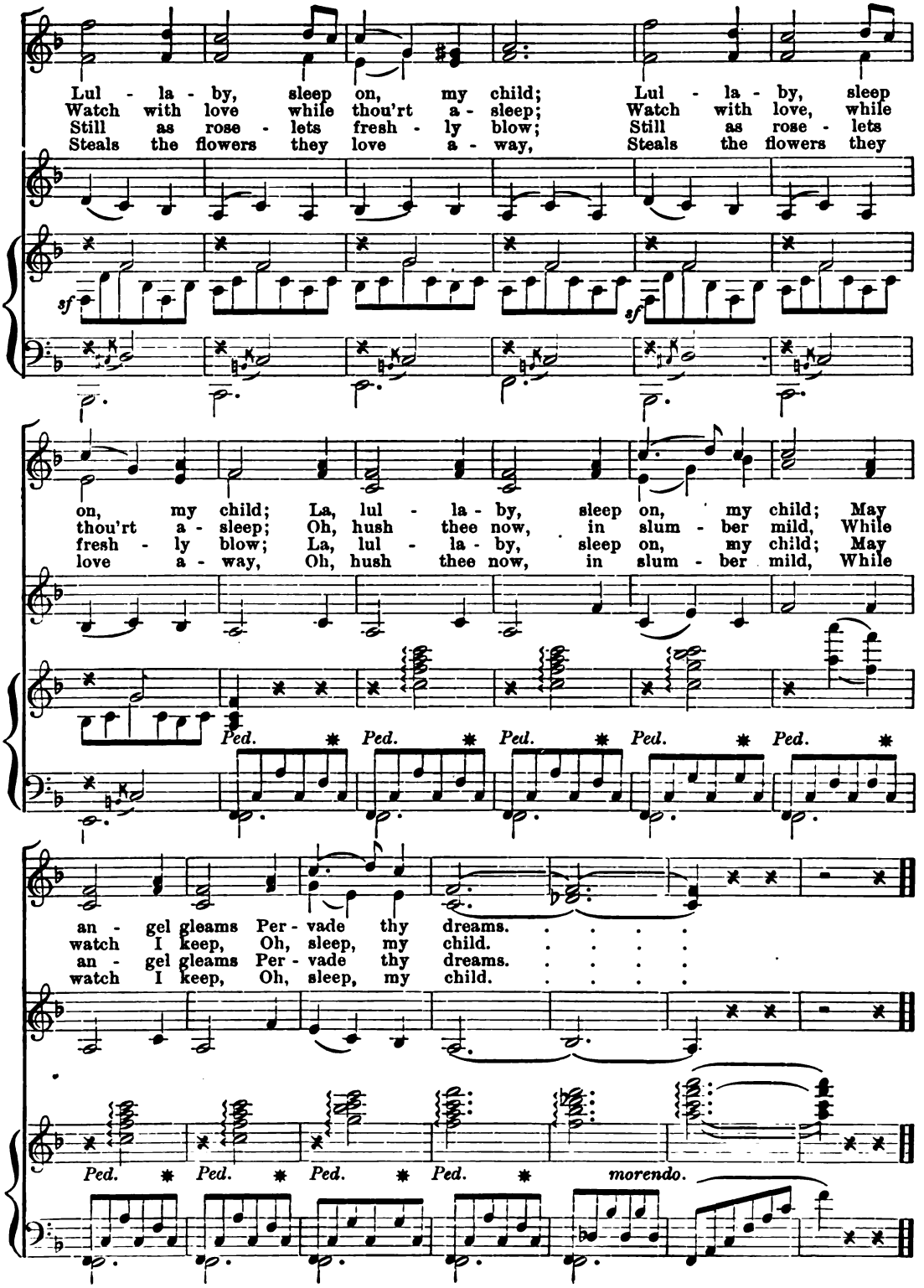

Take now my greet - ing! Take now my
Beau - ti - ful prim - rose, Her - ald of spring-time, of spring -
Beau - ti - ful prim - - rose, Her - ald of spring-time, of spring -
greet - ing, Her - ald of Spring, beau - ti - ful flower.
time, Her - - - ald, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful flower.
time, Take now my greet - ing, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful flower.
O beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful flower.


Fann'd by Zeph - yr's balm - y wing, ... Fann'd by
thine, ... lone flow - er. To be woo'd be
thy fleet - ing charms de - cline. . . . . Ere thy
cres.
f
poco rall.
Zeph yr's balm - y wing. Vi - o - let, vi - o - let, thy leaves un - close
thine, lone flower, Vi - o - let, vi - o - let, so gen - tly sweet
fleet ing charms de - cline. Vi - o - let, Wel - come then the noon - tide ray.
poco rall.


a tempo.
cres
cen
Waft thy sweets on dew - y air, Waft thy sweets on dew - y air, Though we
Haste thy treas - ures to im - part, Haste thy treas - ures to im - part, From thy
Drink with joy the gold - en light, Drink with joy the gold - en light, Beams un -
do.
f
dim.
prize the blush - ing rose, ... Thou art still be - yond com-
cool and loved re - treat, ... Glad the eye and cheer the
fold and pass a - way, ... Dark - er grows the com - ing
do
f
dim.
f
pare. Thou art still be - yond com - pare.
heart. Glad the eye and cheer the heart.
f
night. . . . . Dark - er grows the com - ing night.
f
3. Vi - o - let! vi - o - let! Low - ly Her - ald of the Spring.

MRS. FREAKE.


Winds are moan - ing o'er the wild,
Fear no harm, for I will keep
And when pur - ping mock shall cease,
In time and where no de - cay


Lul - la - by, sleep on, my child; Lul - la - by, sleep
Watch with love while thou'rt a - sleep; Watch with love, while
Still as rose - lets fresh - ly blow; Still as rose - lets
Steals the flowers they love a - way, Steals the flowers they
sf
sf
on, my child; La, lul - la - by, sleep on, my child; May
thou'rt a - sleep; Oh, hush thee now, in slum - ber mild, While
fresh - ly blow; La, lul - la - by, sleep on, my child; May
love a - way, Oh, hush thee now, in slum - ber mild, While
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
an - gel gleams Per - vade thy dreams. . . . .
watch I keep, Oh, sleep, my child. . . . .
an - gel gleams Per - vade thy dreams. . . . .
watch I keep, Oh, sleep, my child. . . . .
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * morendo.

No. 40. Return, O Brooklet.

F. Blangini, arr.

Allegretto.

1st & 2nd Soprano.

p

Re - turn, re - turn, O brook - let, Send us thy stream's soft

Alto.

p

flow - ing; The south - wind, gen - tly blow - ing, Bids ice and snow de -

cres.

cres.

p

part: Once more, O play - ful wave - lets, In lim - pid free - dom

p

glane - - ing, Once more in glad - ness danc - - ing, Oh

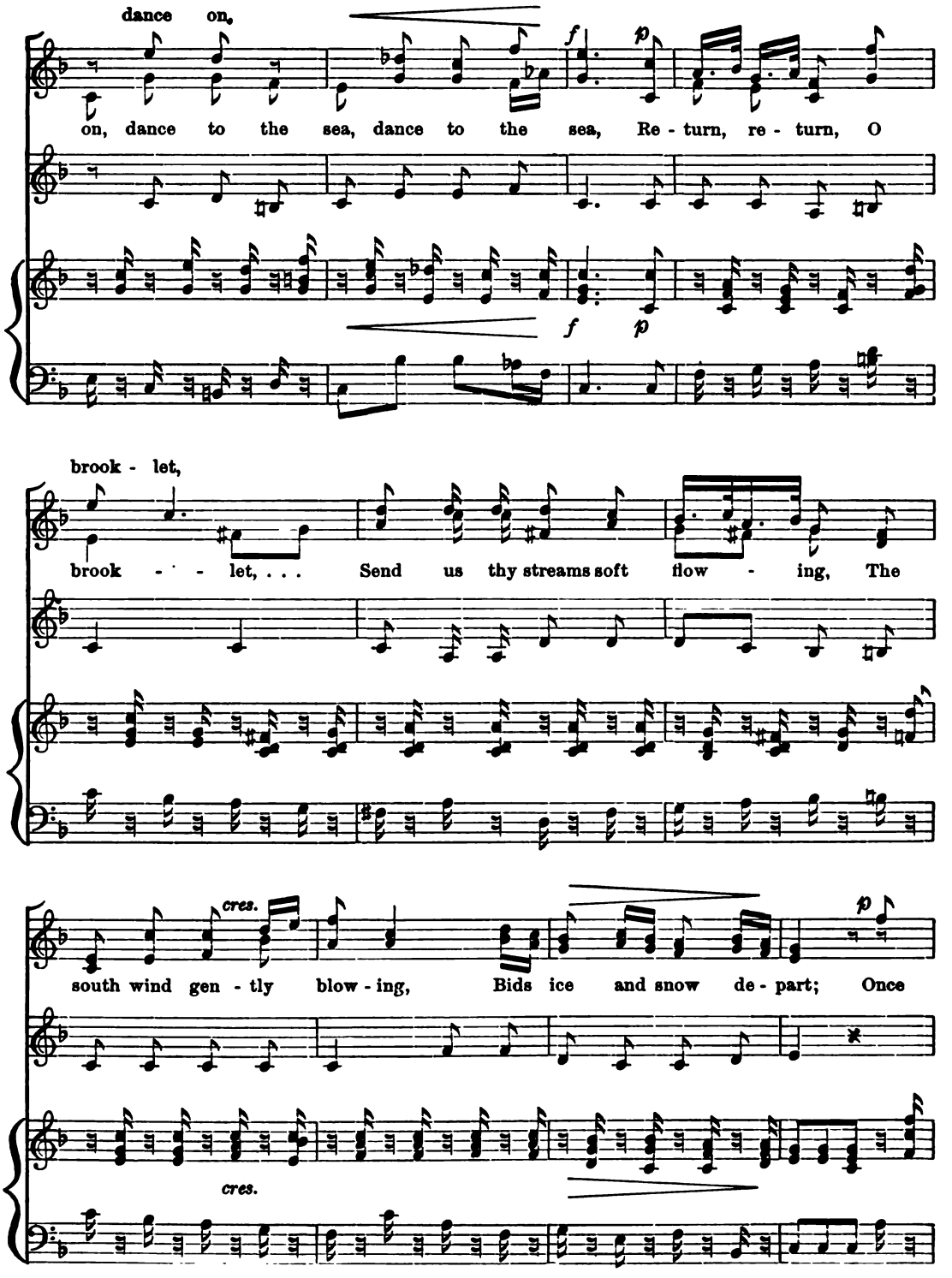
hur - ry to the sea. . . . . Once more in glad - ness

cres. *m* *mf*

danc - ing, Oh hur - ry to the sea, dance dance on,

dance on,

cres. *mf*


dance on,
on, dance to the sea, dance to the sea, Re - turn, re - turn, O
f
p
f
p
brook - let,
brook - - let, . . . Send us thy streams soft flow - ing, The
cres.
south wind gen - tly blow - ing, Bids ice and snow de - part; Once
p
cres.

Her - ald of spring - time, Take now my greet - ing.

spring-time, Take now my greet - ing.

Her - ald of spring - time, Take now my greet - - -

p

Her - - ald of spring - - - time,

p *pp*

Her - - ald of spring - time, Take now my greet - ing,

p *pp*

ing, Her - ald of spring - time, Take now my greet - ing,

p *pp*

Take now my greet - ing! Take now my

Beau - ti - ful prim - rose, Her - ald of spring-time, of spring -

Beau - ti - ful prim - - rose, Her - ald of spring-time, of spring -

greet - ing, Her - ald of Spring, beau - ti - ful flower.

time, Her - - - ald, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful flower.

time, Take now my greet - ing, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful flower.

O beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful flower.

THE VIOLET.

[illegible] arr.

[illegible] daughter o' the year! Vi - o - let, vi - o - let, [illegible] in

[illegible] flow - er of the spring! Vi - o - let, from thy

[illegible] gem of spring. Bloom - ing by the [illegible] - let clear. . . . . .

[illegible] - ty's tran - sient hour. Cru - el time invades [illegible] - ley To be

fair - y cir - cled shrine. Come on in - cense breath - ing wing. . . . . .

cres. *f*

Fann'd by Zeph - yr's balm - y wing. . . . . Fann'd by

woo'd be thine, ... lone flow - er. To be woo'd be

Ere thy fleet - ing charms de - cline. . . . . Ere thy

cres. *f*

Zeph-yr's balm - y wing. Vi - o - let, vi - o - let, thy leaves un - close

poco rall.

thine, lone flower, Vi - o - let, vi - o - let, so gen - tly sweet

fleet - ing charms de - cline. Vi - o - let, Wel - come then the noon - tide ray.

poco rall.

a tempo. *cres* *cen*

Waft thy sweets on dew - y air, Waft thy sweets on dew - y air, Though we
Haste thy treas - ures to im - part, Haste thy treas - ures to im - part, From thy

Drink with joy the gold - en light, Drink with joy the gold - en light, Beams un -

do. *f* *dim.*

prize the blush - ing rose, ... Thou art still be - yond com-
cool and loved re - treat, ... Glad the eye and cheer the

fold and pass a - way, ... Dark - er grows the com - ing

do *f* *dim.*

f

pare. Thou art still be - yond com - pare.
heart. Glad the eye and cheer the heart.

f

night. . . . . Dark - er grows the com - ing night.

f

3. Vi - o - let! vi - o - let! Low - ly Her - ald of the Spring.

MRS. FREAKE.

No. 38. SLUMBER-SONG.

F. Kücken, arr.

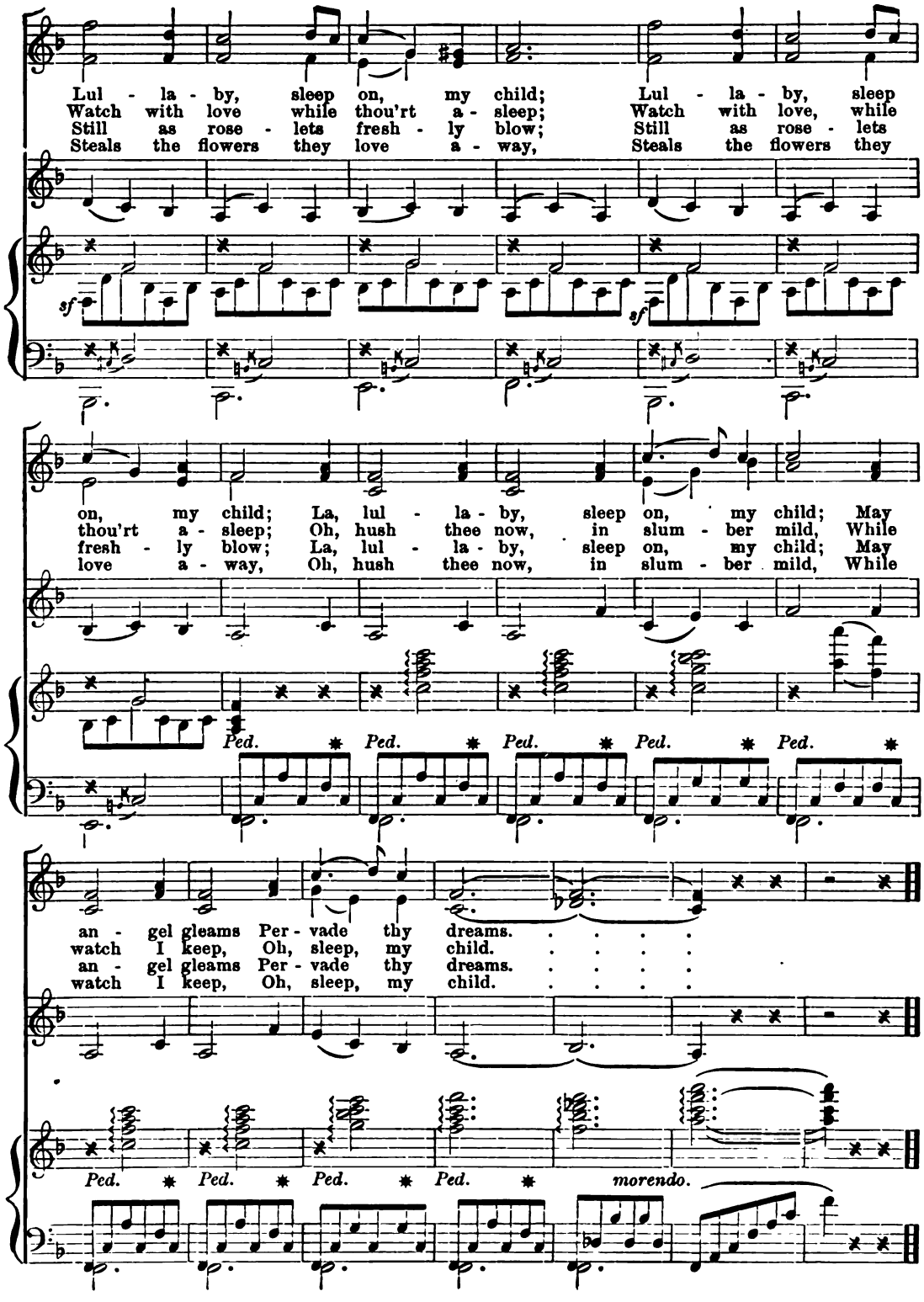
Moderato con espressione.

p

1st & 2nd Soprano.

1. All is still in sweet - est rest, Be thy sleep se - rene - ly blest! Winds are moan - ing o'er the wild,
2. Gen - tly rest! the night - stars gleam, Soft thy slum - ber, bright thy dream. Fear no harm, for I will keep
3. Close each lit - tle peep - ing eye, Let them like two rose - lets lie; And when pur - pling morn shall glow,
4. Let but an - gels, whis - p'ring, tell, In thy soft dream where they dwell; In that land, where no de - cay

Alto.


Lul - la - by, sleep on, my child; Lul - la - by, sleep
Watch with love while thou'rt a - sleep; Watch with love, while
Still as rose - lets fresh - ly blow; Still as rose - lets
Steals the flowers they love a - way, Steals the flowers they
sf
sf
on, my child; La, lul - la - by, sleep on, my child; May
thou'rt a - sleep; Oh, hush thee now, in slum - ber mild, While
fresh - ly blow; La, lul - la - by, sleep on, my child; May
love a - way, Oh, hush thee now, in slum - ber mild, While
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
an - gel gleams Per - vade thy dreams. . . . .
watch I keep, Oh, sleep, my child. . . . .
an - gel gleams Per - vade thy dreams. . . . .
watch I keep, Oh, sleep, my child. . . . .
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * morendo.

No. 88. THE EVENING STAR.

CHARLES BALL.

Andante.

sf *dim.*

1. Bright star of eve, so soft - ly beam - ing, Spread-ing beau - ty far and
2. As now day light is slow - ly wan - ing On the hushed and wave - less

cres. *f*

near, Then sit at the lone heart fond - ly dream - ing Of
sea, And Heav'n-born peace is sweet - ly reign - ing O'er

calando. *pp a tempo.* *sf* *p*

realms be - yond thy sun- lit sphere; Of realms with light and radiance shin - ing, Where
mountain, for - est, vale and lea! I fond - ly hope when Death, descend-ing, Shall

ppp

cres. *f* *p* *sf* *p*

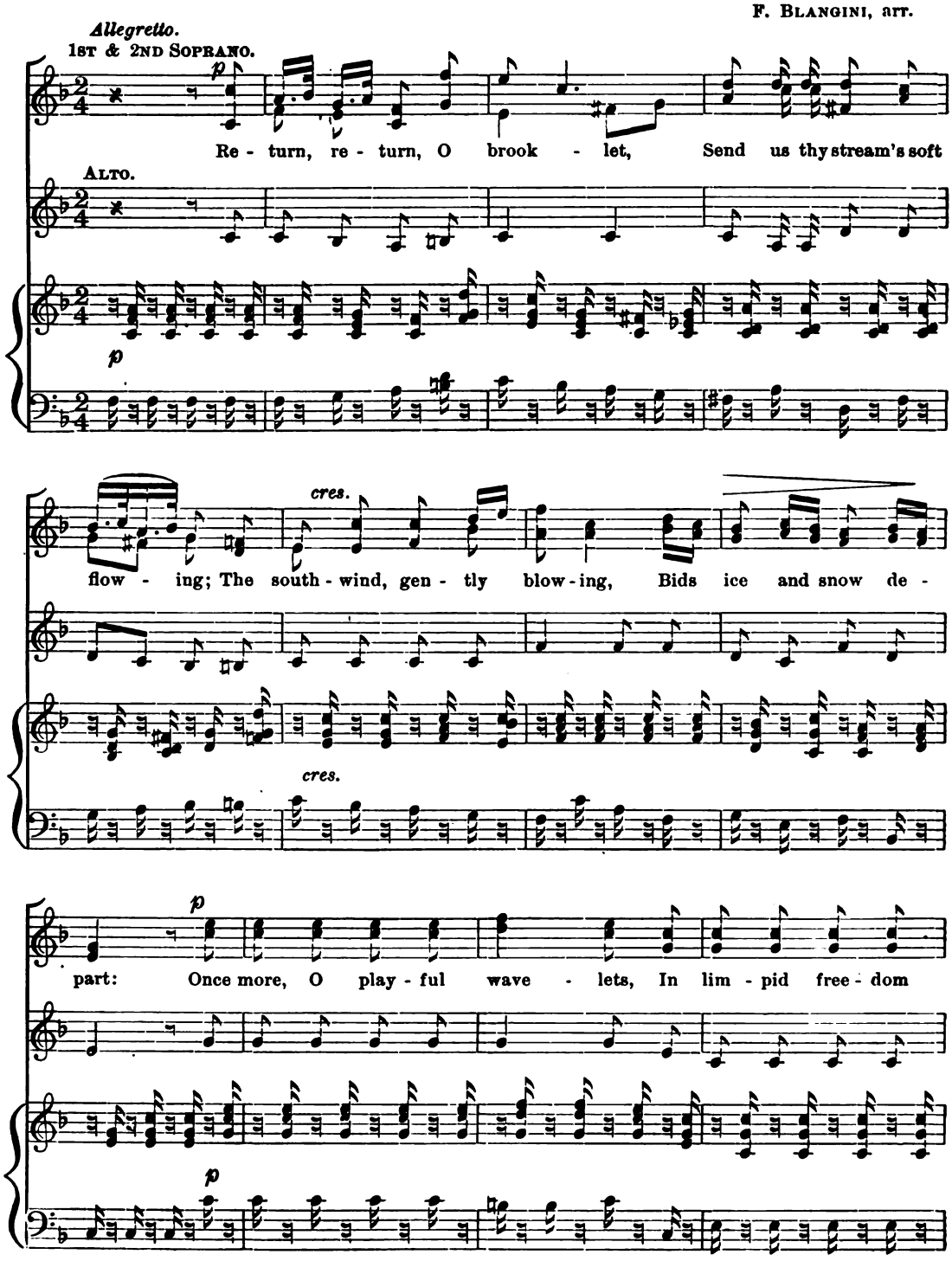
care - worn spir-its sink to rest: As wea- ried dove, when sun's de- clin - ing, Flies
ope for me its por - tal drear, That thy loved ray, the darkness rend - ing, May

cres. *f* *calando.*

joy - ous to its moth-er's nest, Flies joy - ous to its mother's nest.
point my Heav'nward pathway clear— May point my Heav'nward pathway clear.

No. 40. Return, O Brooklet.

F. Blangini, arr.



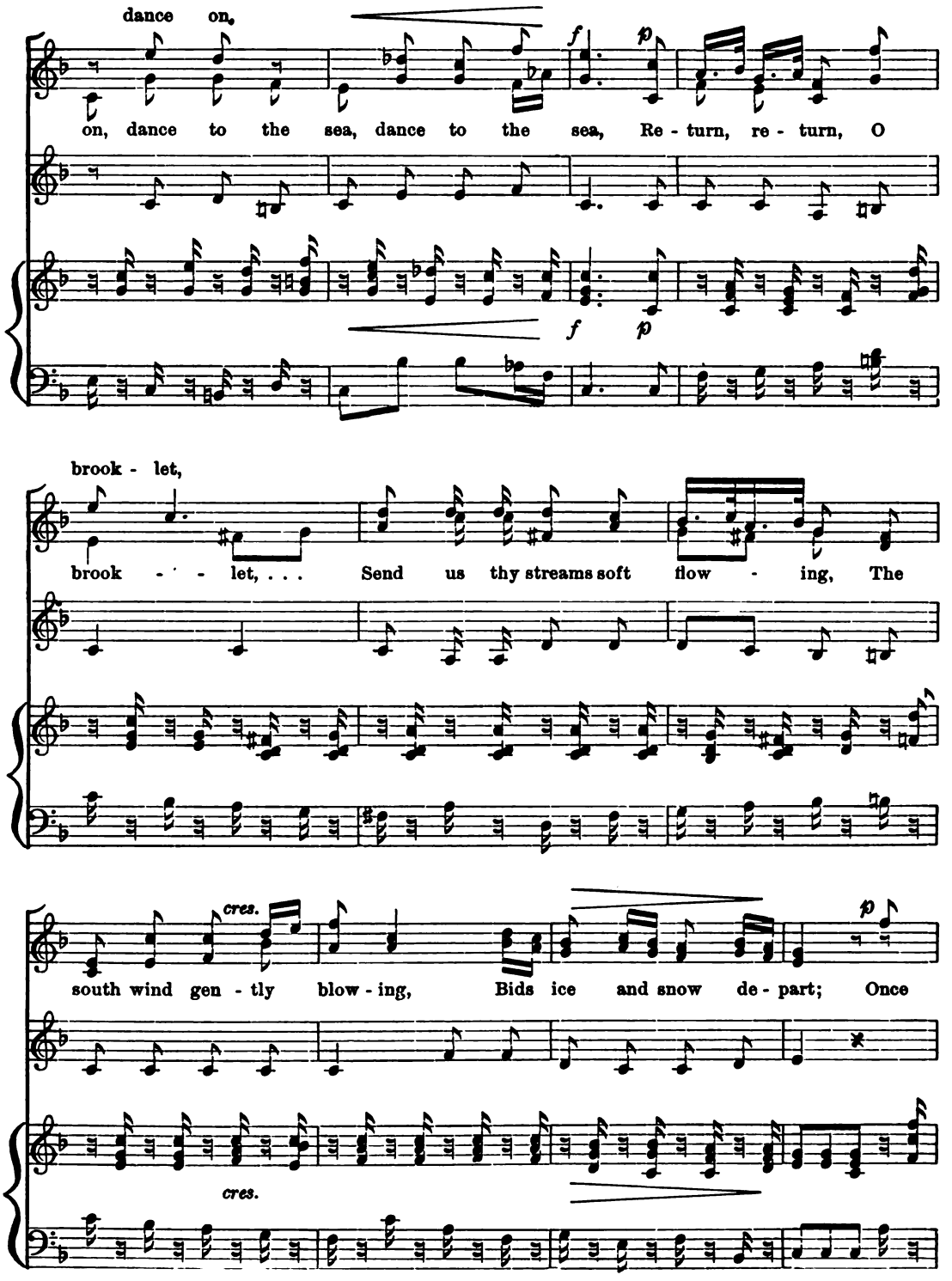
glanc - - ing, Once more in glad - ness danc - - ing, Oh

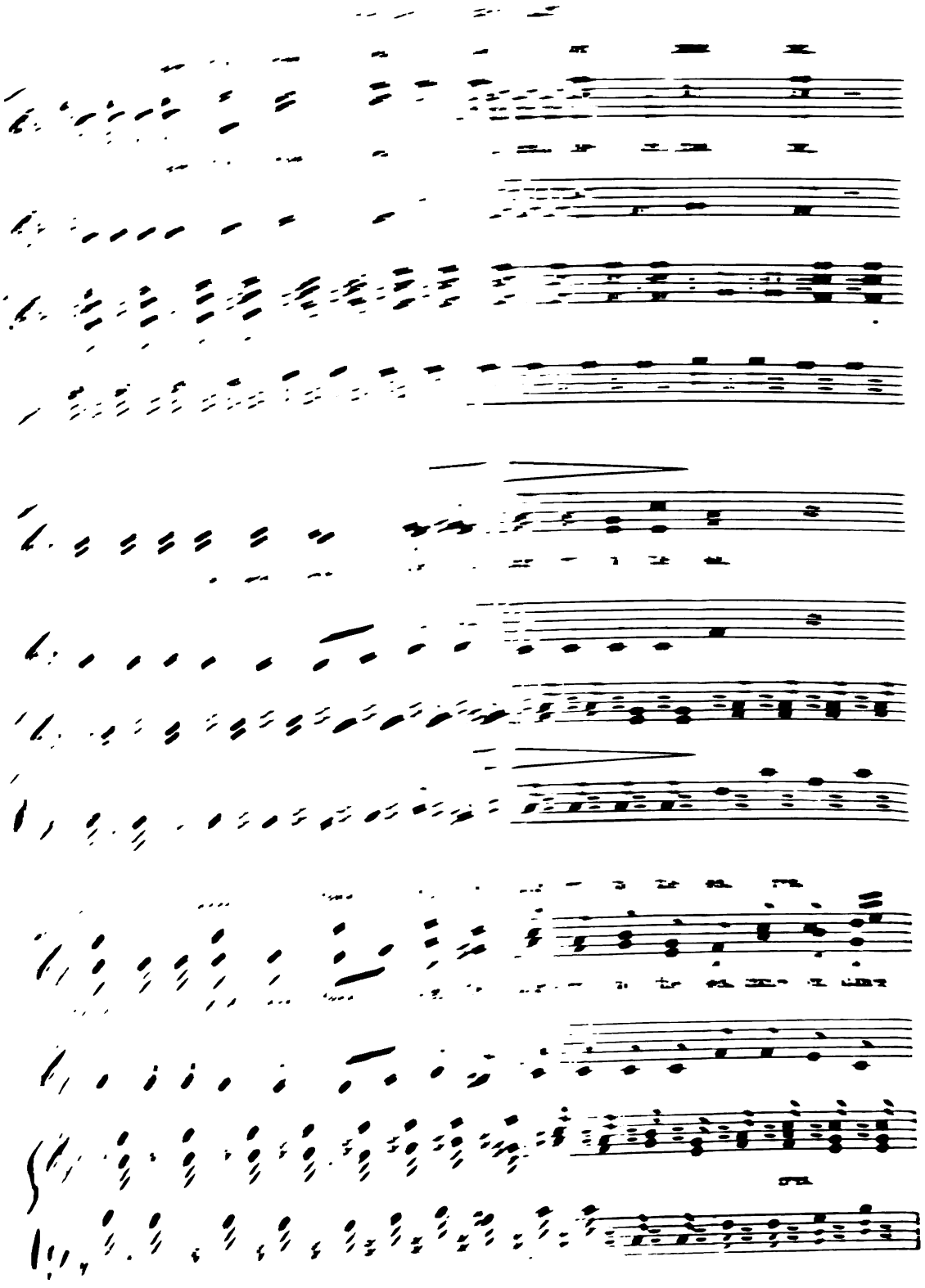
hur - ry to the sea. . . . . Once more in glad - ness

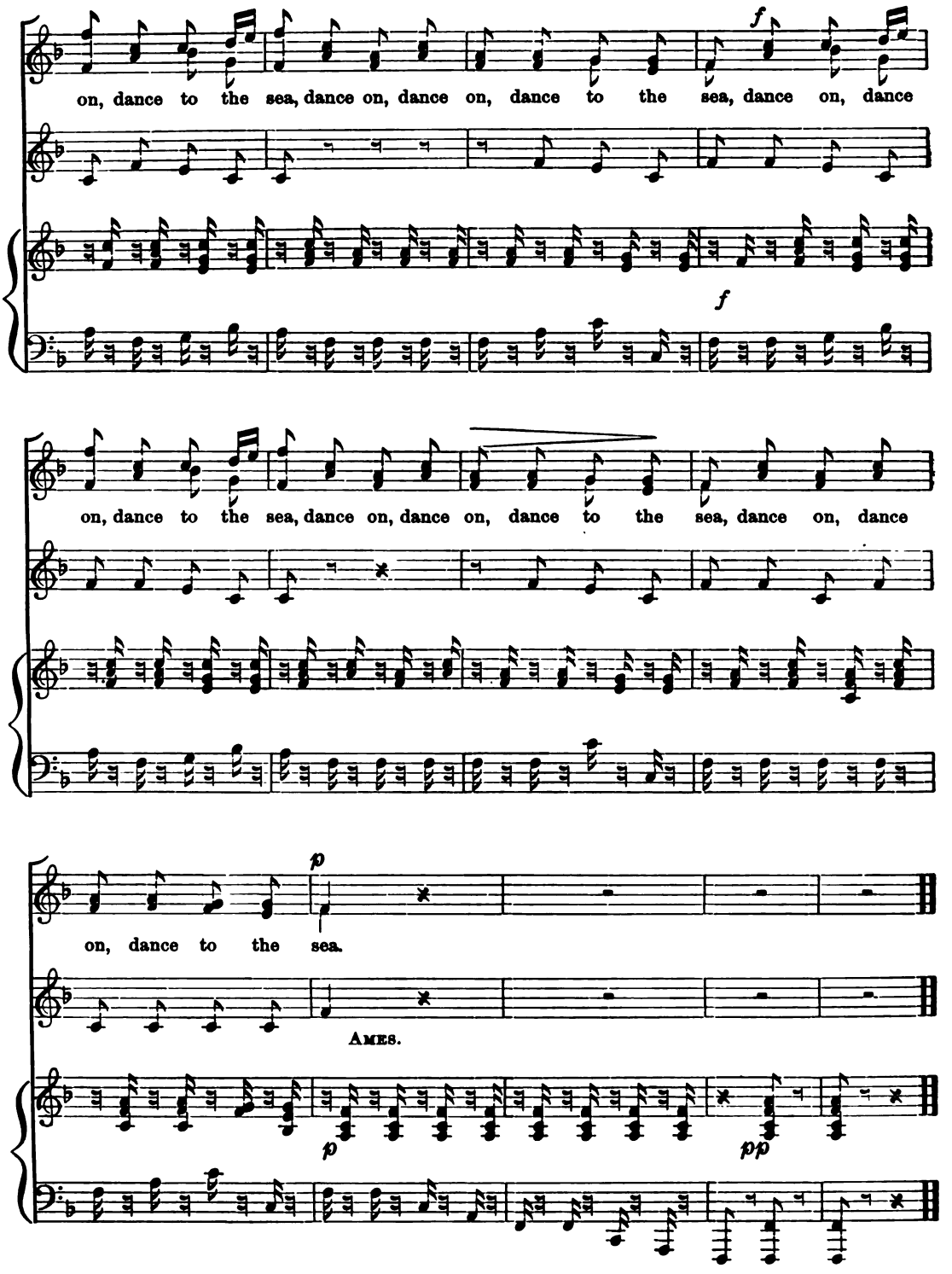
cres. *m* *mf*

danc - ing, Oh hur - ry to the sea, dance dance on, dance on,

cres. *mf*


dance on,
on, dance to the sea, dance to the sea, Re - turn, re - turn, O
f
p
f
p
brook - let,
brook - - let, . . . Send us thy streams soft flow - ing, The
cres.
south wind gen - tly blow - ing, Bids ice and snow de - part; Once
p
cres.




on, dance to the sea, dance on, dance on, dance to the sea, dance on, dance
f
f
on, dance to the sea, dance on, dance on, dance to the sea, dance on, dance
p
on, dance to the sea.
AMES.
p
pp

No. 41. The First Day of Spring.

Andante sostenuto. — Mendelssohn, arr.

1st & 2nd Soprano.

O soft and balm - y wind! *f Piu animato.* All na - ture re - viv - ing,

Alto.

O soft and balm - y wind!

Bass.

f All na - ture re - viv - ing Sweet Spring ar - riv - ing, *sf* *p* Soon vi - o - lets we may

All na - ture re - viv - ing Sweet Spring ar - riv - ing, Soon vi - o - lets we may

f *sf* *p*

find, . . Soon vi - o - lets we may find, *p* soon, *f* soon,

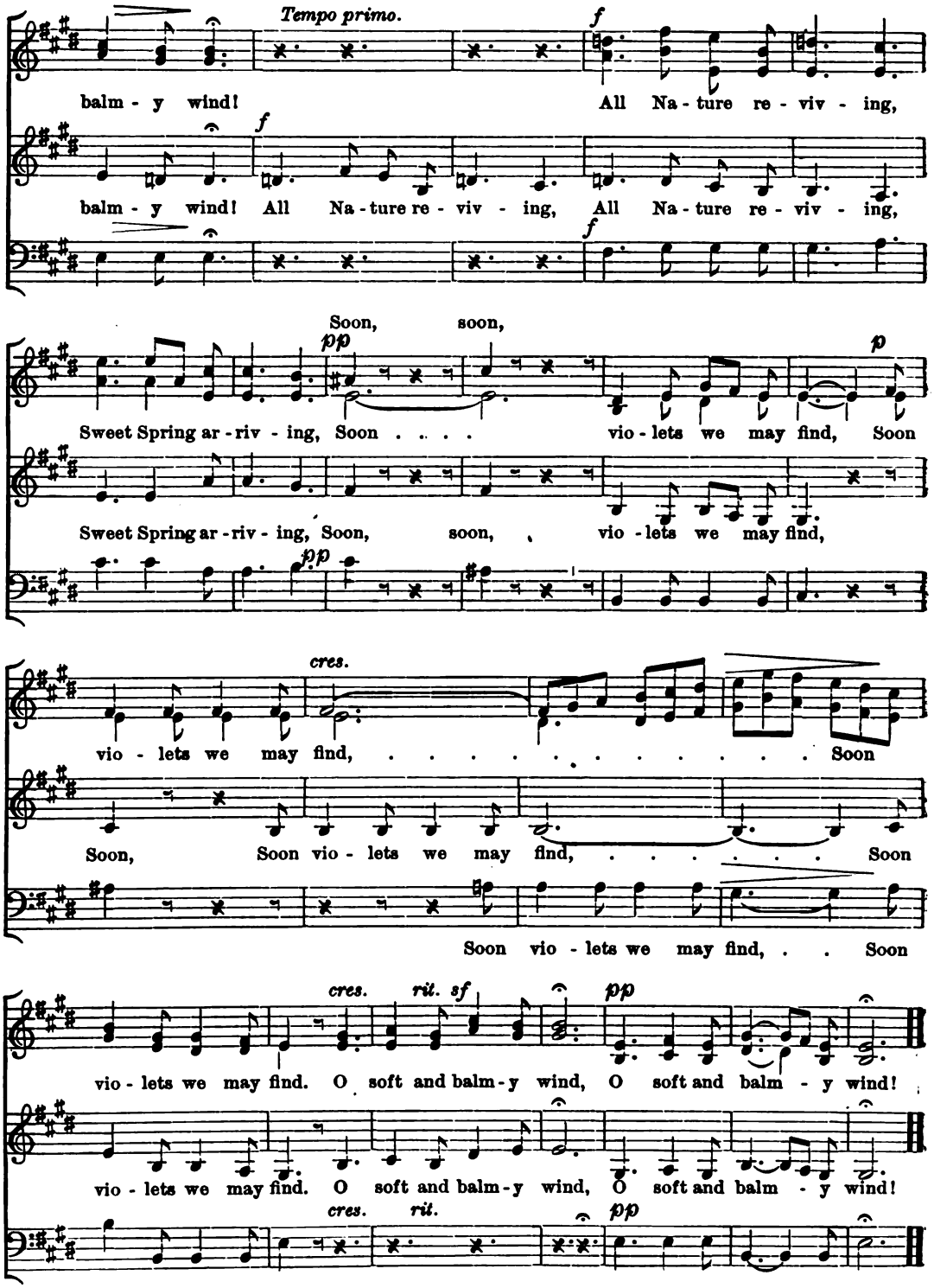
find, Soon vi - o - lets we may find, ...

find, Soon vi - o - lets we may find, *f* soon, soon,

vio - lets we may find. *p* *ritard* O soft and balm - y wind, *f* O soft and

vio - lets we may find. O soft and balm - y wind, O soft and

p *ritard.* *f*



SABILLA NOVELLO.

No. 42. CRADLE SONG.

W. Taubert.

Andantino, con moto.
1st & 2nd bor.

1. Sleep, be - low - ed, sleep;
2. Close thy wea - ry eye;

Alto.

2. Sleep till morn a - rise

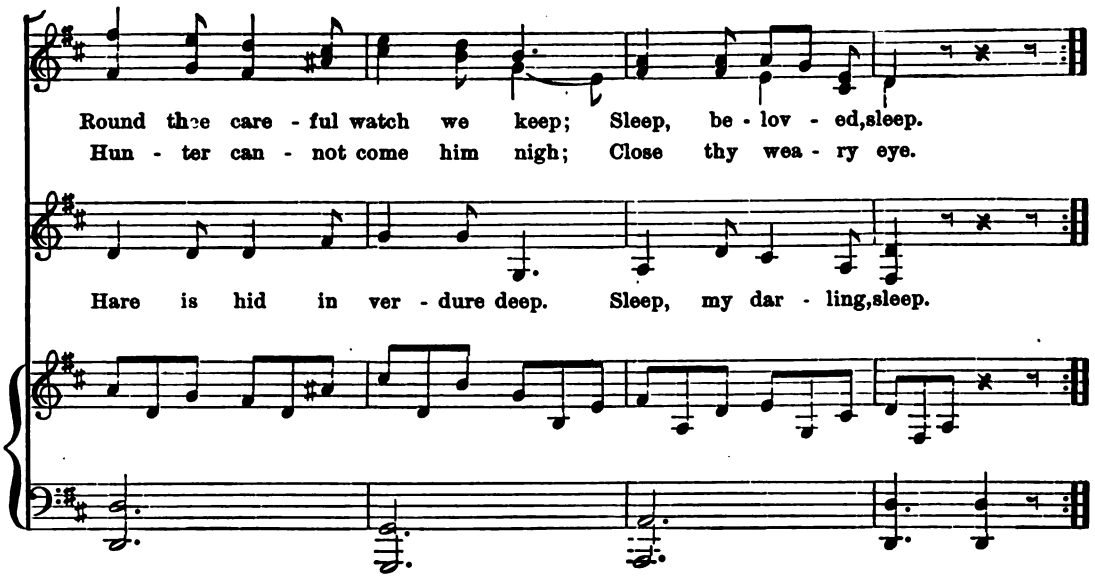
sempre p
All mv't.

Round thee watch we keep; Lis - ten how the rain doth fall, How the neighbor's
Wind doth rus - tle by; Hare doth lift a list - ning ear, As the hun-ter's

In you a - zure sky; Watch-dog now hath ceas'd to bark; Beg- gar hides where

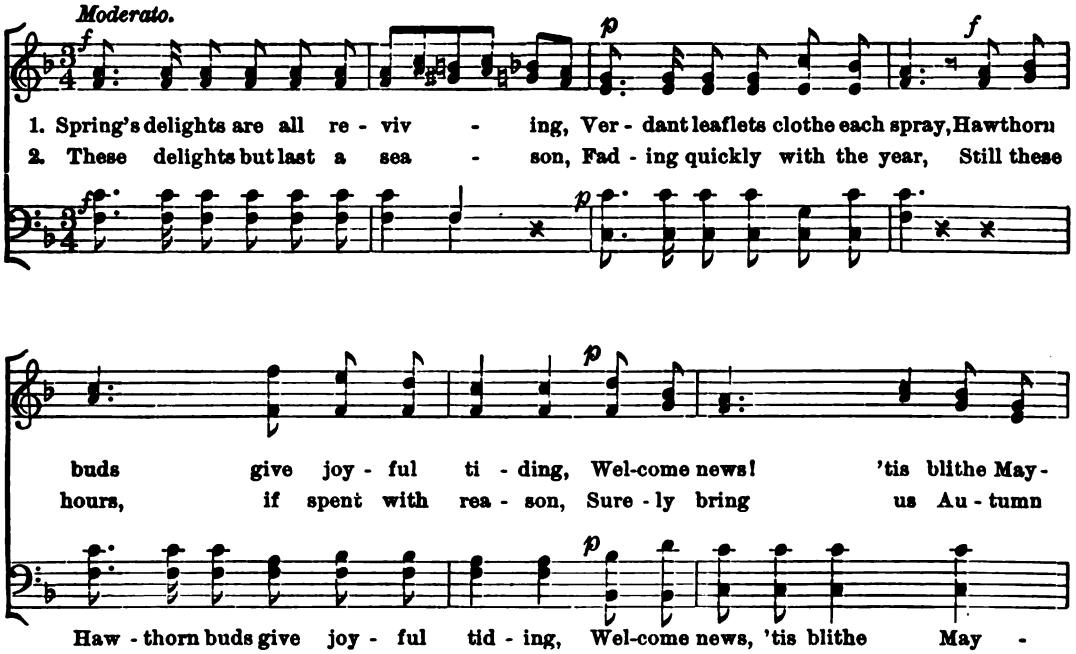
dog doth call; He hath bit - ten some one straying, That's the cause of all this bay - ing,
foot draws near; Coat of green is hun - ter wear-ing, But the hare a-way is tear - ing,

all is dark; Lit - tle dove her young is tend- ing; Where no hun-ter's foot is wend -ing,



NO. 43. MAY DAY.

MÜLLER, arr. by NOVELLO.



NO. 39. THE EVENING STAR.

CHARLES BALL.

Andante. *p* *sf* *dim.*

1. Bright star of eve, so soft - ly beam - ing, Spread-ing beau - ty far and
2. As now thy light is slow - ly wan - ing On the hushed and wave - less

cres. *f*

near, Thou sett'st this lone heart fond - ly dream - ing Of
sea, And Heav'n -born peace is sweet - ly reign - ing O'er

calando. *pp a tempo.* *sf* *p*

realms be - yond thy sun- lit sphere; Of realms with light and radiance shin - ing, Where
mountain, for - est, vale and lea! I fond - ly hope when Death, descend-ing, Shall

pp

cres. *f* *p* *sf* *p*

care - worn spir-its sink to rest: As wea- ried dove, when sun's de- clin - ing, Flies
ope for me its por - tal drear, That thy loved ray, the darkness rend - ing, May

cres. *f* *calando.*

joy - ous to its moth-er's nest, Flies joy - ous to its mother's nest.
point my Heav'nward pathway clear— May point my Heav'nward pathway clear.

No. 40. Return, O Brooklet.

F. Blangini, arr.

Allegretto.

1st & 2nd Soprano.

p

Re - turn, re - turn, O brook - let, Send us thy stream's soft

Alto.

p

cres.

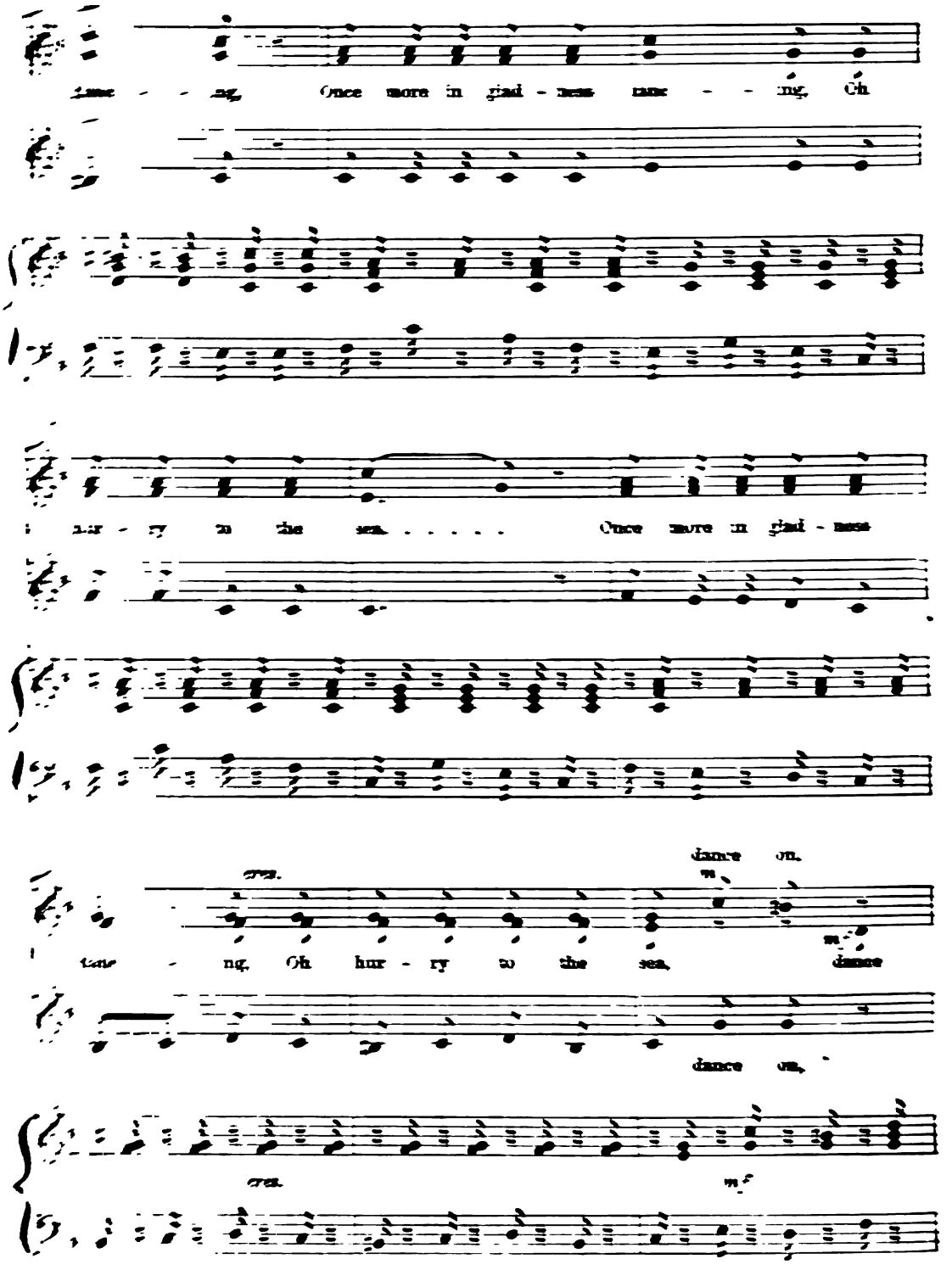
flow - ing; The south - wind, gen - tly blow - ing, Bids ice and snow de -

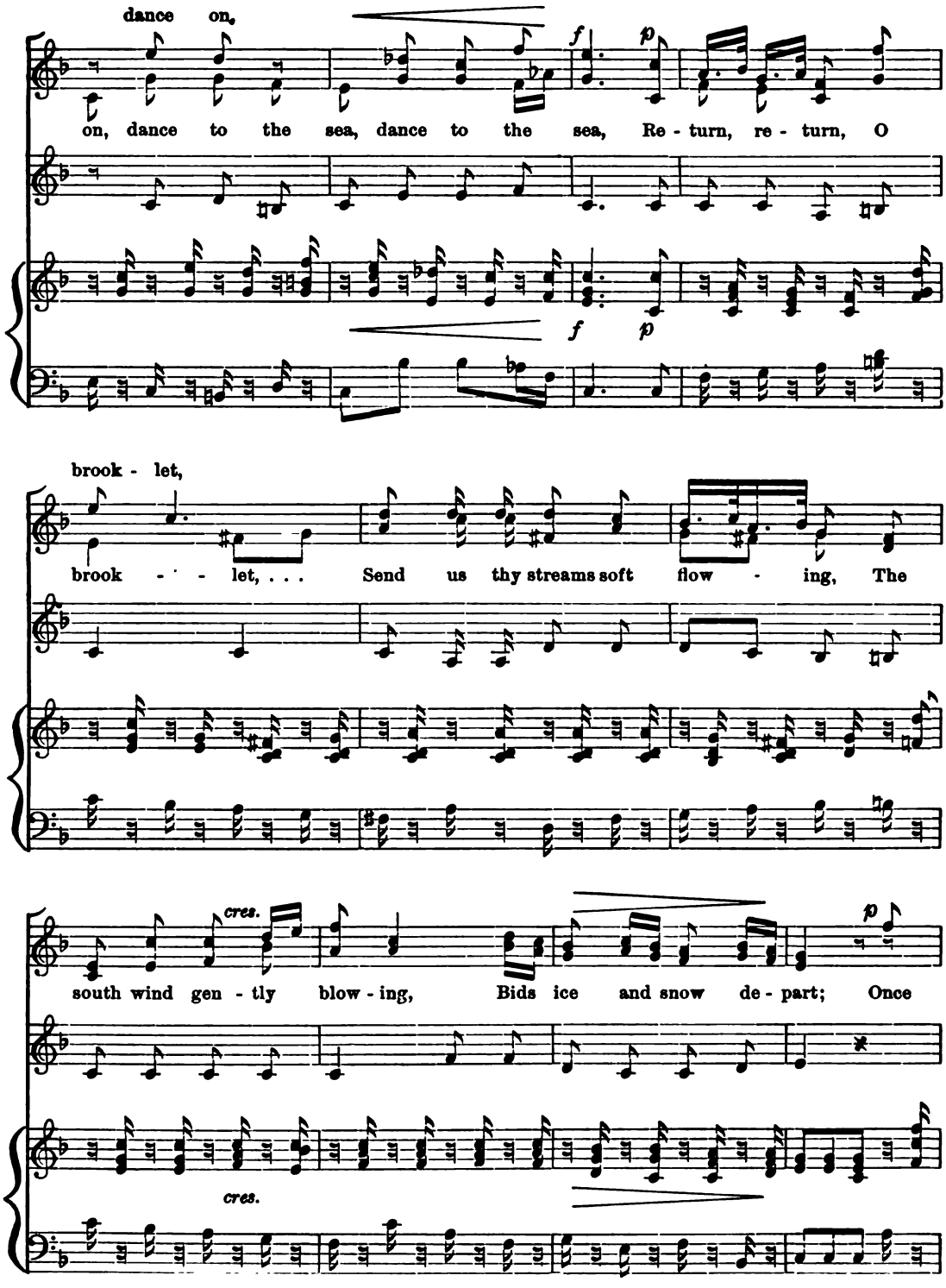
cres.

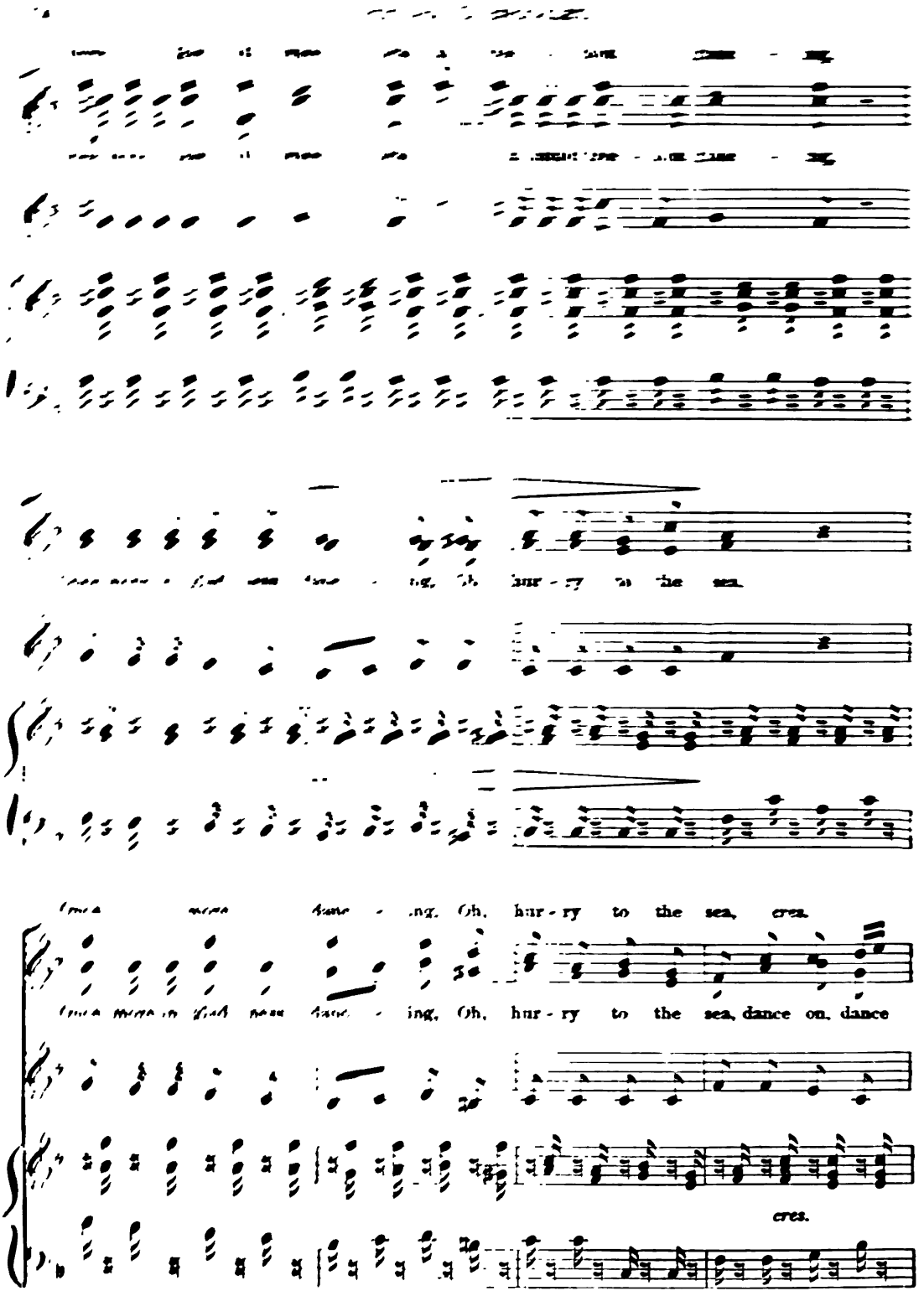
p

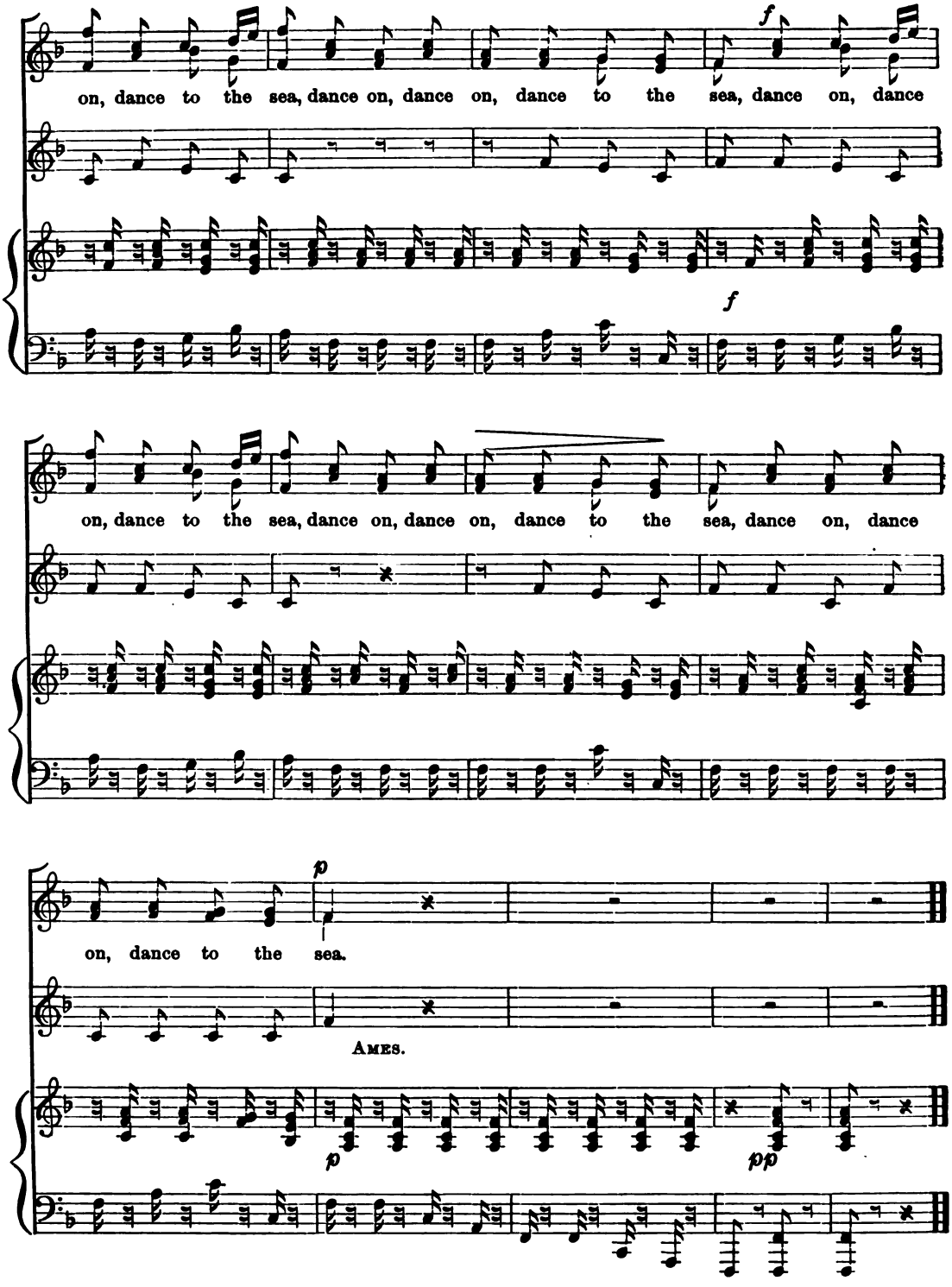
part: Once more, O play - ful wave - lets, In lim - pid free - dom

p


tan - - - ng, Once more in glad - ness tan - - - ng, Oh
hur - ry to the sea. . . . . Once more in glad - ness
tan - ng, Oh hur - ry to the sea, dance on, dance
dance on,


dance on,
on, dance to the sea, dance to the sea, Re - turn, re - turn, O
f
p
f
p
brook - let,
brook - - let, . . . Send us thy streams soft flow - ing, The
cres.
south wind gen - tly blow - ing, Bids ice and snow de - part; Once
p
cres.


hur - ry to the sea.
ing, Oh, hur - ry to the sea, cres.
ing, Oh, hur - ry to the sea, dance on, dance
cres.


on, dance to the sea, dance on, dance on, dance to the sea, dance on, dance
f
f
on, dance to the sea, dance on, dance on, dance to the sea, dance on, dance
p
on, dance to the sea.
AMES.
p
pp

No. 41. The First Day of Spring.

Andante sostenuto. — Mendelssohn, arr.

1st & 2nd Soprano.

O soft and balm - y wind! *f Più animato.* All na - ture re - viv - ing,

Alto.

O soft and balm - y wind!

Bass.

f All na - ture re - viv - ing Sweet Spring ar - riv - ing, *sf* *p* Soon vi - o - lets we may

All na - ture re - viv - ing Sweet Spring ar - riv - ing, Soon vi - o - lets we may

f *sf* *p*

find, . . Soon vi - o - lets we may find, *p* soon, *f* soon,

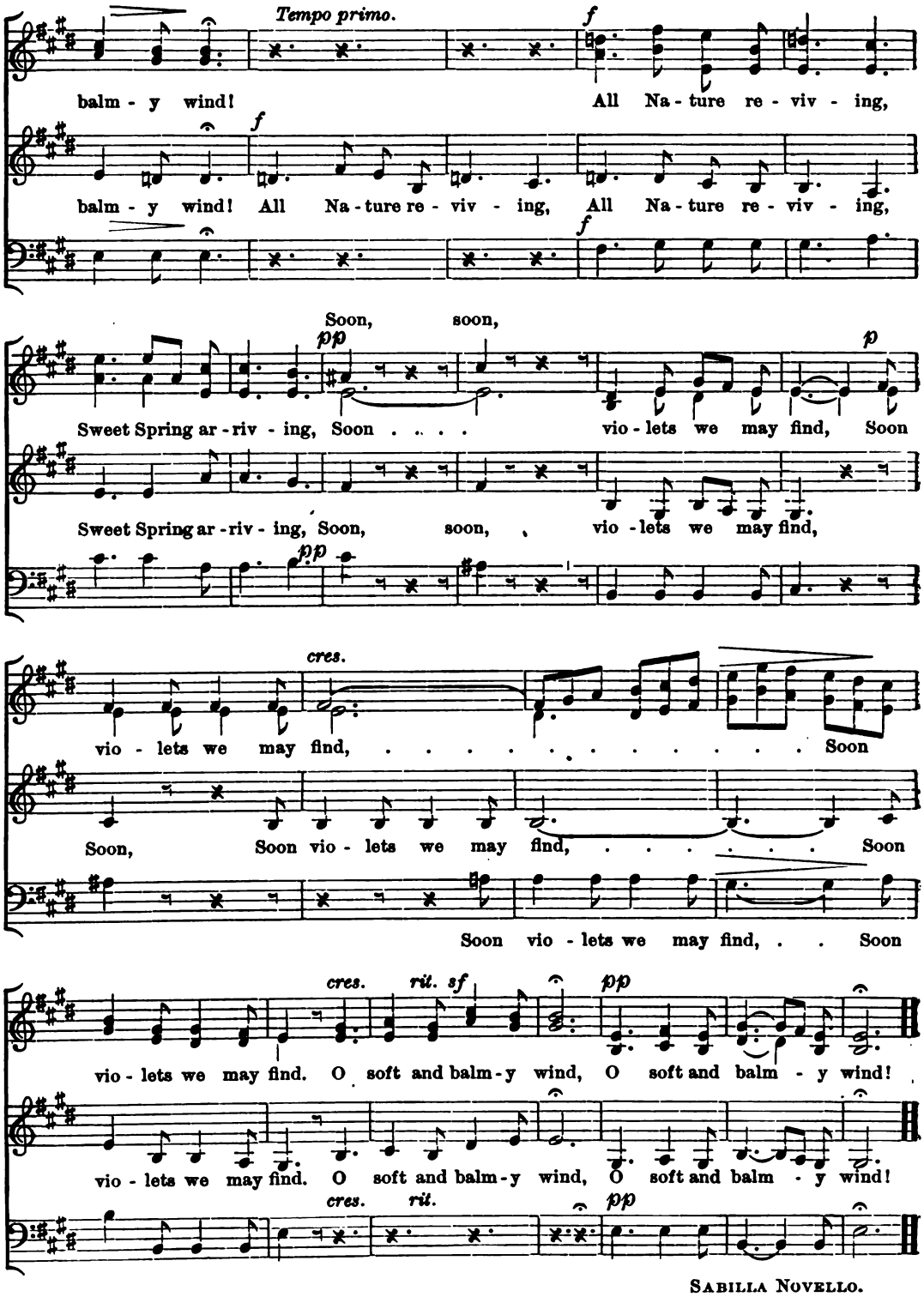
find, Soon vi - o - lets we may find, ...

find, Soon vi - o - lets we may find, *f* soon, soon,

vio - lets we may find. *p* *ritard* O soft and balm - y wind, *f* O soft and

vio - lets we may find. O soft and balm - y wind, O soft and

p *ritard.* *f*



SABILLA NOVELLO.

CRADLE SONG.

W. TAUBERT.

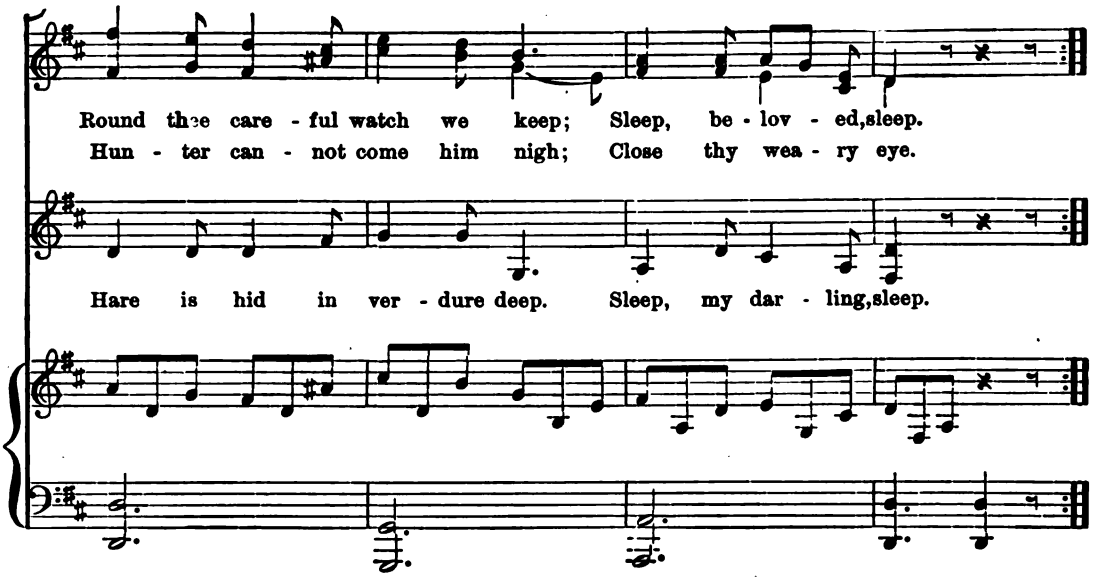
1. Sleep, be - low - ed, sleep;
2. Close thy wan - ry eye;
3. Sleep till morn a - rise

[illegible] watch we keep; Lis - ten how the rain doth fall. How the neighbor's
[illegible] tle by; Hare doth lift a list - ning ear, As the hun-ter's

[illegible] a - zure sky; Watch-dog now hath ceas'd to bark; Beg- gar hides where

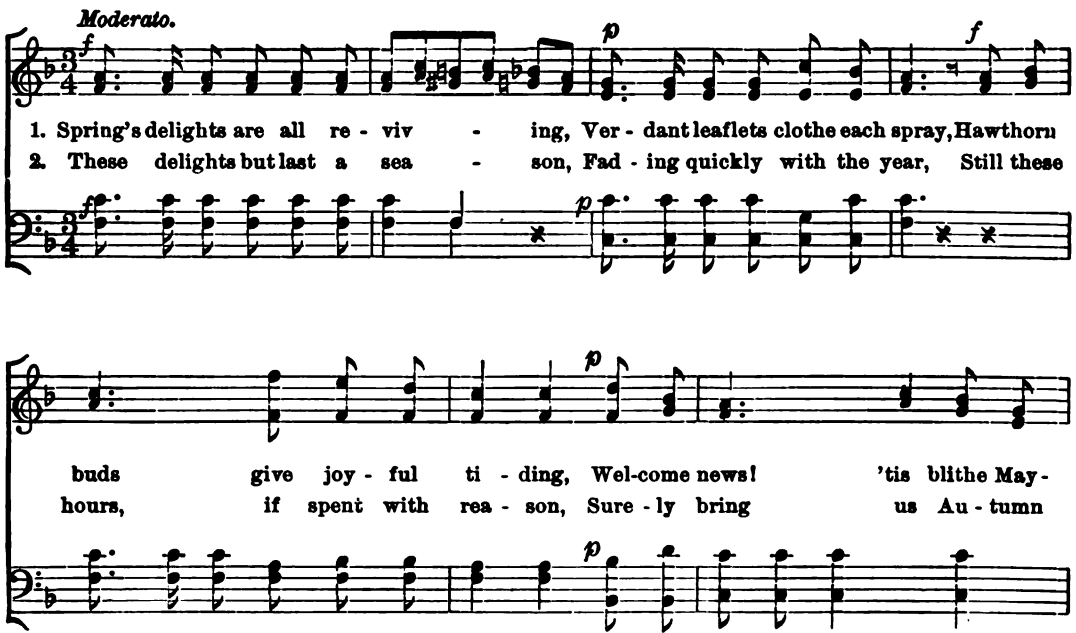
dog doth call; He hath bit - ten some one straying. That's the cause of all this bay - ing,
foot draws near; Coat of green is hun - ter wear-ing. But the hare a-way is tear - ing,

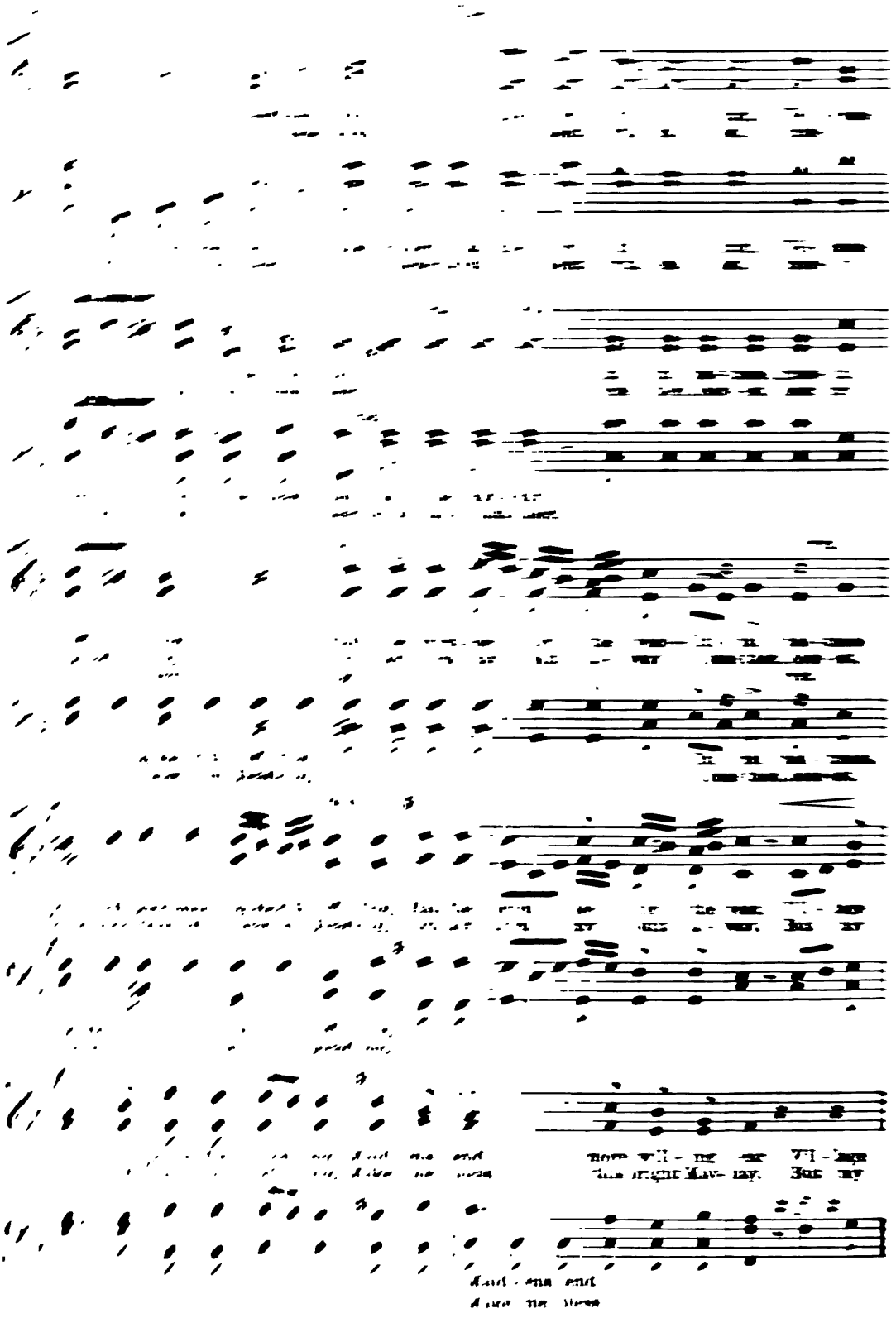
[illegible] is dark; Lit - tle dove her young is tend- ing; Where no hun-ter's foot is wend -ing,



NO. 43. MAY DAY.

MÜLLER, arr. by NOVELLO.





Maid - ens, maid - ens
Make me, make me

dolce. *mf* *pp*

Maidens lend more wil- ling ear, Vil - lage swains their
Make me bless their bright May-day, But my hon - est

dolce. *pp*

swains their pains dis - clos - ing, Maid-ens lend more will - ing ear,
hon - est heart re - ceiv- ing, Make me bless this bright May-day,
lend . . . . more will - - - ing ear.
bless . . . . this bright May - day.

pains dis - clos - ing, Maid-ens, maid-ens lend more will-ing ear. Vil - lage swains their pains dis-
heart re - ceiv - ing Make me, make me bless this bright May-day. But my hon - est heart re -

f

Maid - ens, maid - ens
Make me, make - me

dolce. *pp*

Maid - ens lend more will - ing ear, Vil - lage swains their
Make me bless this bright May - day, But my hon - est

pp *dolce.*

clos - ing, Maid - ens lend more will - ing ear,
ceiv - ing, Make me bless this bright May - day,
lend . . . . more will - - - ing ear.
bless . . . . this bright May - day.

pains dis - clos - ing, Maid-ens, maid - ens lend more will - ing ear. Maid - ens
heart re - ceiv - ing, Make me, make me bless this bright May - day. Make me

cres. *cres.* *f*

lend more will - ing ear, Maid - ens lend more will - ing ear.
bless this bright May- day, Make me bless this bright May - day.

cres. *cres.* *f*

Maid - ens lend more will - ing ear. Maid - ens lend more will - ing ear.
Make me bless this bright May - day, Make me bless this bright May- day.

No. 44. LO, MORN IS BREAKING.

CANON. CHERUBINI.

Sostenuto.

1st Voice.

Lo, morn is break - ing! Slow - ly a - wak - ing,

Night's veil di - vid - ing, O'er o - cean glid - ing, Steals the first

light of the new com - ing day. Lo, morn is break - ing! Slow - ly a -

2nd Voice.

Lo, morn is break - ing!

wak - ing, a - wak - ing, Night's veil di - vid - ing, O'er o - cean

Slow - ly a - wak - ing, Night's veil di - vid - ing, O'er o - cean

glid - ing, Steals the first light of the new com - ing day.

glid - ing, Steals the first light of the new com - ing day. Lo, morn is

Lo, morn is break - ing! Slow - ly a - wak - ing,

break - ing, Slow - ly a - wak - ing, a - wak - ing, Night's veil di -

3RD VOICE.

Lo, morn is break - ing! Slow - ly a - wak - ing. Night's veil di -

No. 41. The First Day of Spring.

Andante sostenuto. — Mendelssohn, arr.

1st & 2nd Soprano.

O soft and balm - y wind! *f Piu animato.* All na - ture re - viv - ing,

Alto.

O soft and balm - y wind!

Bass.

f All na - ture re - viv - ing Sweet Spring ar - riv - ing, *sf* *p* Soon vi - o - lets we may

All na - ture re - viv - ing Sweet Spring ar - riv - ing, Soon vi - o - lets we may

f *sf* *p*

find, . . Soon vi - o - lets we may find, *p* soon, *f* soon,

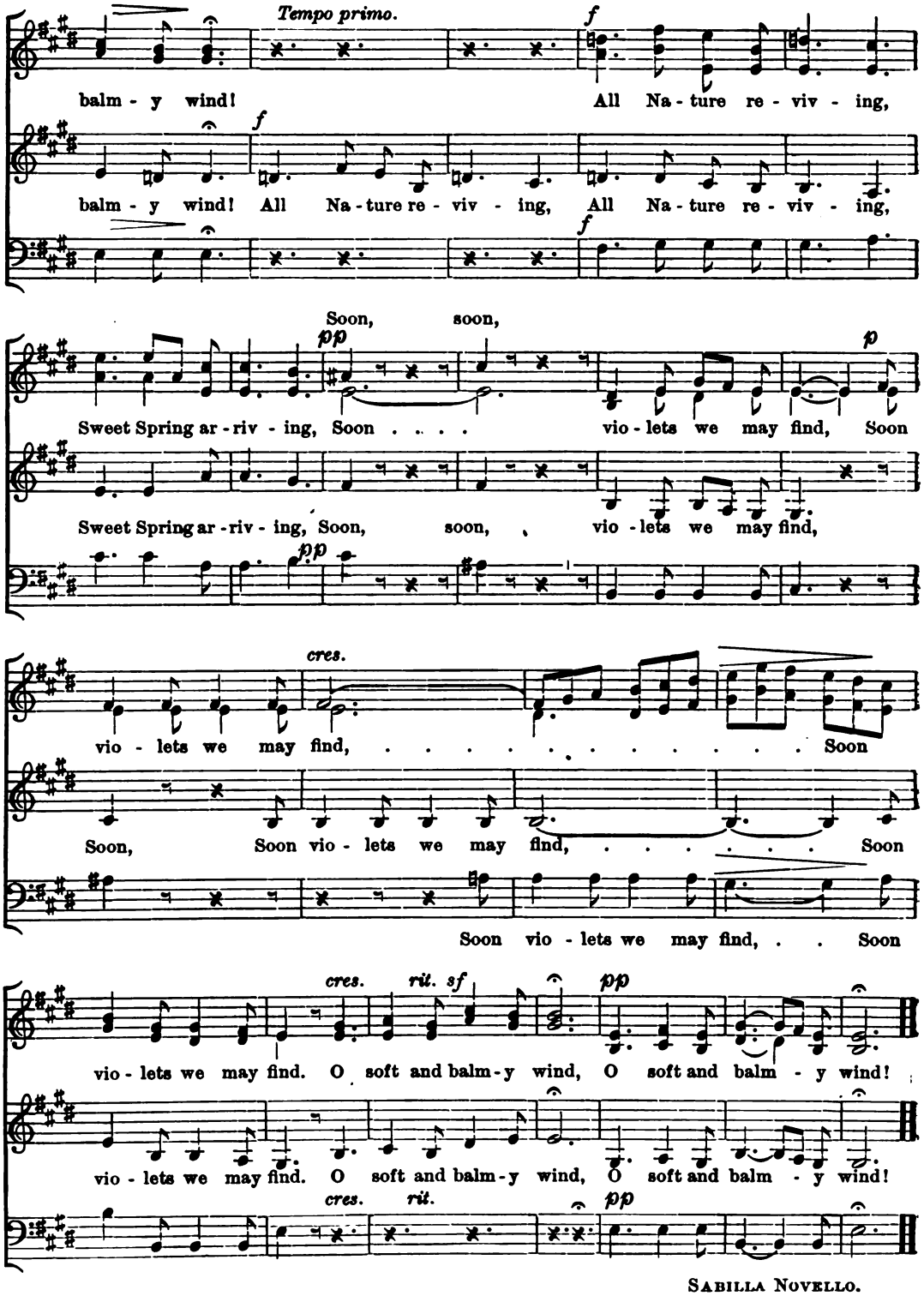
find, Soon vi - o - lets we may find, ...

find, Soon vi - o - lets we may find, *f* soon, soon,

vio - lets we may find. *p* *ritard* O soft and balm - y wind, *f* O soft and

vio - lets we may find. O soft and balm - y wind, O soft and

p *ritard.* *f*



SABILLA NOVELLO.

No. 42. CRADLE SONG.

W. Taubert.

Andantino, con moto.

1st & 2nd Sop.

1. Sleep, be - lov - ed, sleep;
2. Close thy wea - ry eye;

Alto.

3. Sleep till morn a - rise

sempre p

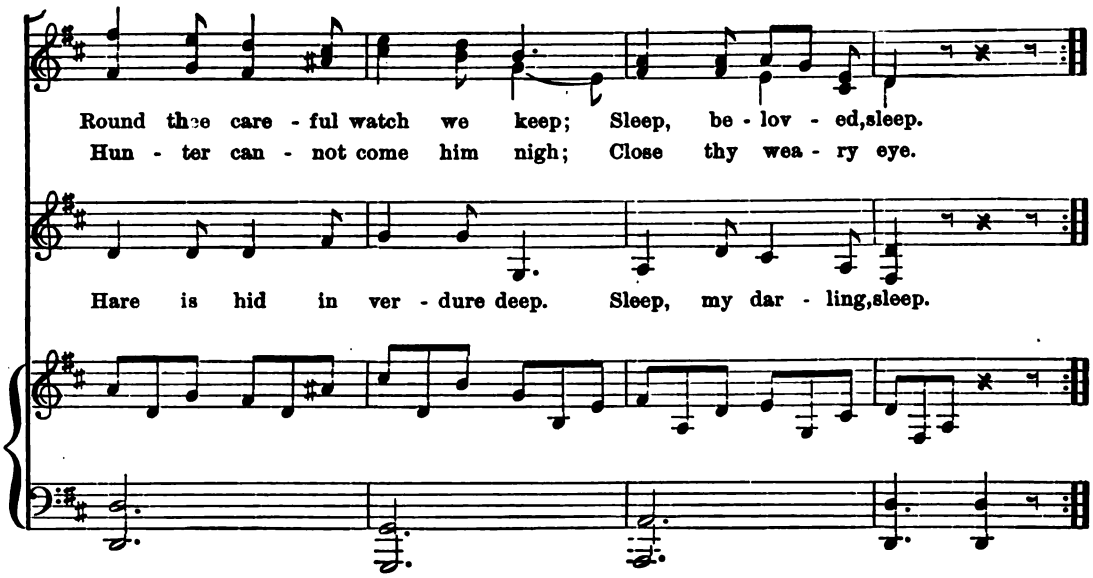
Accmp't.

Round thee watch we keep; Lis - ten how the rain doth fall, How the neighbor's
Wind doth rus - tle by; Hare doth lift a list -'ning ear, As the hun-ter's

In you a - zure sky; Watch-dog now hath ceas'd to bark; Beg- gar hides where

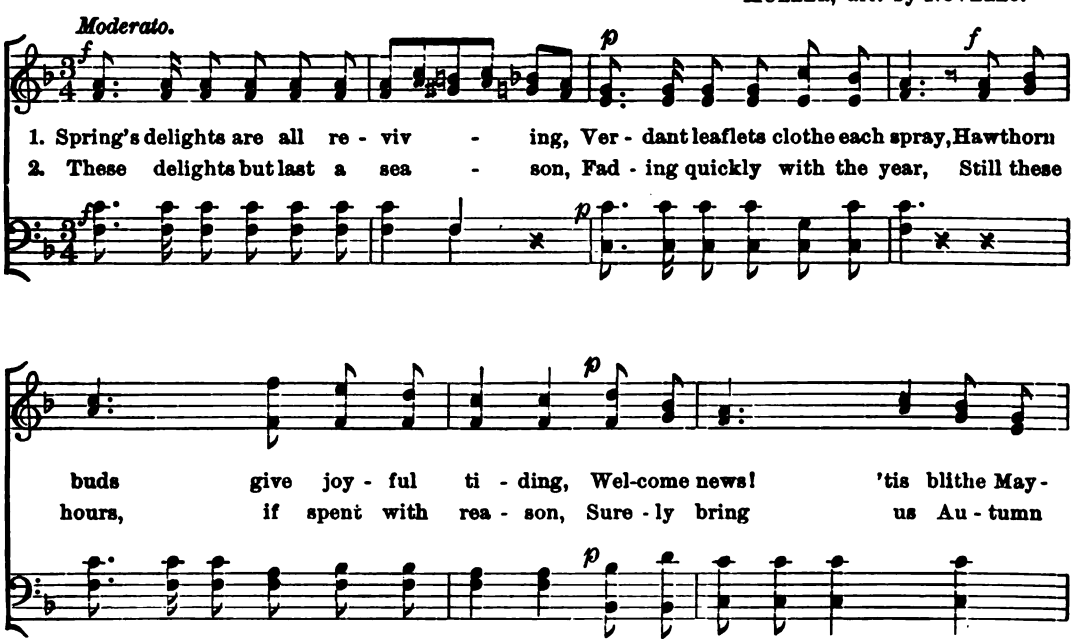
dog doth call; He hath bit - ten some one straying, That's the cause of all this bay - ing,
foot draws near; Coat of green is hun - ter wear-ing, But the hare a-way is tear - ing,

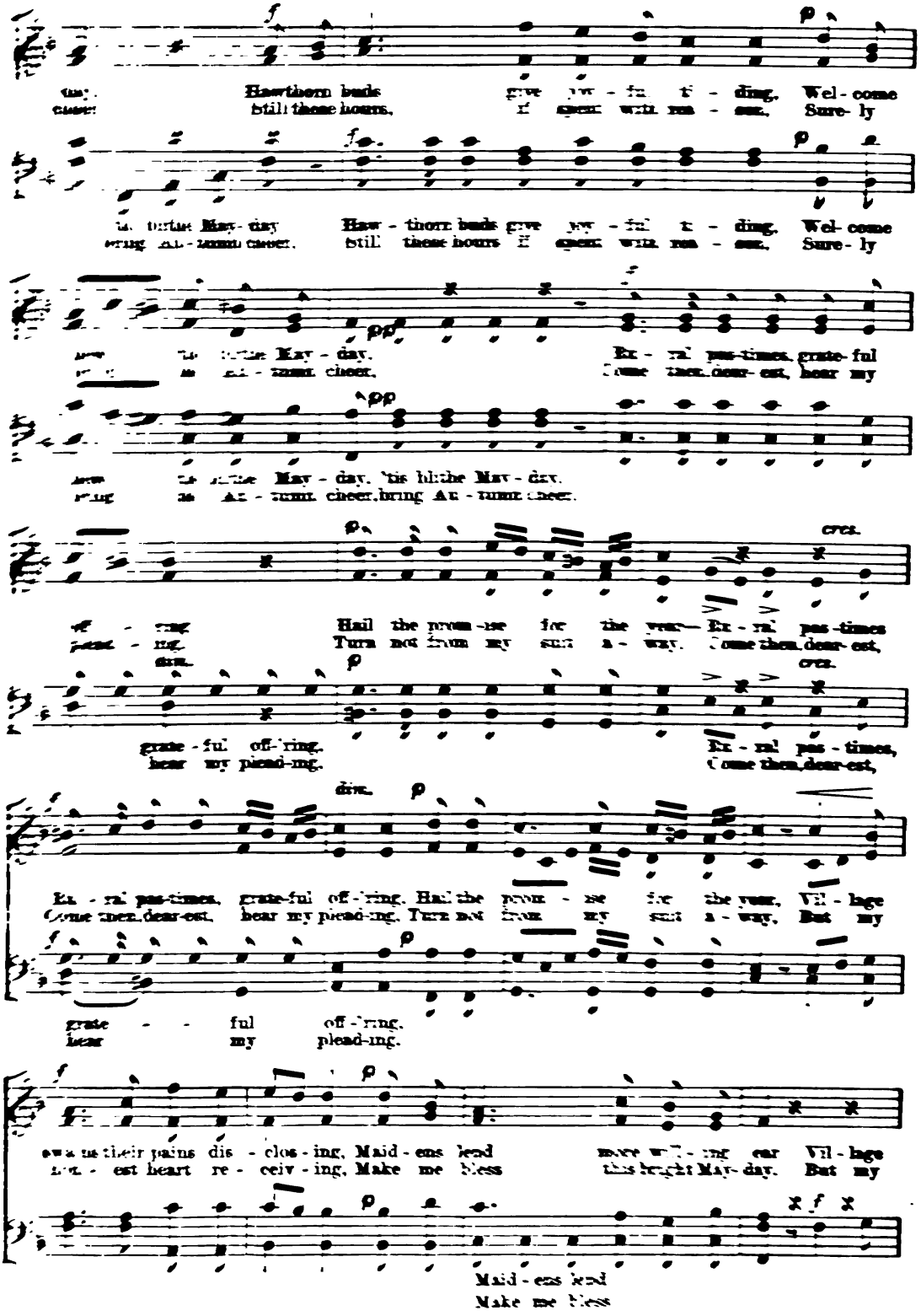
all is dark; Lit - tle dove her young is tend- ing; Where no hun-ter's foot is wend -ing,



NO. 43. MAY DAY.

MÜLLER, arr. by NOVELLO.




Hawthorn buds give joy - ful tid - ding, Wel - come
still these hours, if spent with rea - son, Sure - ly
Haw - thorn buds give joy - ful tid - ding, Wel - come
still these hours if spent with rea - son, Sure - ly
May - day.
May - day.
Ex - ral pas-times, grate - ful
Come them, dear - est, hear my
May - day. 'tis blithe May - day.
cheer, bring An - tumn cheer.
cres.
Hail the prom - ise for the year— Ex - ral pas - times
Turn not from my suit a - way. Come them, dear - est,
grate - ful off - ring.
hear my plead - ing.
Ex - ral pas - times,
Come them, dear - est,
dim.
Ex - ral pas-times, grate-ful off - ring. Hail the prom - ise for the year, Vil - lage
Come them, dear-est, hear my plead-ing. Turn not from my suit a - way, But my
grate - ful off - ring.
hear my plead - ing.
swa on their pains dis - clos - ing, Maid - ens lead more will - ing ear Vil - lage
ent - est heart re - ceiv - ing, Make me bless this bright May - day. But my
Maid - ens lead
Make me bless

Maid - ens, maid - ens
Make me, make me

dolce. *mf* *pp*

Maidens lend more wil- ling ear, Vil - lage swains their
Make me bless their bright May-day, But my hon - est

dolce. *pp*

swains their pains dis - clos - ing, Maid-ens lend more will - ing ear,
hon - est heart re - ceiv- ing, Make me bless this bright May-day,
lend . . . . more will - - - ing ear.
bless . . . this bright May - day.

pains dis - clos - ing, Maid-ens, maid-ens lend more will-ing ear. Vil - lage swains their pains dis-
heart re - ceiv - ing Make me, make me bless this bright May-day. But my hon - est heart re -

f

Maid - ens, maid - ens
Make me, make - me

dolce. *pp*

Maid - ens lend more will - ing ear, Vil - lage swains their
Make me bless this bright May - day, But my hon - est

pp

dolce.

clos - ing, Maid - ens lend more will - ing ear,
ceiv - ing, Make me bless this bright May - day,
lend . . . . more will - - - ing ear.
bless . . . . this bright May - day.

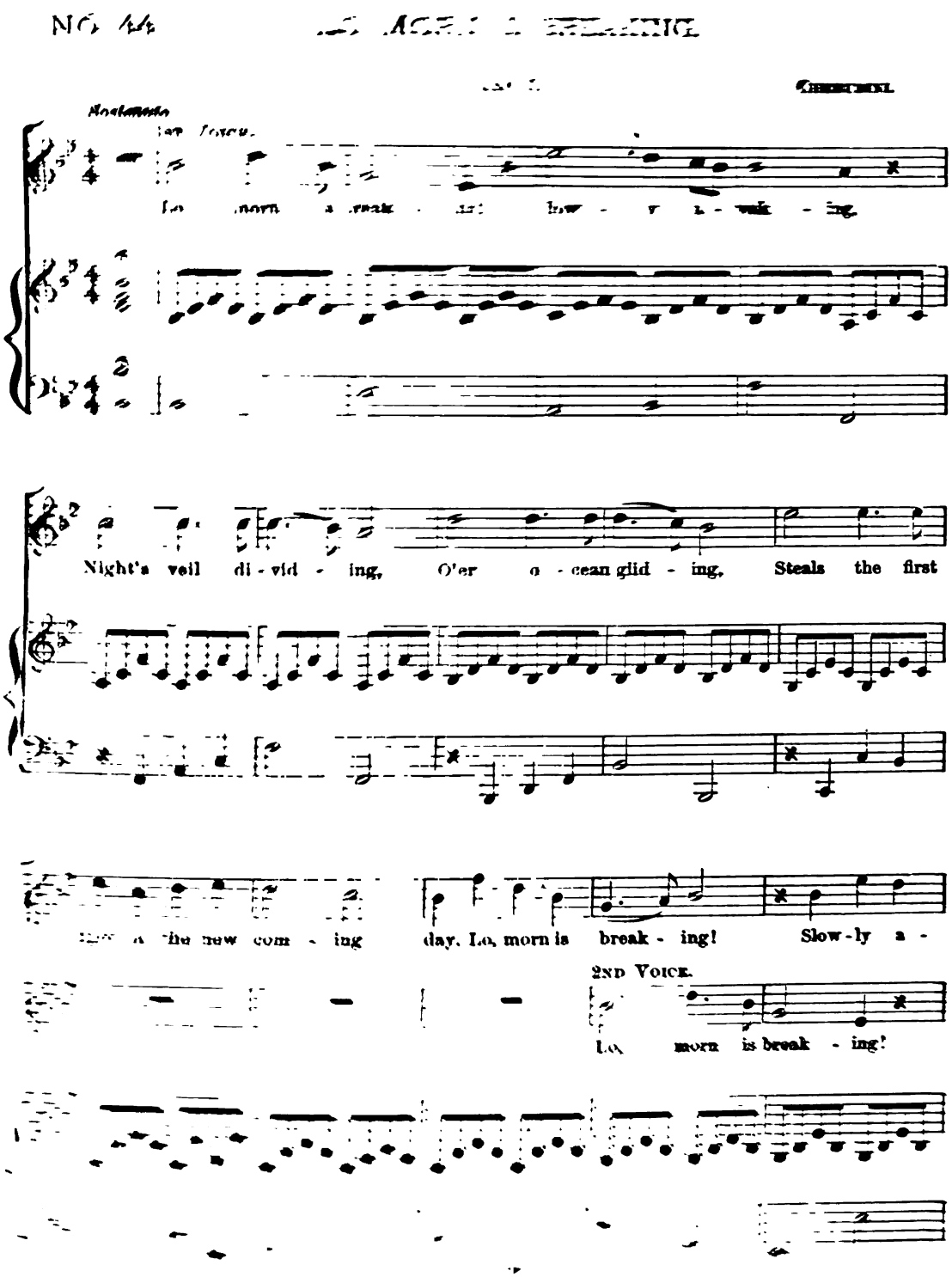
pains dis - clos - ing, Maid-ens, maid - ens lend more will - ing ear. Maid - ens
heart re - ceiv - ing, Make me, make me bless this bright May - day. Make me

cres. *cres.* *f*

lend more will - ing ear, Maid - ens lend more will - ing ear.
bless this bright May- day, Make me bless this bright May - day.

cres. *cres.* *f*

Maid - ens lend more will - ing ear. Maid - ens lend more will - ing ear.
Make me bless this bright May - day, Make me bless this bright May- day.


Moderato
Night's veil di - vid - ing, O'er o - cean glid - ing, Steals the first
day. Lo, morn is break - ing! Slow - ly a -
2ND VOICE.
Lo, morn is break - ing!

wak - ing, a - wak - ing, Night's veil di - vid - ing, O'er o - cean

Slow - ly a - wak - ing, Night's veil di - vid - ing, O'er o - cean

glid - ing, Steals the first light of the new com - ing day.

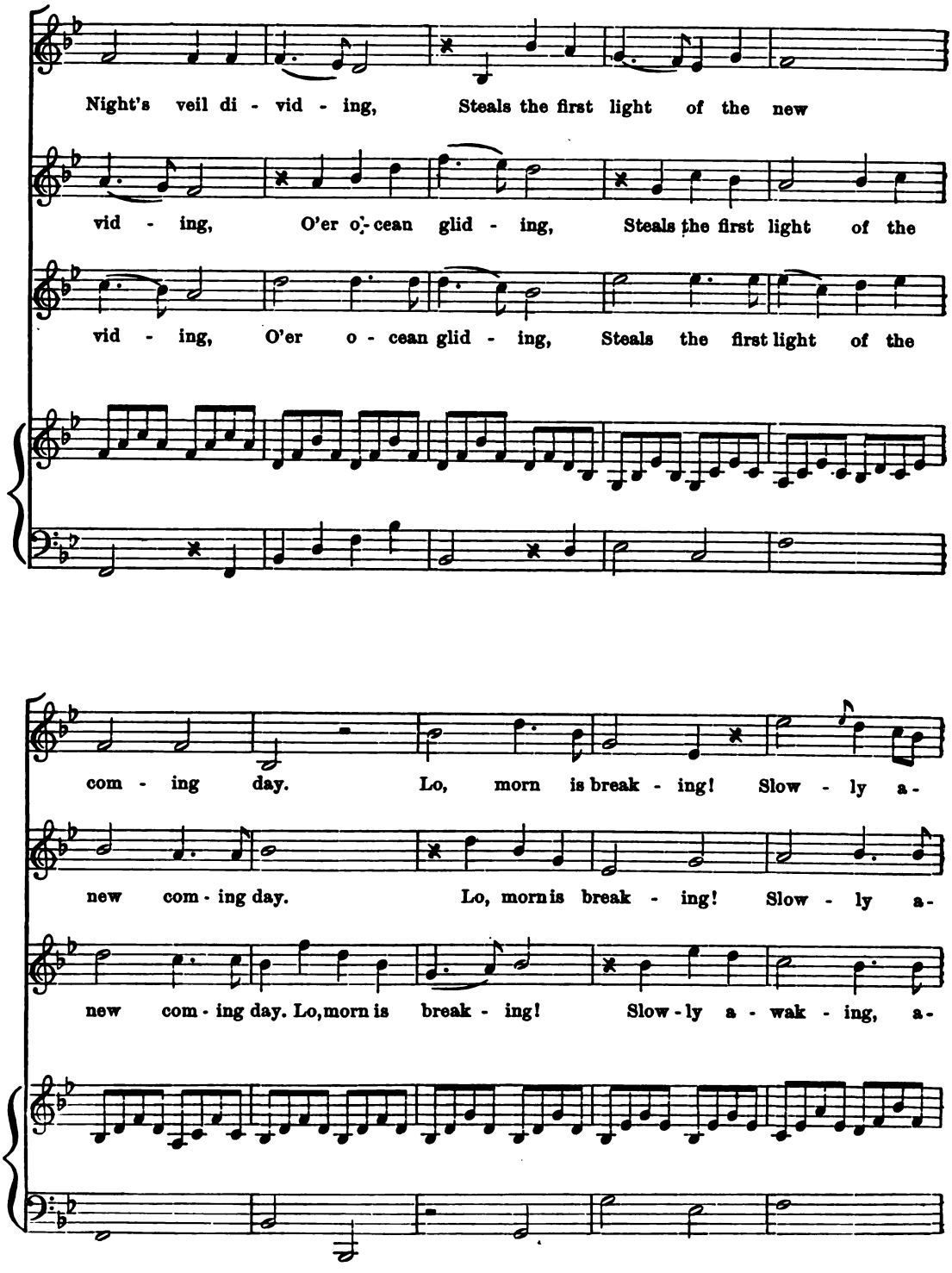
glid - ing, Steals the first light of the new com - ing day. Lo, morn is

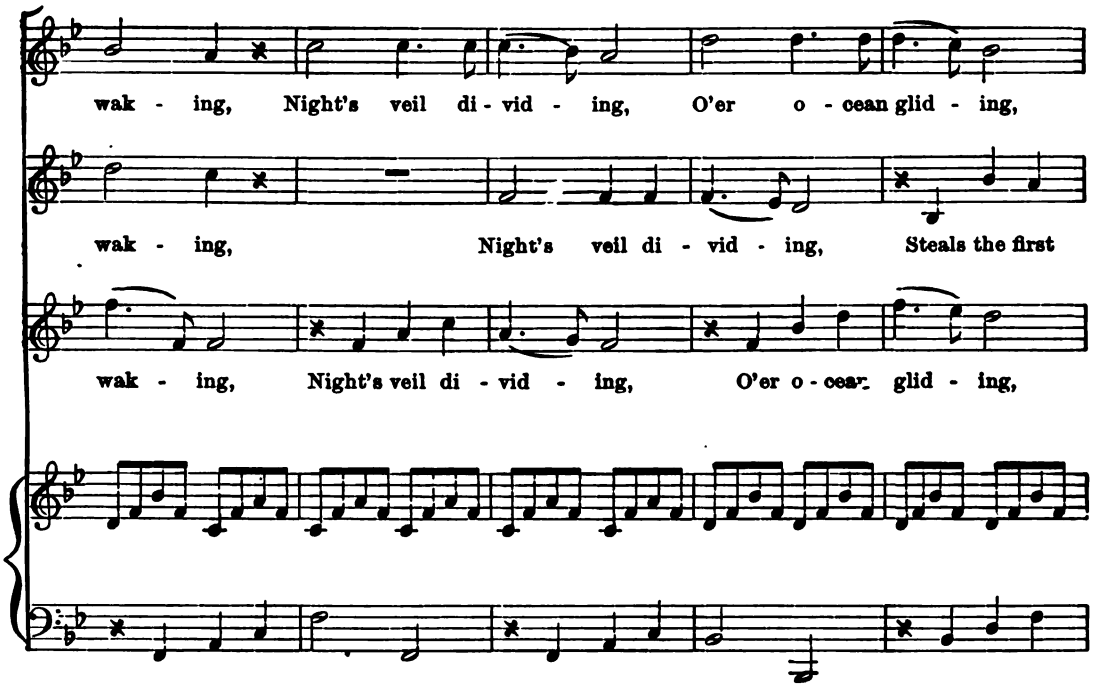
Lo, morn is break - ing! Slow - ly a - wak - ing,

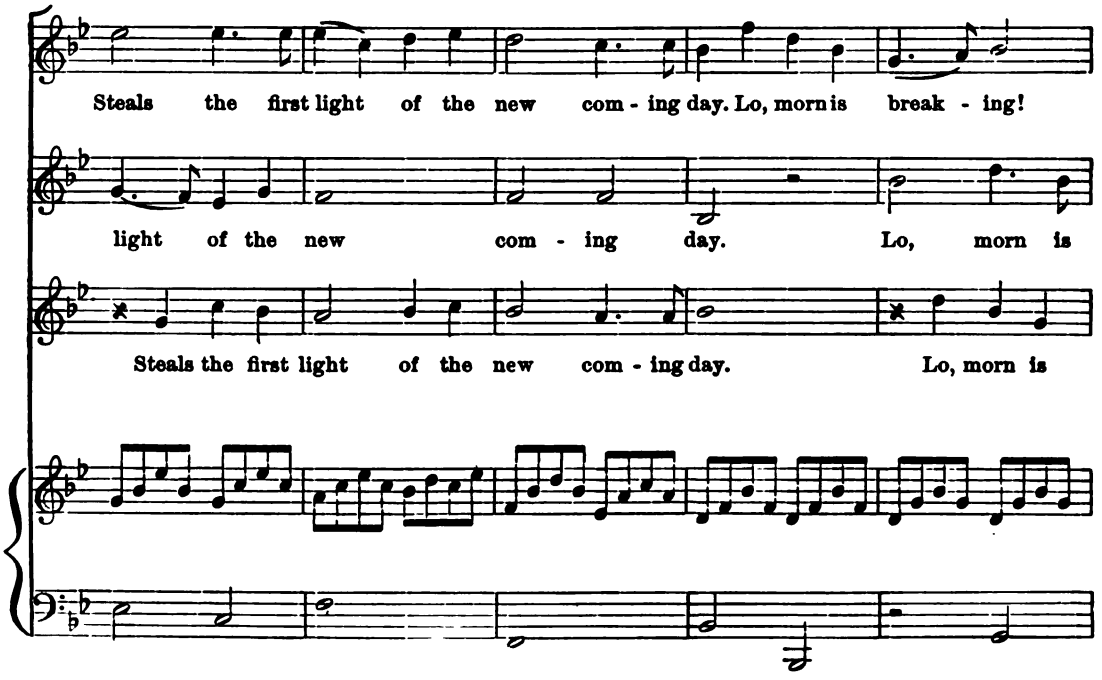
break - ing, Slow - ly a - wak - ing, a - wak - ing, Night's veil di -

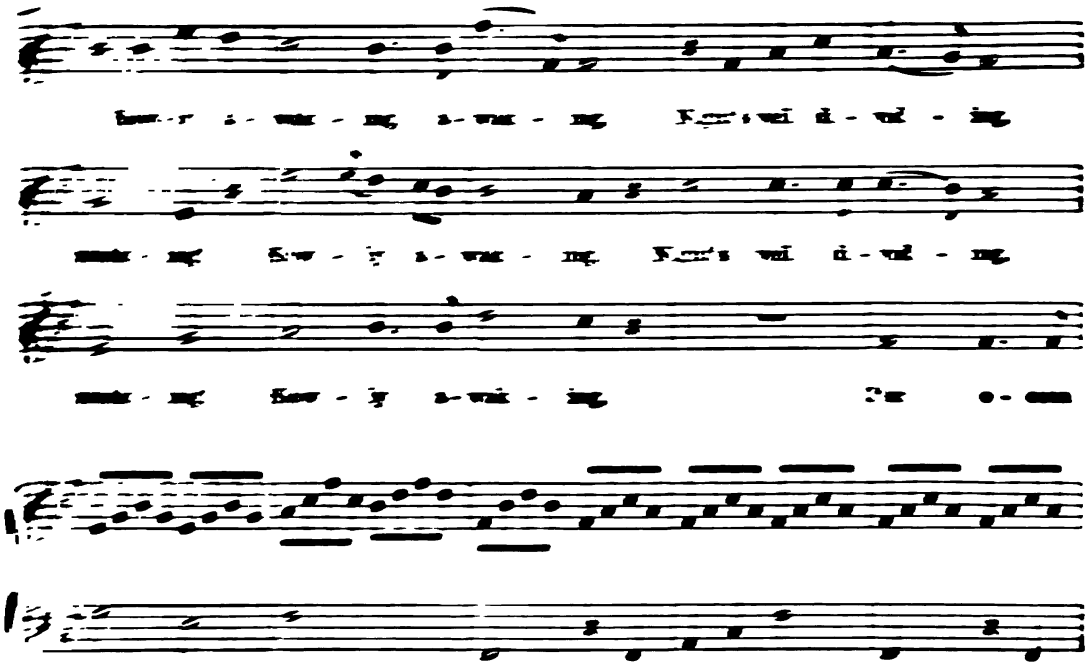
3RD VOICE.

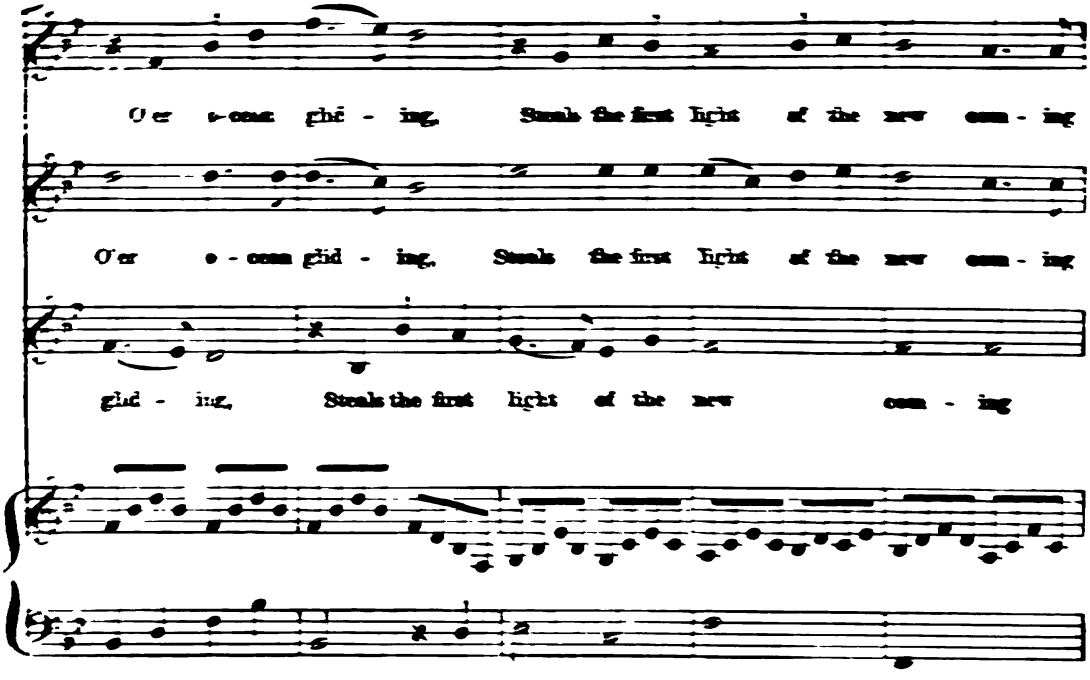
Lo, morn is break - ing! Slow - ly a - wak - ing. Night's veil di -

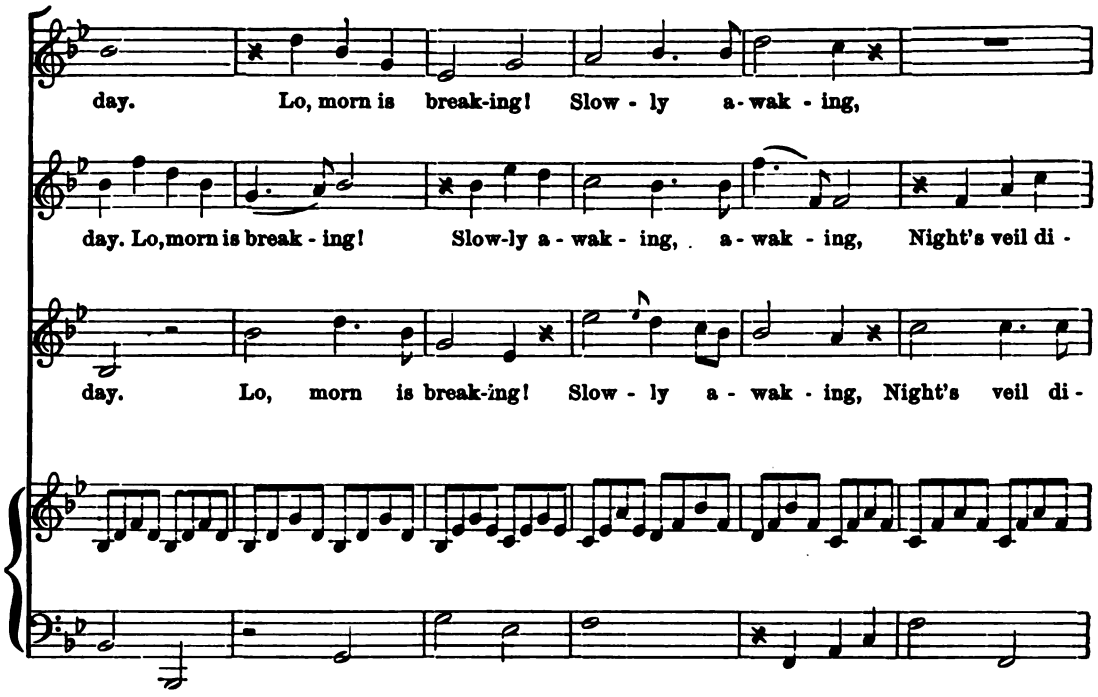

Night's veil di - vid - ing, Steals the first light of the new
vid - ing, O'er o - cean glid - ing, Steals the first light of the
vid - ing, O'er o - cean glid - ing, Steals the first light of the
com - ing day. Lo, morn is break - ing! Slow - ly a-
new com - ing day. Lo, morn is break - ing! Slow - ly a-
new com - ing day. Lo, morn is break - ing! Slow - ly a - wak - ing, a-

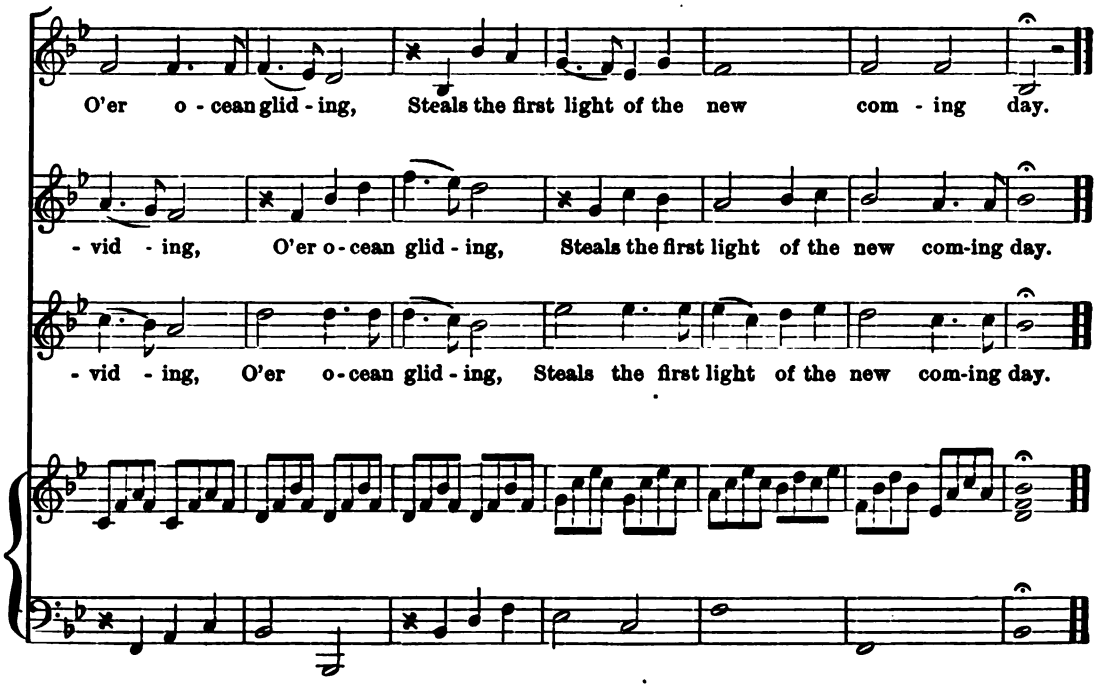

wak - ing, Night's veil di - vid - ing, O'er o - cean glid - ing,
wak - ing, Night's veil di - vid - ing, Steals the first
wak - ing, Night's veil di - vid - ing, O'er o - cean glid - ing,


Steals the first light of the new com - ing day. Lo, morn is break - ing!
light of the new com - ing day. Lo, morn is
Steals the first light of the new com - ing day. Lo, morn is


Now - ly a - wak - ing, Now's vei - il - ing,
mak - ing, Now - ly a - wak - ing, Now's vei - il - ing,
mak - ing, Now - ly a - wak - ing, O'er o - cean


O'er o - cean glid - ing, Steals the first light of the new com - ing
O'er o - cean glid - ing, Steals the first light of the new com - ing
glid - ing, Steals the first light of the new com - ing


day. Lo, morn is break-ing! Slow - ly a - wak - ing,
day. Lo, morn is break - ing! Slow-ly a - wak - ing, a - wak - ing, Night's veil di -
day. Lo, morn is break-ing! Slow - ly a - wak - ing, Night's veil di -


O'er o - cean glid - ing, Steals the first light of the new com - ing day.
- vid - ing, O'er o - cean glid - ing, Steals the first light of the new com-ing day.
- vid - ing, O'er o - cean glid - ing, Steals the first light of the new com-ing day.

No. 45. Oh, the flowery Month of June!

William Jackson, Masham.

p *cres.* *dim.*

mf Soprano.

1. Oh, the flow - 'ry month of June! A - gain I hail as Sum - mer's

1st & 2nd Alto.

2. Oh, the flow - 'ry month of June! My heart is bound - ing wild and

Tenor & Bass.

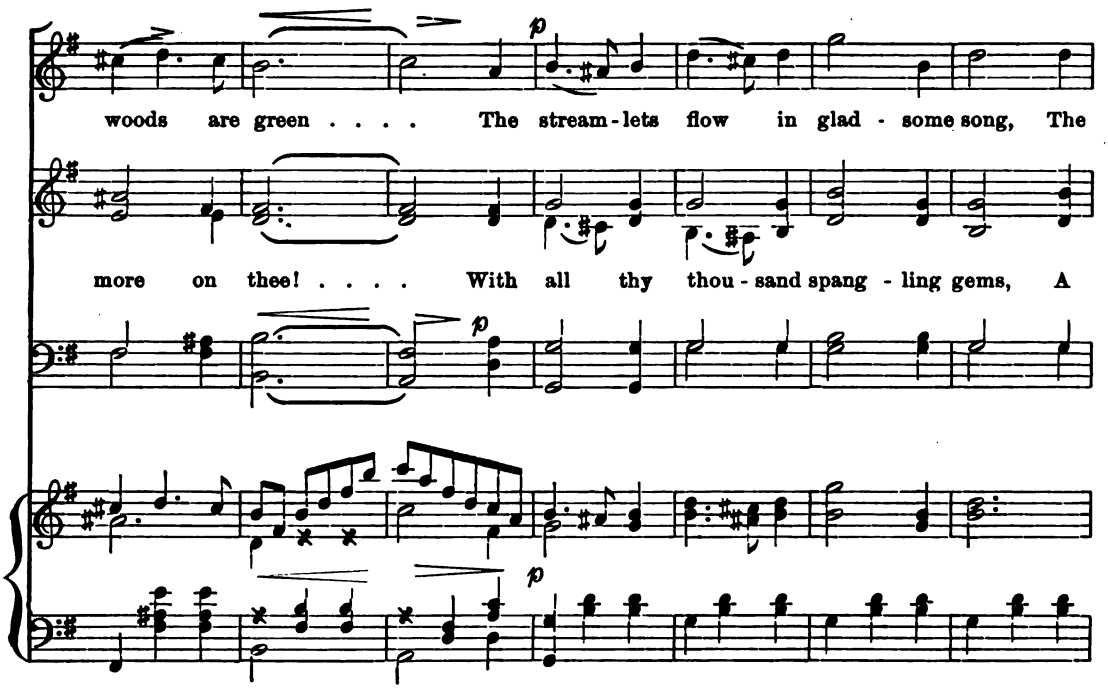
Accpt. *mf*

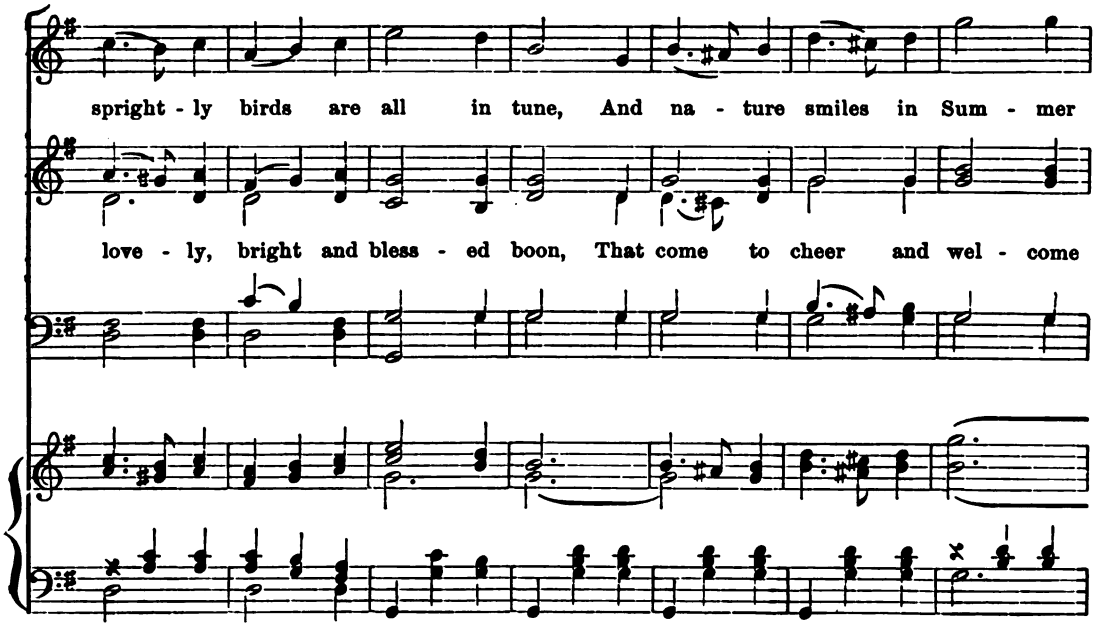
cres. *f* *dim.*

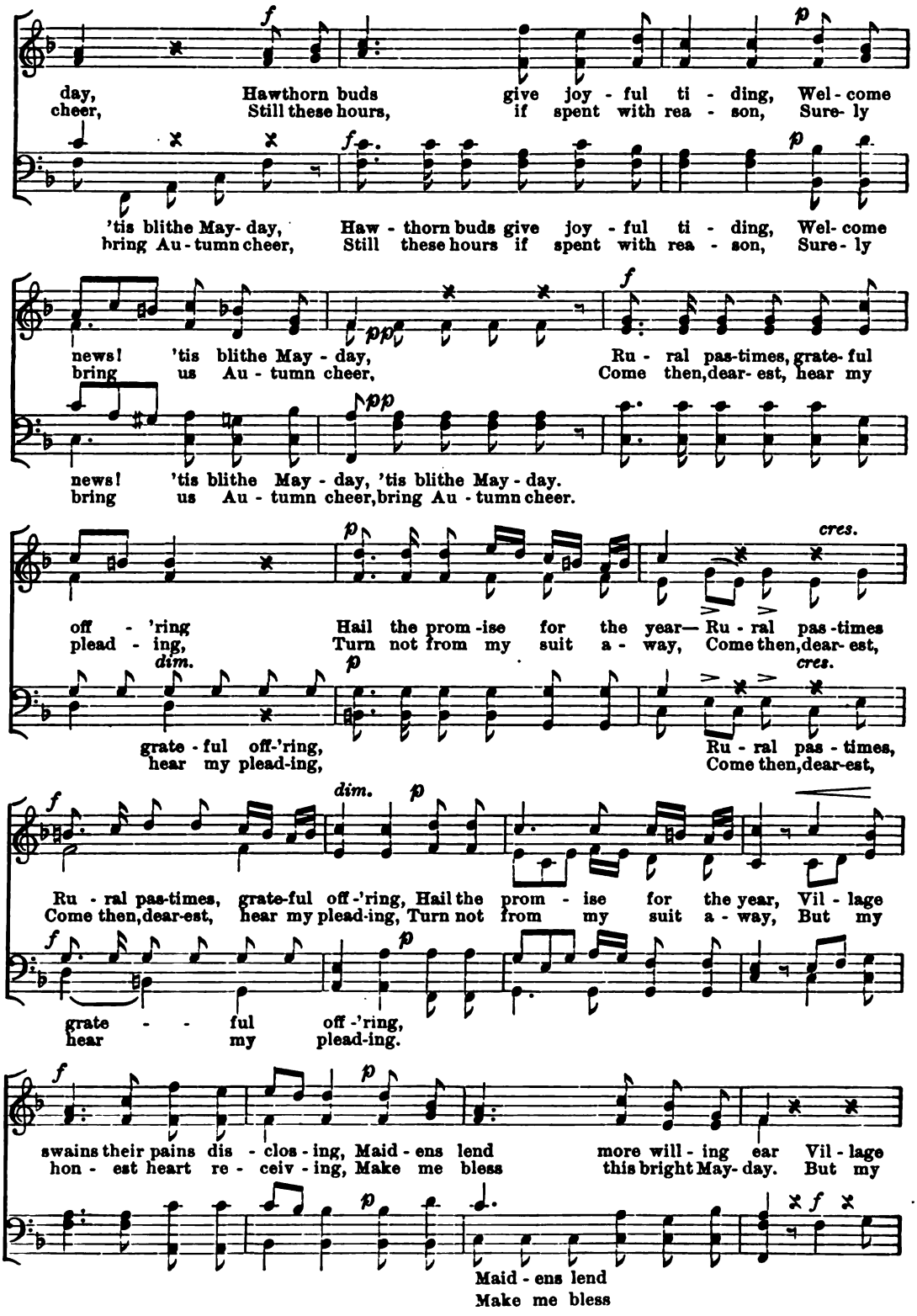
Queen; The hills and val - leys sing with joy, And all . . the

free, As with a fond and long - ing look, I gaze once

cres. *f* *dim.*


woods are green . . . . The stream-lets flow in glad - some song, The
more on thee! . . . . With all thy thou - sand spang - ling gems, A


spright - ly birds are all in tune, And na - ture smiles in Sum - mer
love - ly, bright and bless - ed boon, That come to cheer and wel - come


day, Hawthorn buds give joy - ful ti - ding, Wel - come
cheer, Still these hours, if spent with rea - son, Sure - ly
'tis blithe May - day, Haw - thorn buds give joy - ful ti - ding, Wel - come
bring Au - tumn cheer, Still these hours if spent with rea - son, Sure - ly
news! 'tis blithe May - day, Ru - ral pas-times, grate - ful
bring us Au - tumn cheer, Come then, dear - est, hear my
news! 'tis blithe May - day, 'tis blithe May - day.
bring us Au - tumn cheer, bring Au - tumn cheer.
off - 'ring Hail the prom - ise for the year— Ru - ral pas - times
plead - ing, Turn not from my suit a - way, Come then, dear - est,
grate - ful off-'ring, Ru - ral pas - times,
hear my plead-ing, Come then, dear-est,
Ru - ral pas-times, grate-ful off -'ring, Hail the prom - ise for the year, Vil - lage
Come then, dear-est, hear my plead-ing, Turn not from my suit a - way, But my
grate - - ful off -'ring,
hear my plead-ing.
swains their pains dis - clos - ing, Maid - ens lend more will - ing ear Vil - lage
hon - est heart re - ceiv - ing, Make me bless this bright May - day. But my
Maid - ens lend
Make me bless

Maid - ens, maid - ens
Make me, make me

dolce. *mf* *pp*

Maidens lend more wil- ling ear, Vil - lage swains their
Make me bless their bright May-day, But my hon - est

dolce. *pp*

swains their pains dis - clos - ing, Maid-ens lend more will - ing ear,
hon - est heart re - ceiv- ing, Make me bless this bright May-day,
lend . . . . more will - - - ing ear.
bless . . . . this bright May - day.

pains dis - clos - ing, Maid-ens, maid-ens lend more will-ing ear. Vil - lage swains their pains dis-
heart re - ceiv - ing Make me, make me bless this bright May-day. But my hon - est heart re -

f

Maid - ens, maid - ens
Make me, make - me

dolce. *pp*

Maid - ens lend more will - ing ear, Vil - lage swains their
Make me bless this bright May - day, But my hon - est

pp

clos - ing, Maid - ens lend more will - ing ear,
ceiv - ing, Make me bless this bright May - day,
lend . . . . more will - - - ing ear.
bless . . . . this bright May - day.

pains dis - clos - ing, Maid-ens, maid - ens lend more will - ing ear. Maid - ens
heart re - ceiv - ing, Make me, make me bless this bright May - day. Make me

cres. *cres.* *f*

lend more will - ing ear, Maid - ens lend more will - ing ear.
bless this bright May- day, Make me bless this bright May - day.

cres. *cres.* *f*

Maid - ens lend more will - ing ear. Maid - ens lend more will - ing ear.
Make me bless this bright May - day, Make me bless this bright May- day.

NO. 44. LO, MORN IS BREAKING.

CANON. CHERUBINI.

Sostenuto.

1ST VOICE.

Lo, morn is break - ing! Slow - ly a - wak - ing,

Night's veil di - vid - ing, O'er o - cean glid - ing, Steals the first

light of the new com - ing day. Lo, morn is break - ing! Slow - ly a -

2ND VOICE.

Lo, morn is break - ing!

wak - ing, a - wak - ing, Night's veil di - vid - ing, O'er o - cean

Slow - ly a - wak - ing, Night's veil di - vid - ing, O'er o - cean

glid - ing, Steals the first light of the new com - ing day.

glid - ing, Steals the first light of the new com - ing day. Lo, morn is

Lo, morn is break - ing! Slow - ly a - wak - ing,

break - ing, Slow - ly a - wak - ing, a - wak - ing, Night's veil di -

3RD VOICE.

Lo, morn is break - ing! Slow - ly a - wak - ing. Night's veil di -

Night's veil di - vid - ing, Steals the first light of the new

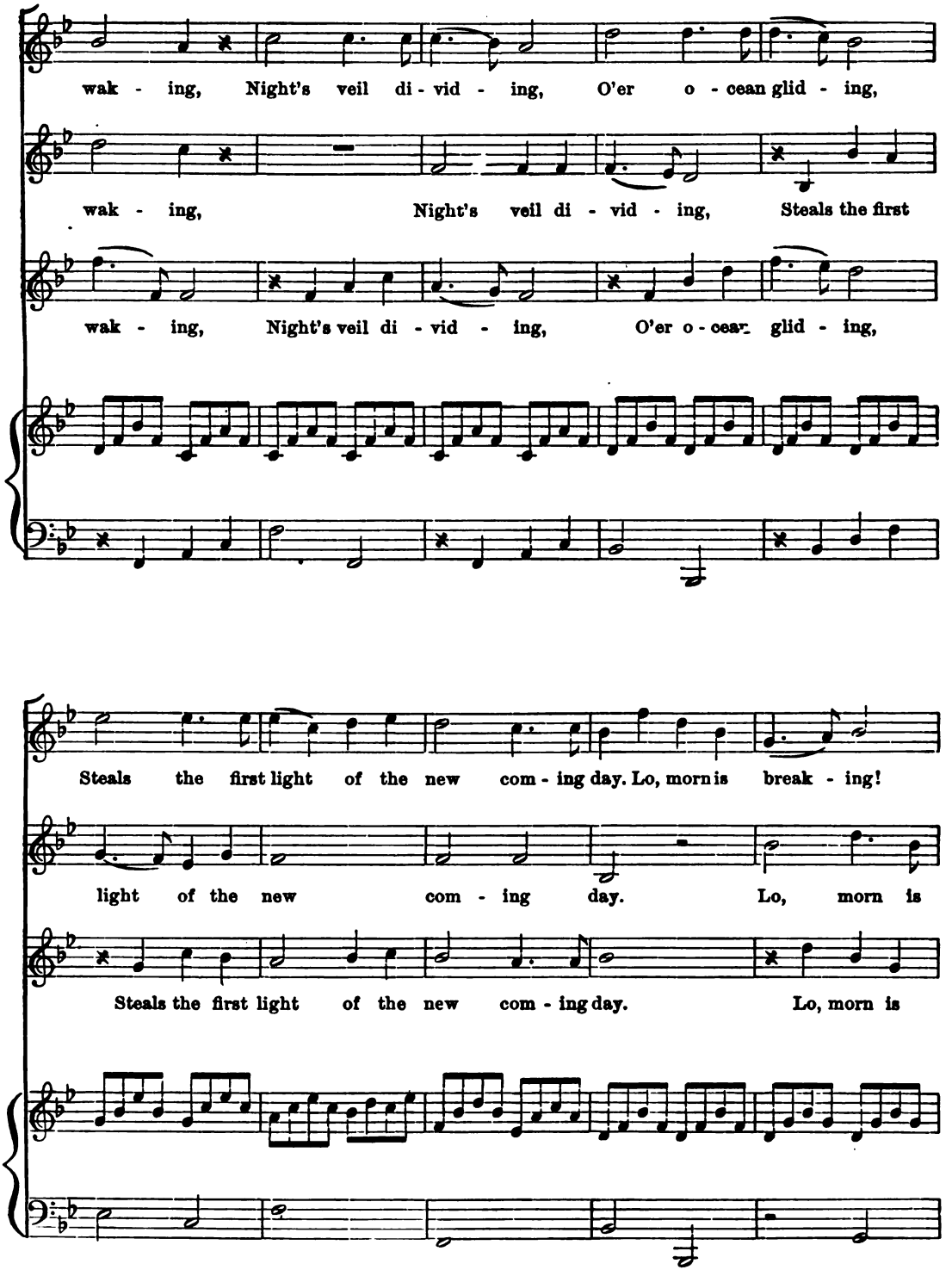
vid - ing, O'er o - cean glid - ing, Steals the first light of the

vid - ing, O'er o - cean glid - ing, Steals the first light of the

com - ing day. Lo, morn is break - ing! Slow - ly a-

new com - ing day. Lo, morn is break - ing! Slow - ly a-

new com - ing day. Lo, morn is break - ing! Slow - ly a - wak - ing, a-


wak - ing, Night's veil di - vid - ing, O'er o - cean glid - ing,
wak - ing, Night's veil di - vid - ing, Steals the first
wak - ing, Night's veil di - vid - ing, O'er o - cean glid - ing,
Steals the first light of the new com - ing day. Lo, morn is break - ing!
light of the new com - ing day. Lo, morn is
Steals the first light of the new com - ing day. Lo, morn is

Slow-ly a-wak-ing, a-wak-ing, Night's veil di-vid-ing,

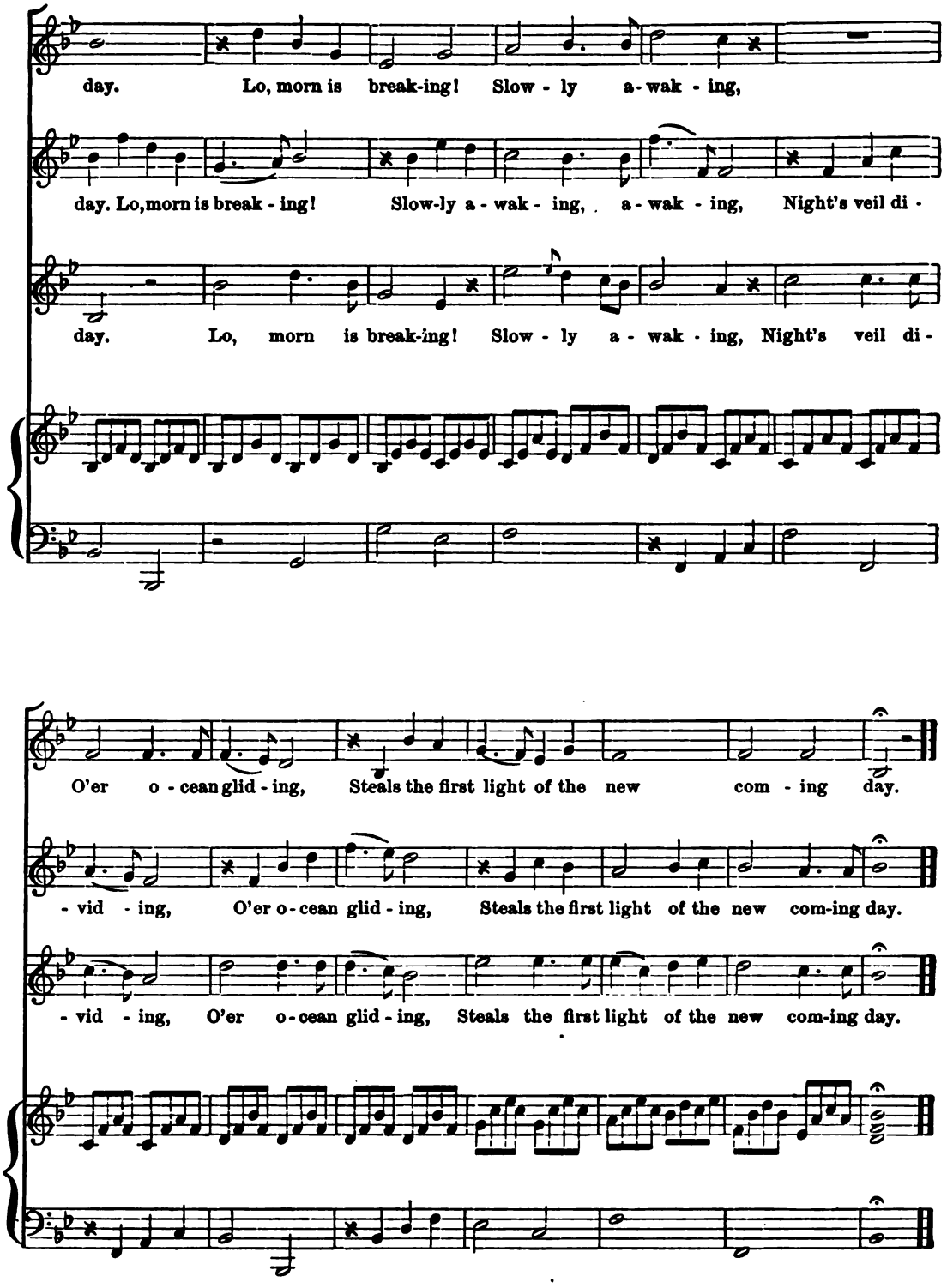
break-ing! Slow-ly a-wak-ing, Night's veil di-vid-ing,

break-ing! Slow-ly a-wak-ing, O'er o-cean

O'er o-cean glid-ing, Steals the first light of the new com-ing

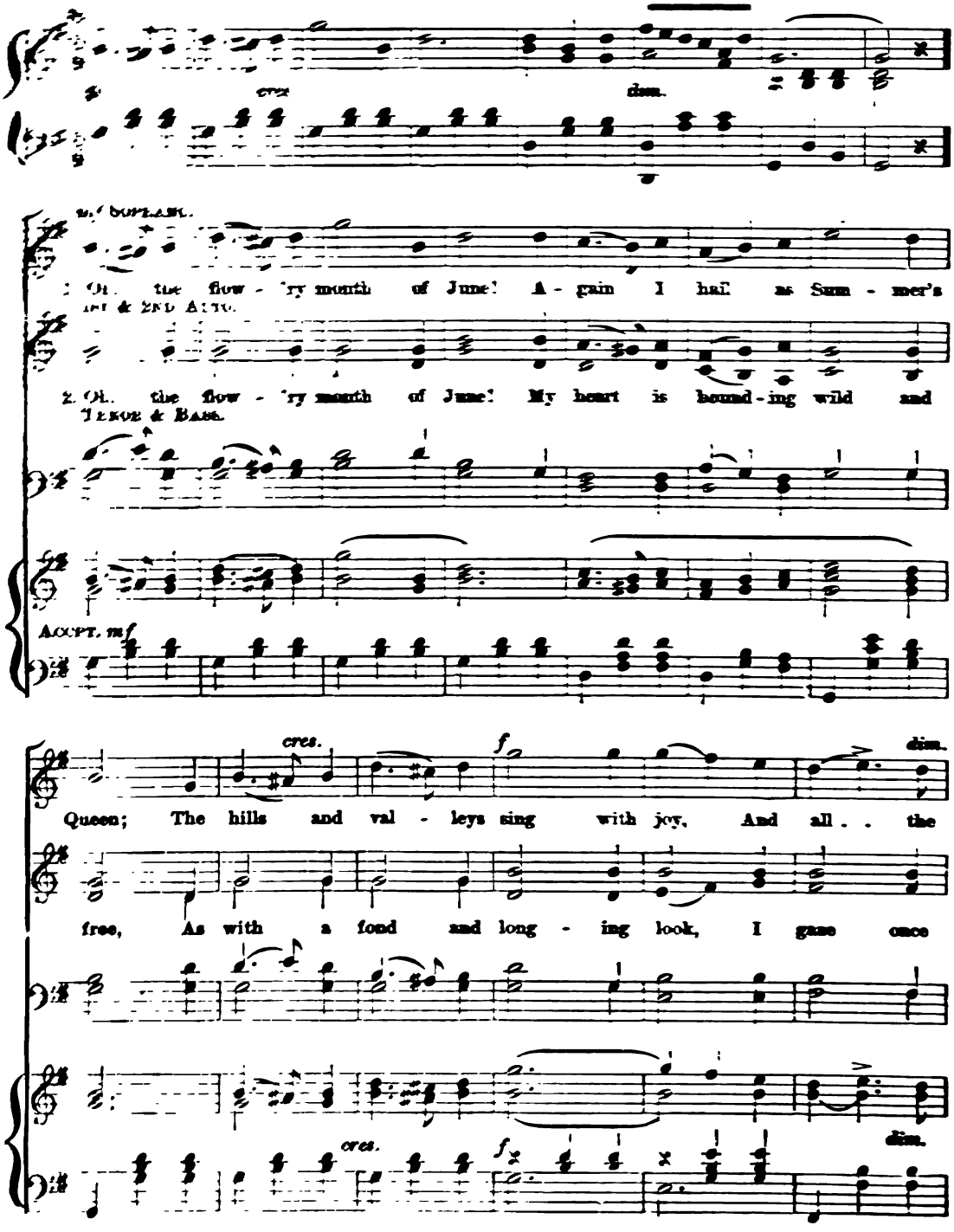
O'er o-cean glid-ing, Steals the first light of the new com-ing

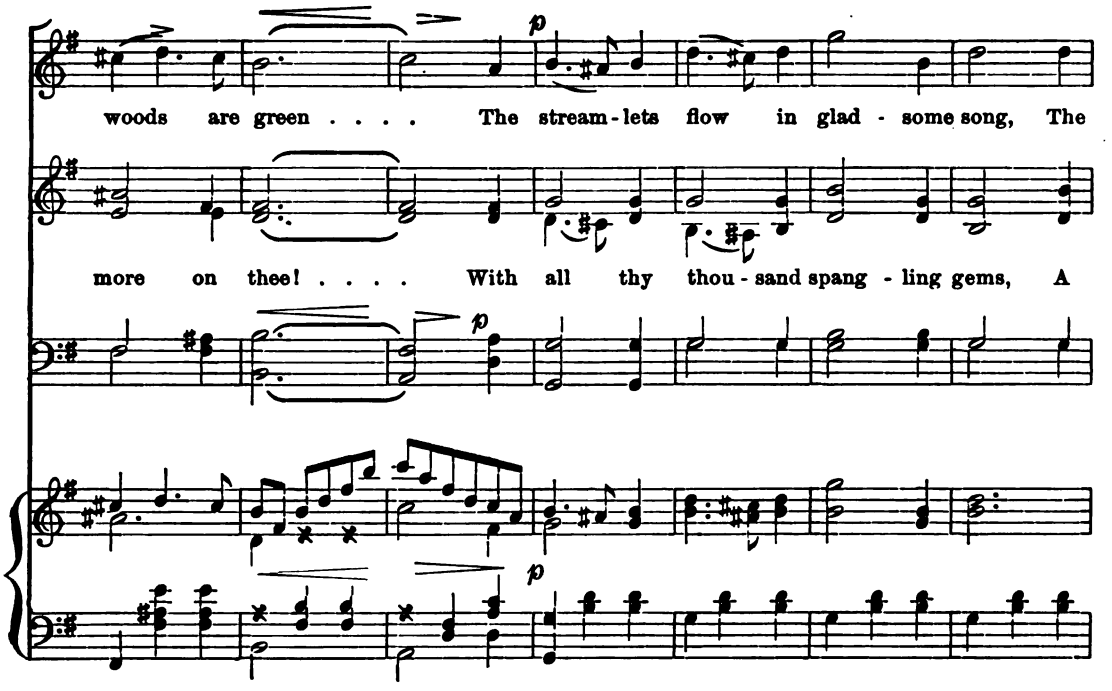
glid-ing, Steals the first light of the new com-ing

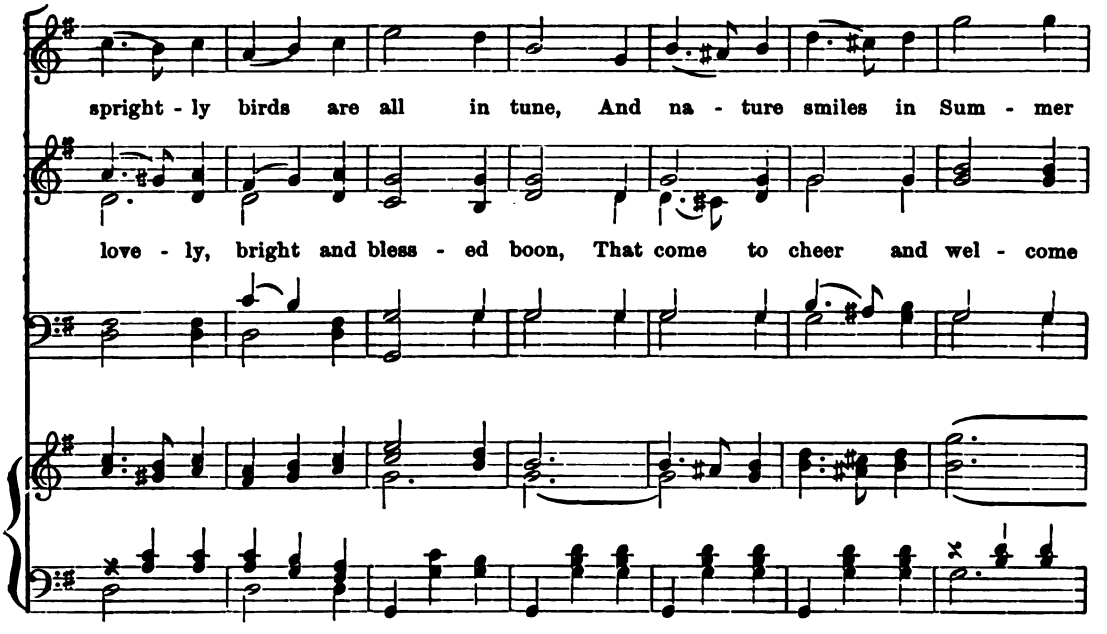

day. Lo, morn is break-ing! Slow - ly a - wak - ing,
day. Lo, morn is break - ing! Slow-ly a - wak - ing, a - wak - ing, Night's veil di -
day. Lo, morn is break-ing! Slow - ly a - wak - ing, Night's veil di -
O'er o - cean glid - ing, Steals the first light of the new com - ing day.
- vid - ing, O'er o - cean glid - ing, Steals the first light of the new com-ing day.
- vid - ing, O'er o - cean glid - ing, Steals the first light of the new com-ing day.

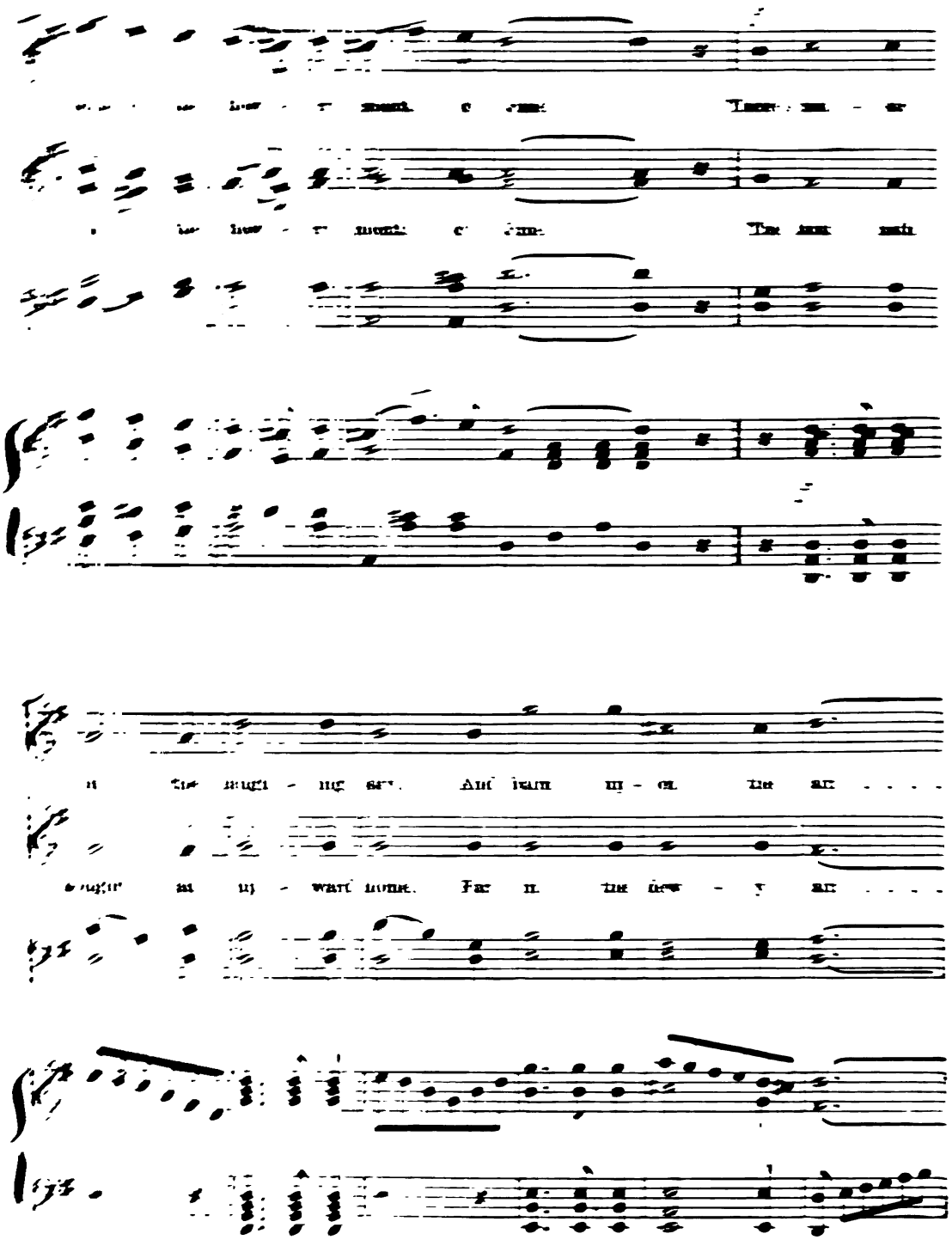
No. 45. Oh, the Flowery Month of June!

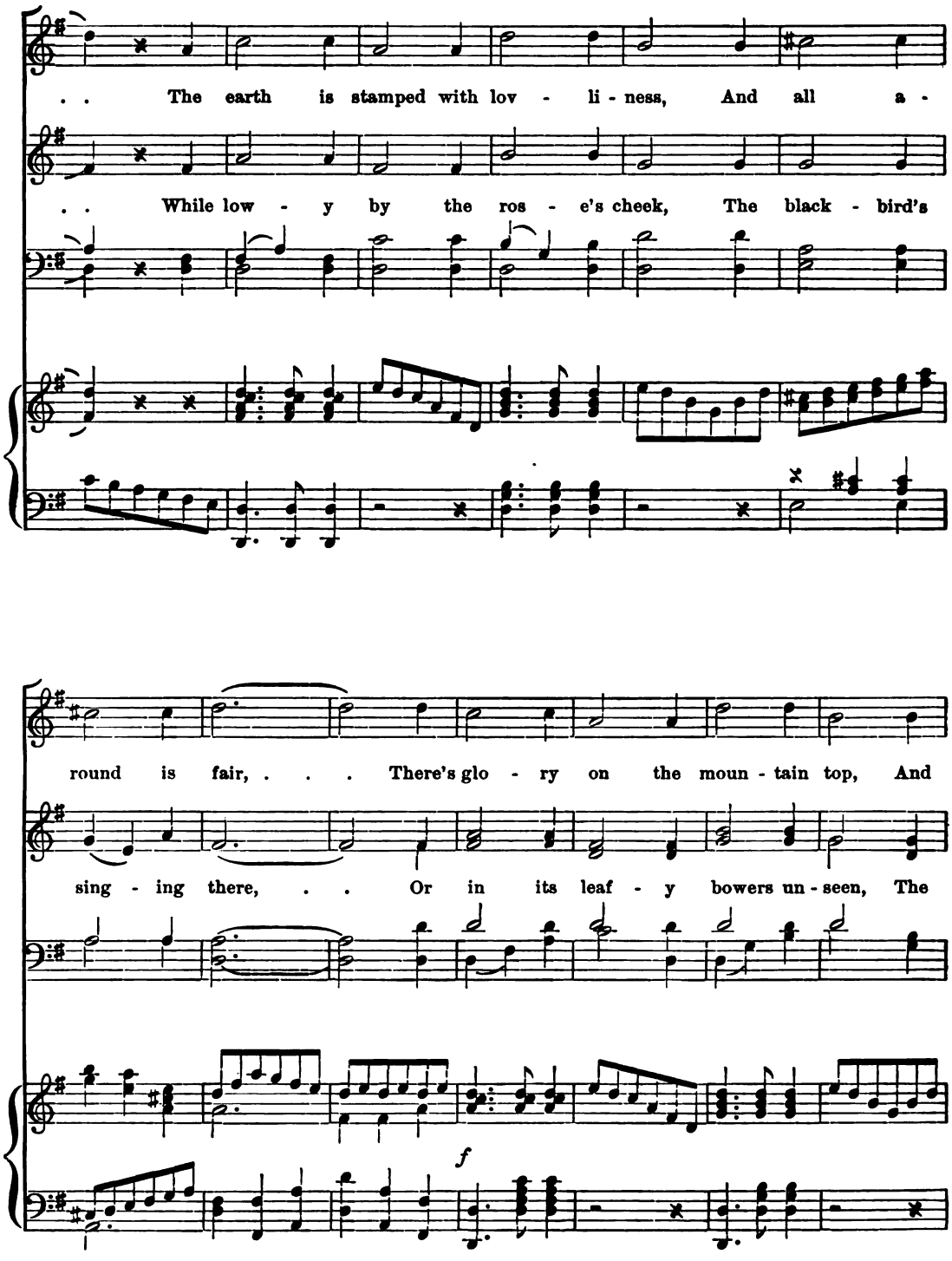
William Jackson, Masham.

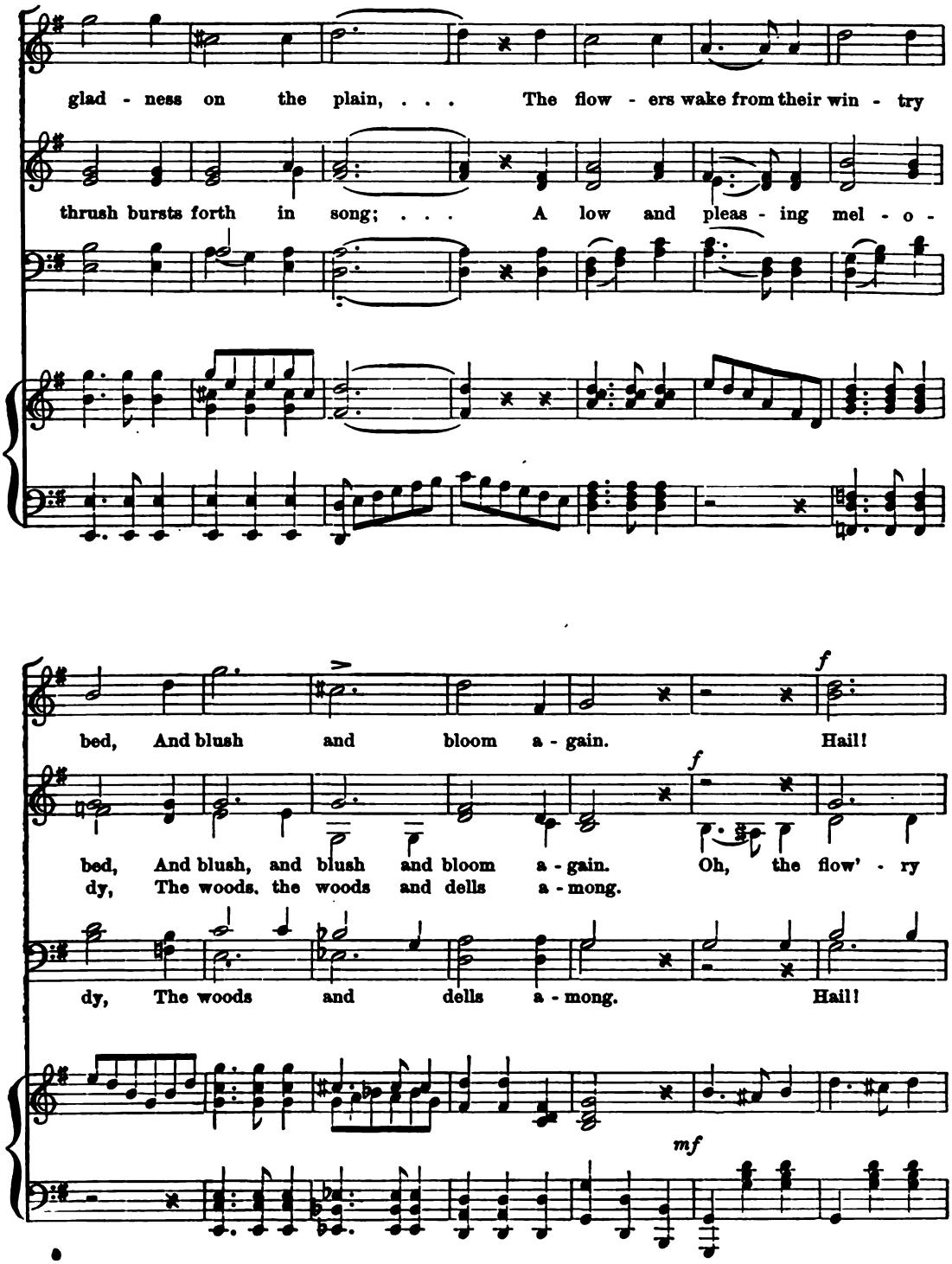


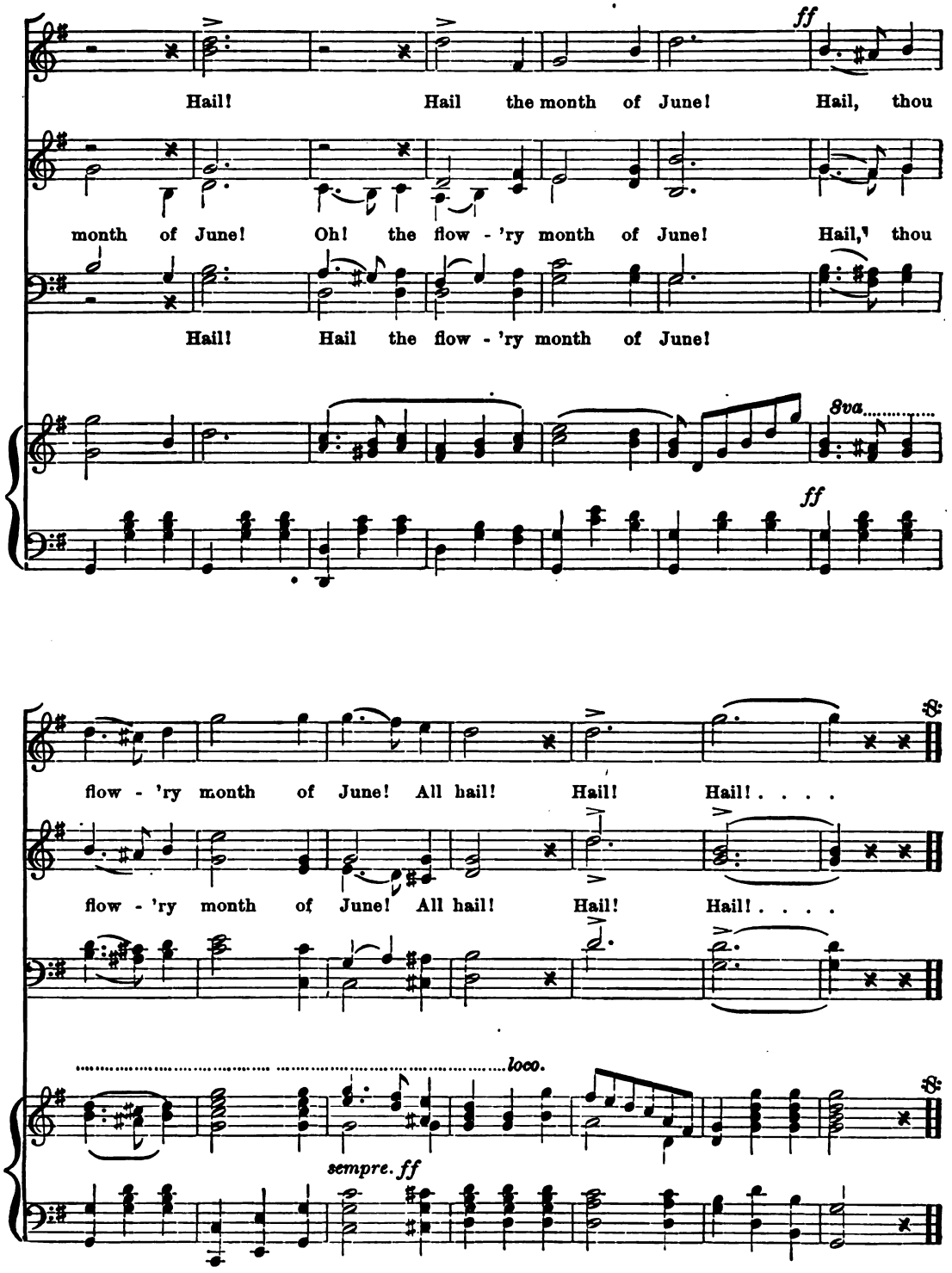

p
woods are green . . . . The stream-lets flow in glad - some song, The
more on thee! . . . . With all thy thou - sand spang - ling gems, A
p
p


spright - ly birds are all in tune, And na - ture smiles in Sum - mer
love - ly, bright and bless - ed boon, That come to cheer and wel - come




. . The earth is stamped with lov - li - ness, And all a -
. . While low - y by the ros - e's cheek, The black - bird's
round is fair, . . . There's glo - ry on the moun - tain top, And
sing - ing there, . . Or in its leaf - y bowers un - seen, The
f


glad - ness on the plain, . . . The flow - ers wake from their win - try
thrush bursts forth in song; . . . A low and pleas - ing mel - o -
bed, And blush and bloom a - gain. Hail!
bed, And blush, and blush and bloom a - gain. Oh, the flow' - ry
dy, The woods, the woods and dells a - mong.
dy, The woods and dells a - mong. Hail!
f
f
mf


ff
Hail! Hail the month of June! Hail, thou
month of June! Oh! the flow - 'ry month of June! Hail, thou
Hail! Hail the flow - 'ry month of June!
8va
ff
flow - 'ry month of June! All hail! Hail! Hail! . . . .
flow - 'ry month of June! All hail! Hail! Hail! . . . .
loco.
sempre. ff

GOOD-NIGHT.

HENRY LESLIE.

Andante con moto.

p

Good - night, good - night, 1. Let all in - bers

Good-night, good-night, good-night, good-night. 2. Slumber till the

come with light, good-night, . . . good - night! . . . . . Day hath glid - ed

mor - row's light. Good-night, good-night, good-night, good - night! Slum - ber till the

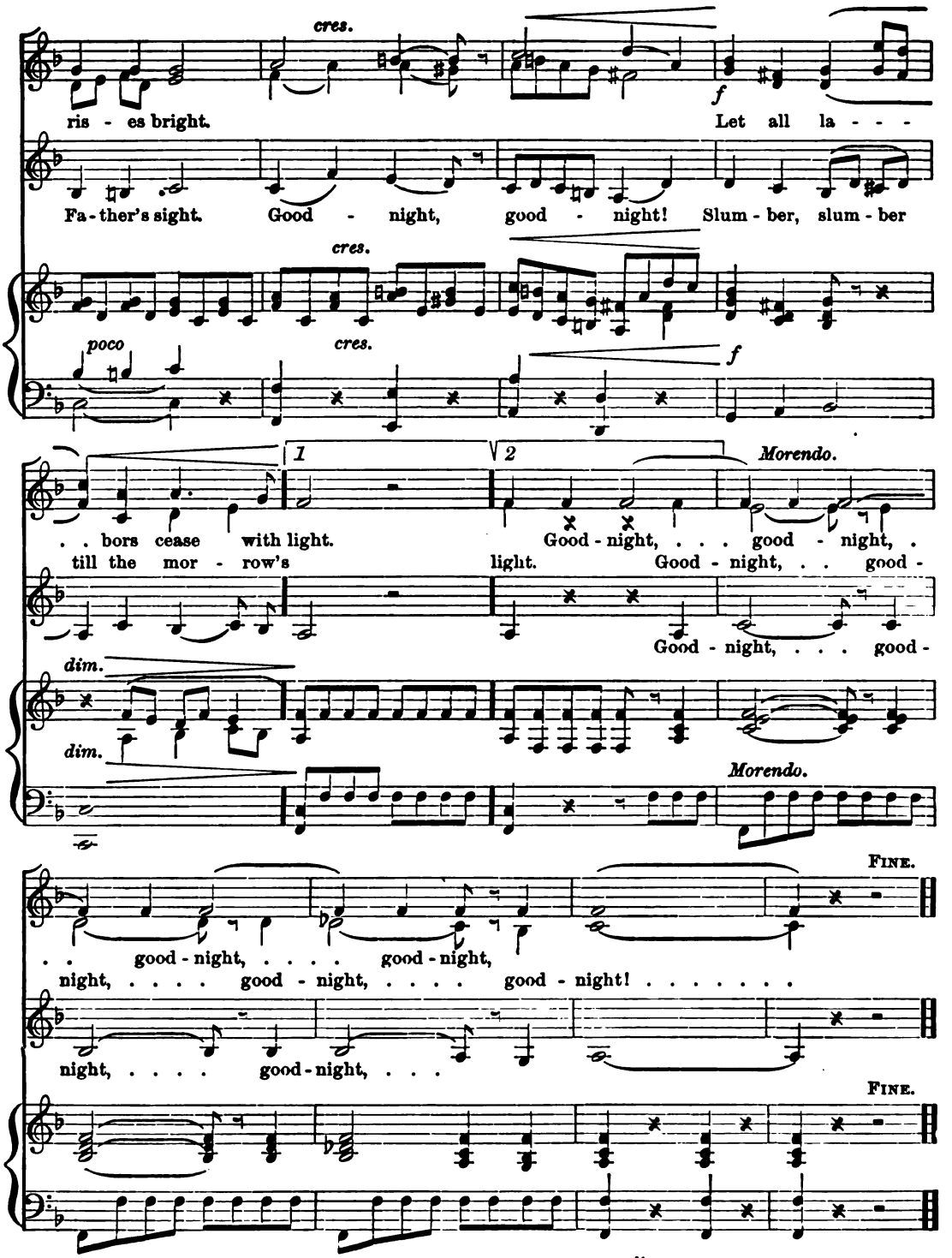
cres.

dim. *poco.*

to its close, Let the bus - y hands re - pose, Till the mor - row

morn-ing, breaking, Brings fresh care to its a - wak - ing, Fear - less in the

dim. *poco* *a*



KÖRNER, tr. by GREENWELL.

Slow-ly a-wak-ing, a-wak-ing, Night's veil di-vid-ing,

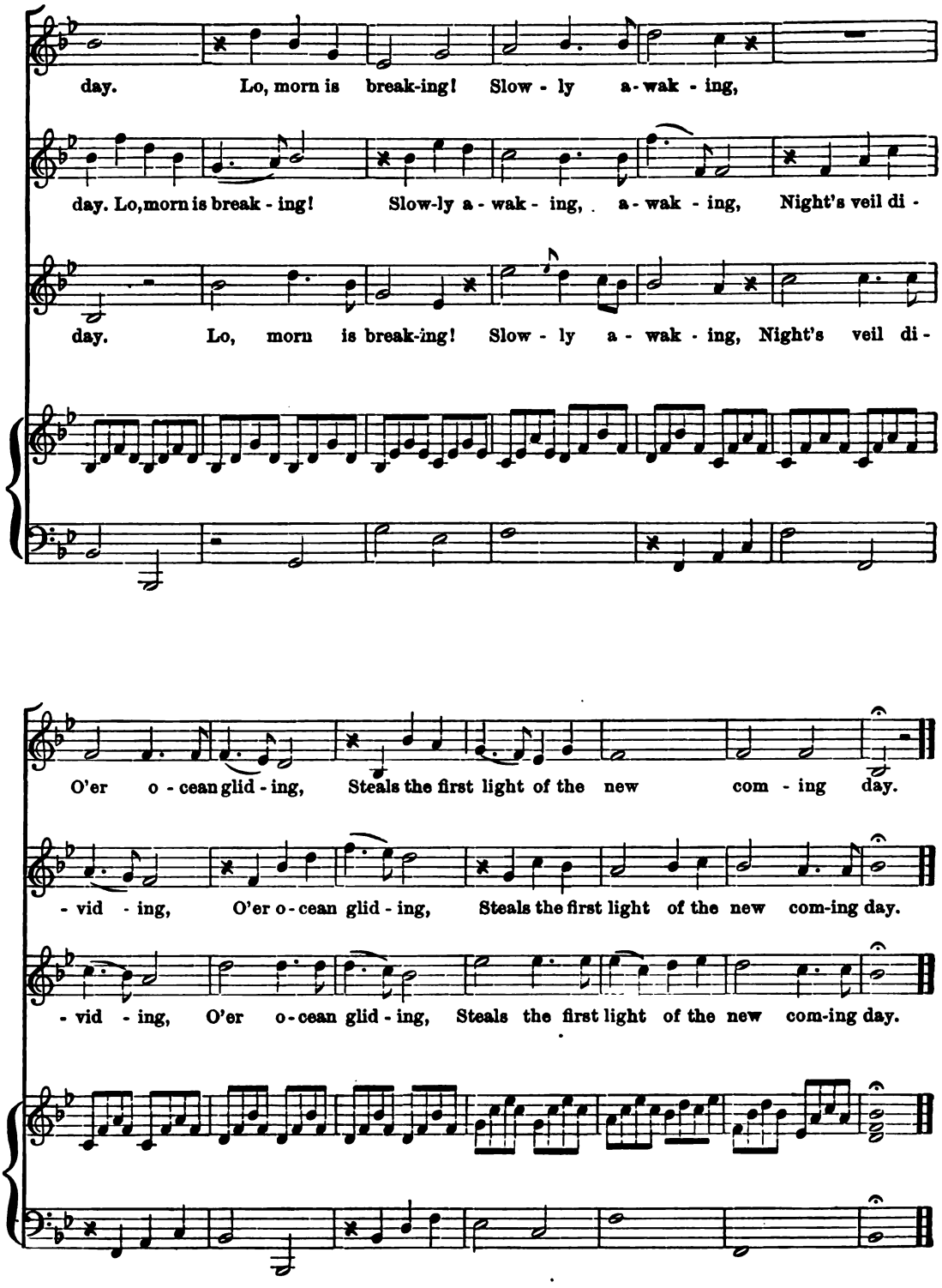
break-ing! Slow-ly a-wak-ing, Night's veil di-vid-ing,

break-ing! Slow-ly a-wak-ing, O'er o-cean

O'er o-cean glid-ing, Steals the first light of the new com-ing

O'er o-cean glid-ing, Steals the first light of the new com-ing

glid-ing, Steals the first light of the new com-ing


day. Lo, morn is break-ing! Slow - ly a - wak - ing,
day. Lo, morn is break - ing! Slow-ly a - wak - ing, a - wak - ing, Night's veil di -
day. Lo, morn is break-ing! Slow - ly a - wak - ing, Night's veil di -
O'er o - cean glid - ing, Steals the first light of the new com - ing day.
- vid - ing, O'er o - cean glid - ing, Steals the first light of the new com-ing day.
- vid - ing, O'er o - cean glid - ing, Steals the first light of the new com-ing day.

No. 45. Oh, the Flowery Month of June!

William Jackson, Masham.

p *cres.* *dim.*

mf Soprano.

1. Oh, the flow - 'ry month of June! A - gain I hail as Sum - mer's

1st & 2nd Alto.

2. Oh, the flow - 'ry month of June! My heart is bound - ing wild and

Tenor & Bass.

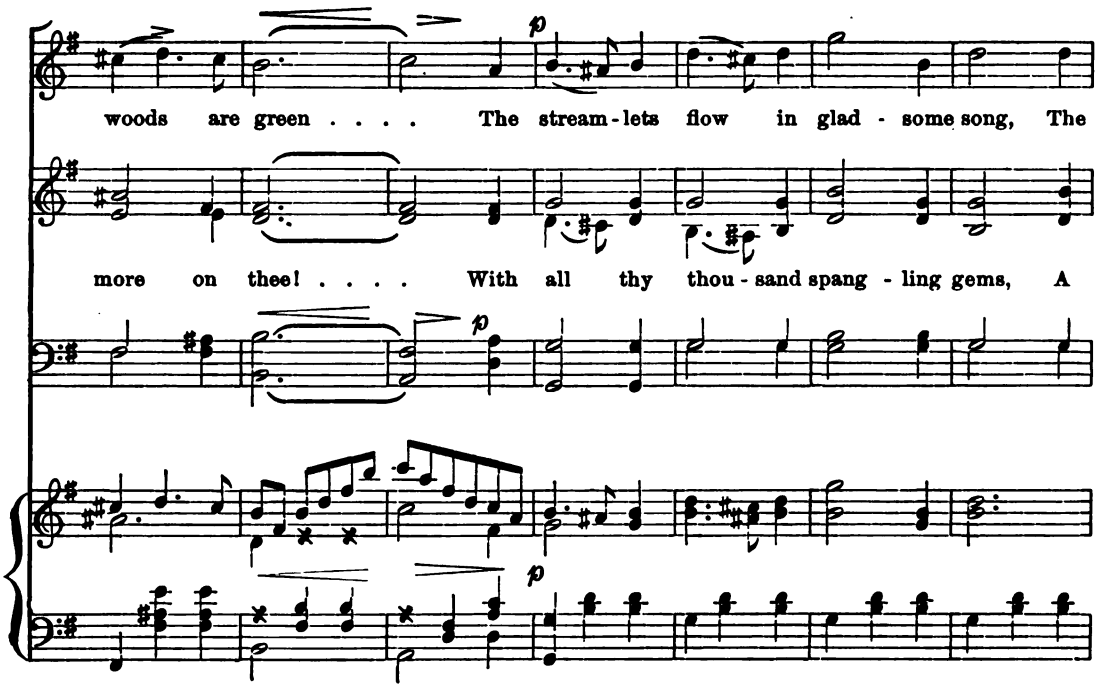
Accpt. *mf*

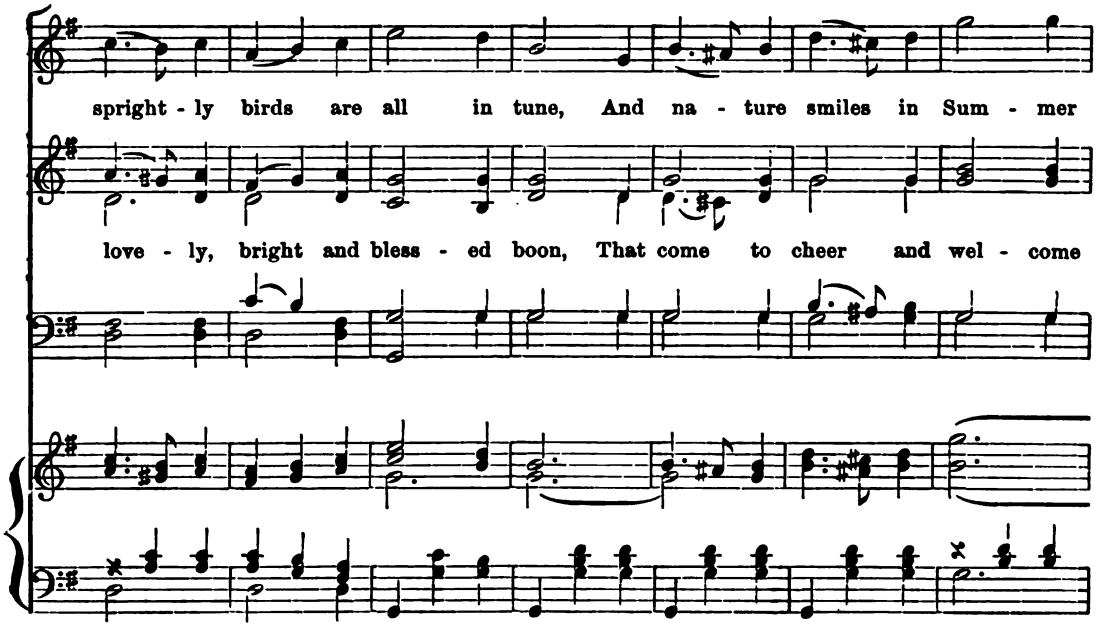
cres. *f* *dim.*

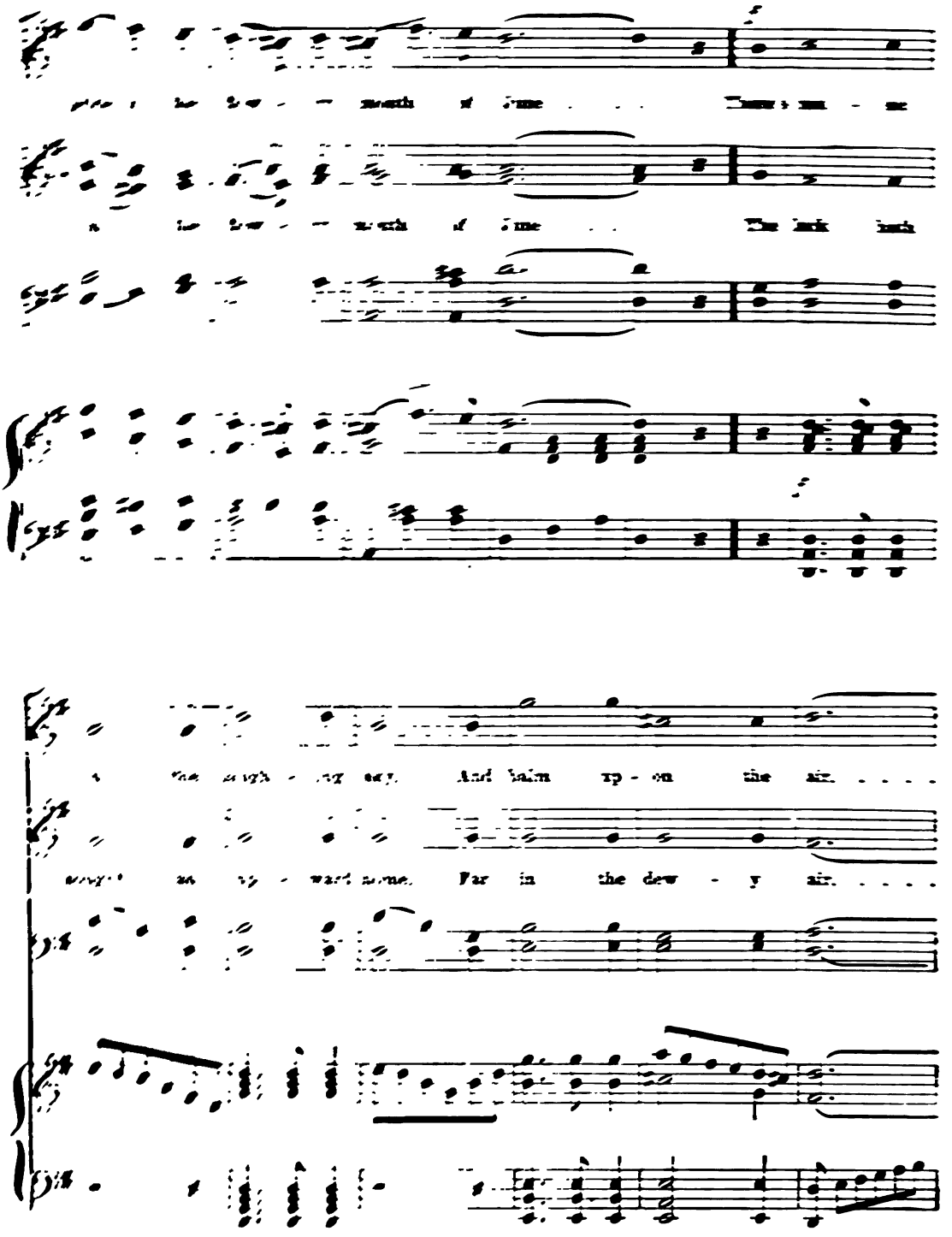
Queen; The hills and val - leys sing with joy, And all . . the

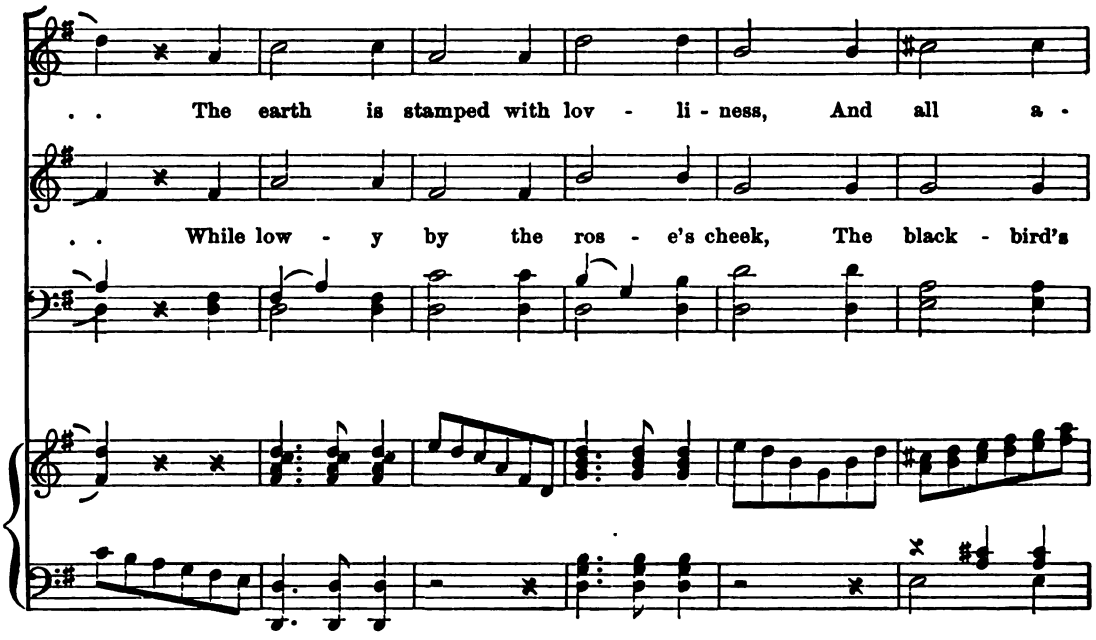
free, As with a fond and long - ing look, I gaze once

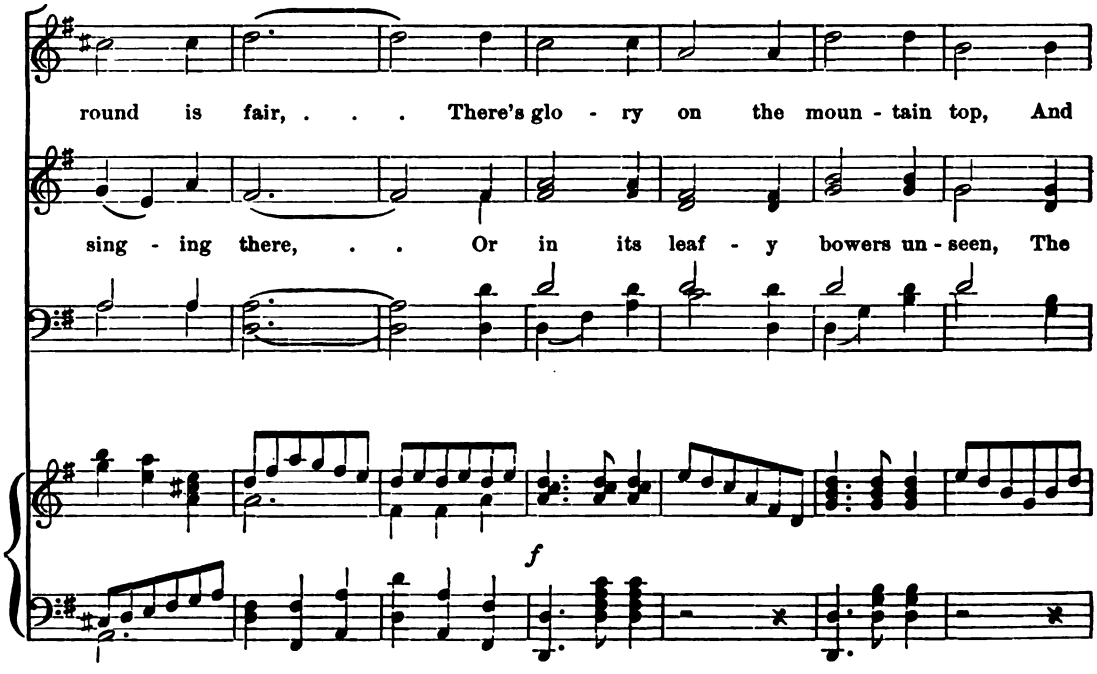
cres. *f* *dim.*

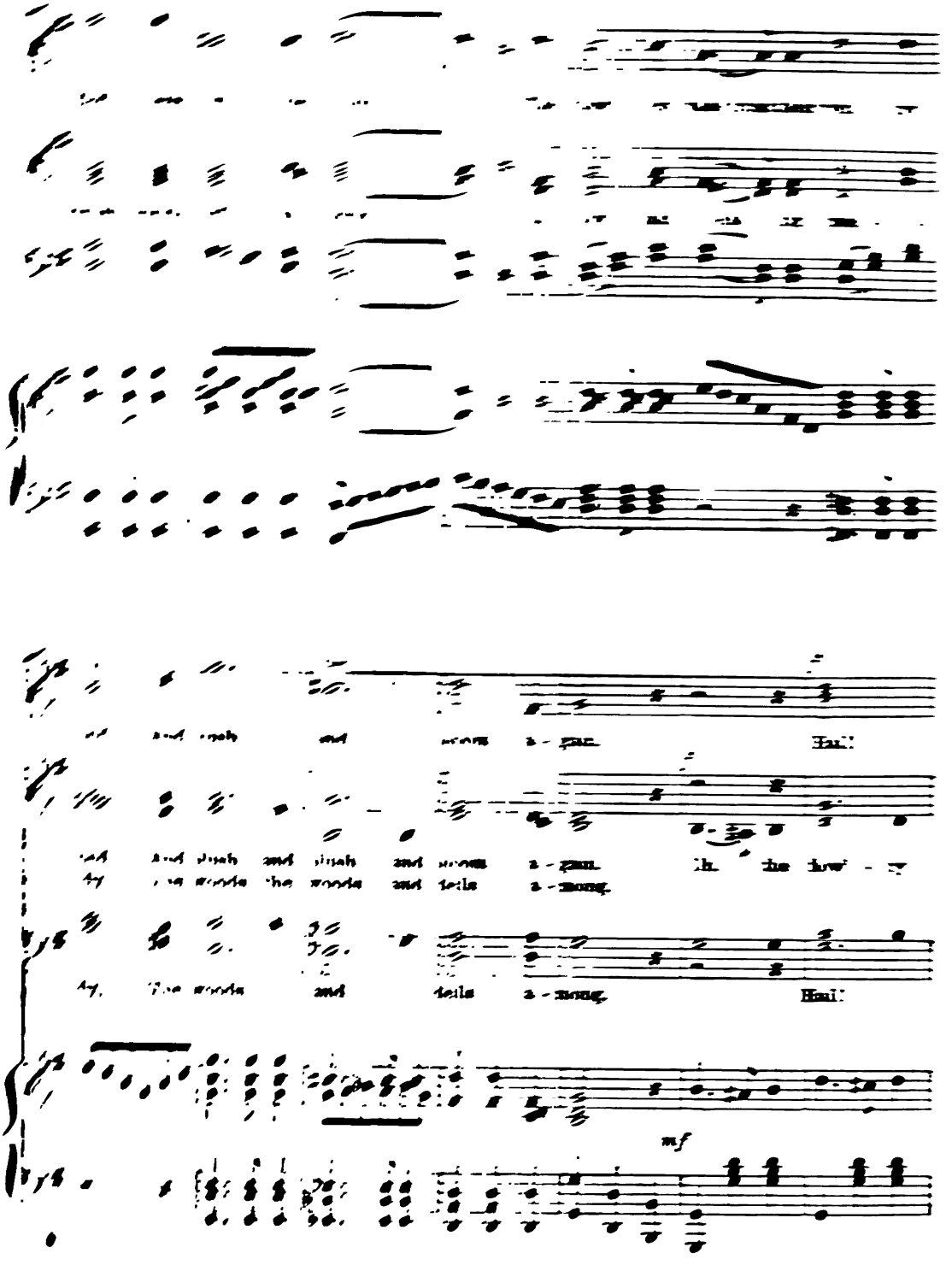

woods are green . . . . The stream-lets flow in glad - some song, The
more on thee! . . . . With all thy thou - sand spang - ling gems, A

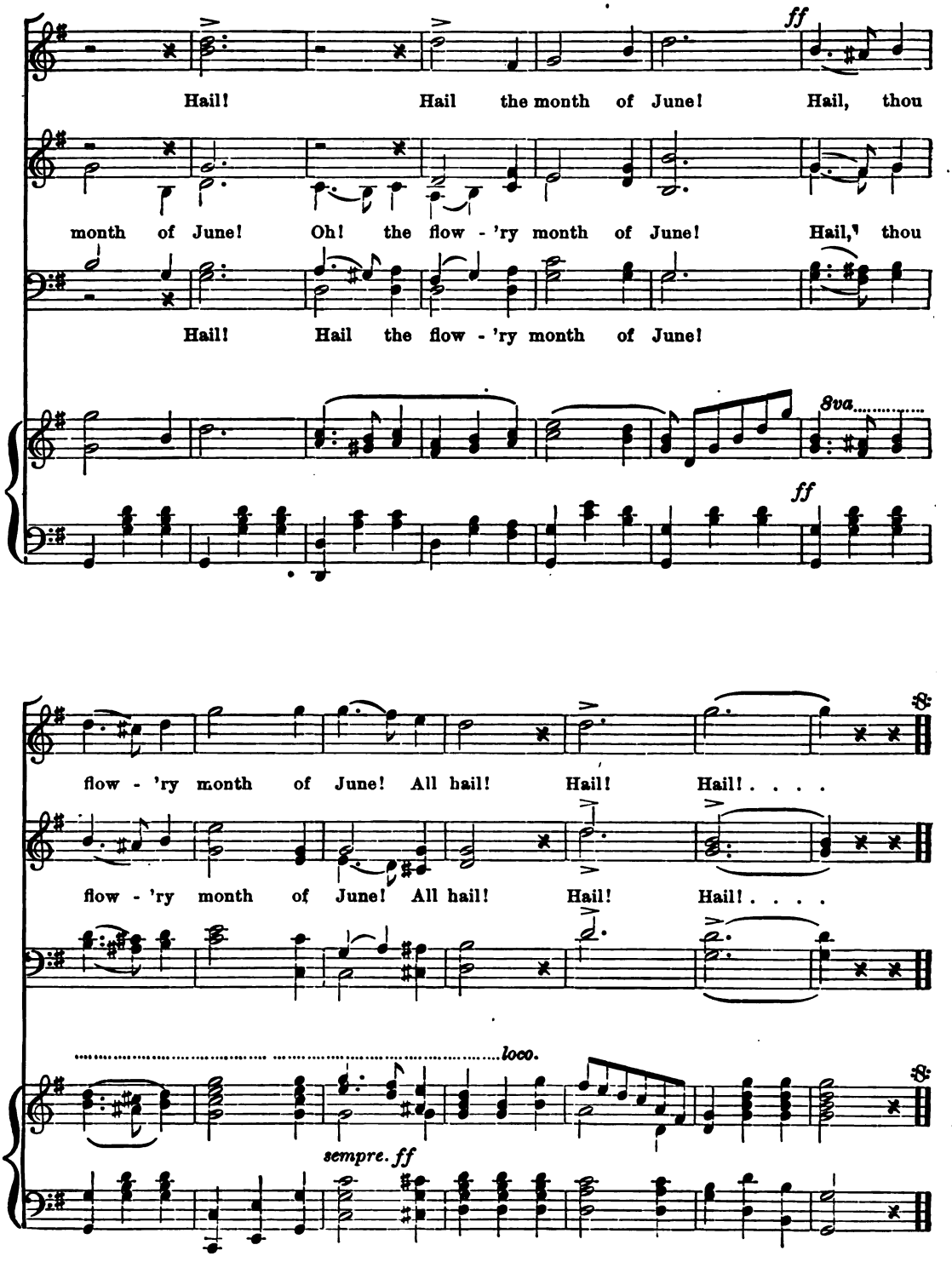

spright - ly birds are all in tune, And na - ture smiles in Sum - mer
love - ly, bright and bless - ed boon, That come to cheer and wel - come


[illegible] mouth of time . . . Time, ma - ne
[illegible] mouth of time . . . The lark lark
[illegible] And hum up - on the air . . . .
[illegible] ward come. Far in the dew - y air . . . .


. . The earth is stamped with lov - li - ness, And all a -
. . While low - y by the ros - e's cheek, The black - bird's


round is fair, . . . There's glo - ry on the moun - tain top, And
sing - ing there, . . Or in its leaf - y bowers un - seen, The
f


Hail!
Hail!
mf


ff
Hail! Hail the month of June! Hail, thou
month of June! Oh! the flow - 'ry month of June! Hail, thou
Hail! Hail the flow - 'ry month of June!
8va
ff
flow - 'ry month of June! All hail! Hail! Hail! . . . .
flow - 'ry month of June! All hail! Hail! Hail! . . . .
loco.
sempre. ff

No. 46. GOOD-NIGHT.

Andante con moto.

1st & 2nd Soprano.

Henry Leslie.

p

Good - night, good - night, 1. Let all la - bors

Alto.

p

Good-night, good-night, good-night, good-night. 2. Slumber till the

♩ = 88.

p

p

cease with light, good-night, . . . good - night! . . . . . Day hath glid - ed

mor - row's light. Good-night, good-night, good-night, good - night! Slum - ber till the

cres.

dim.

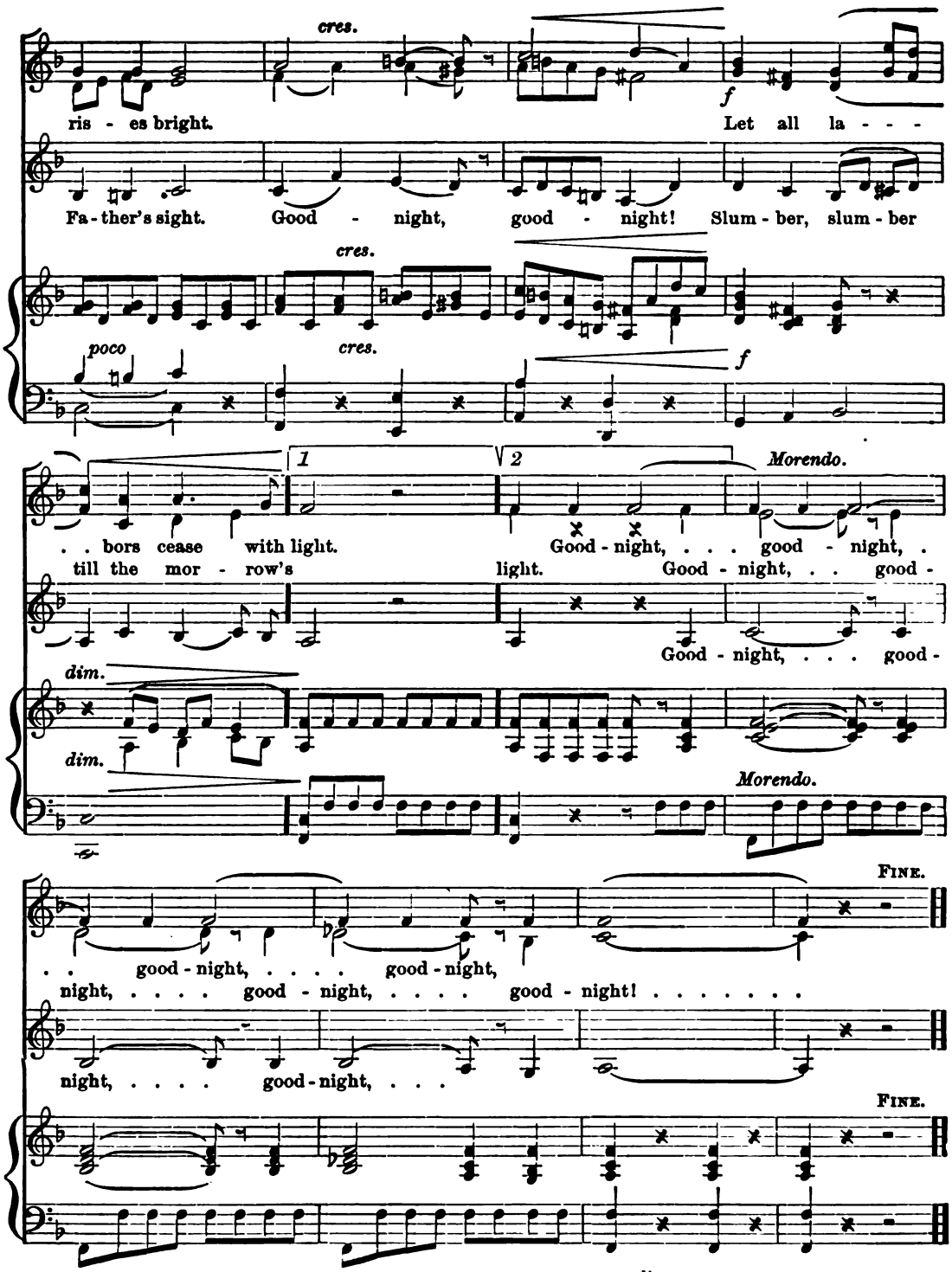
poco.

to its close, Let the bus - y hands re - pose, Till the mor - row

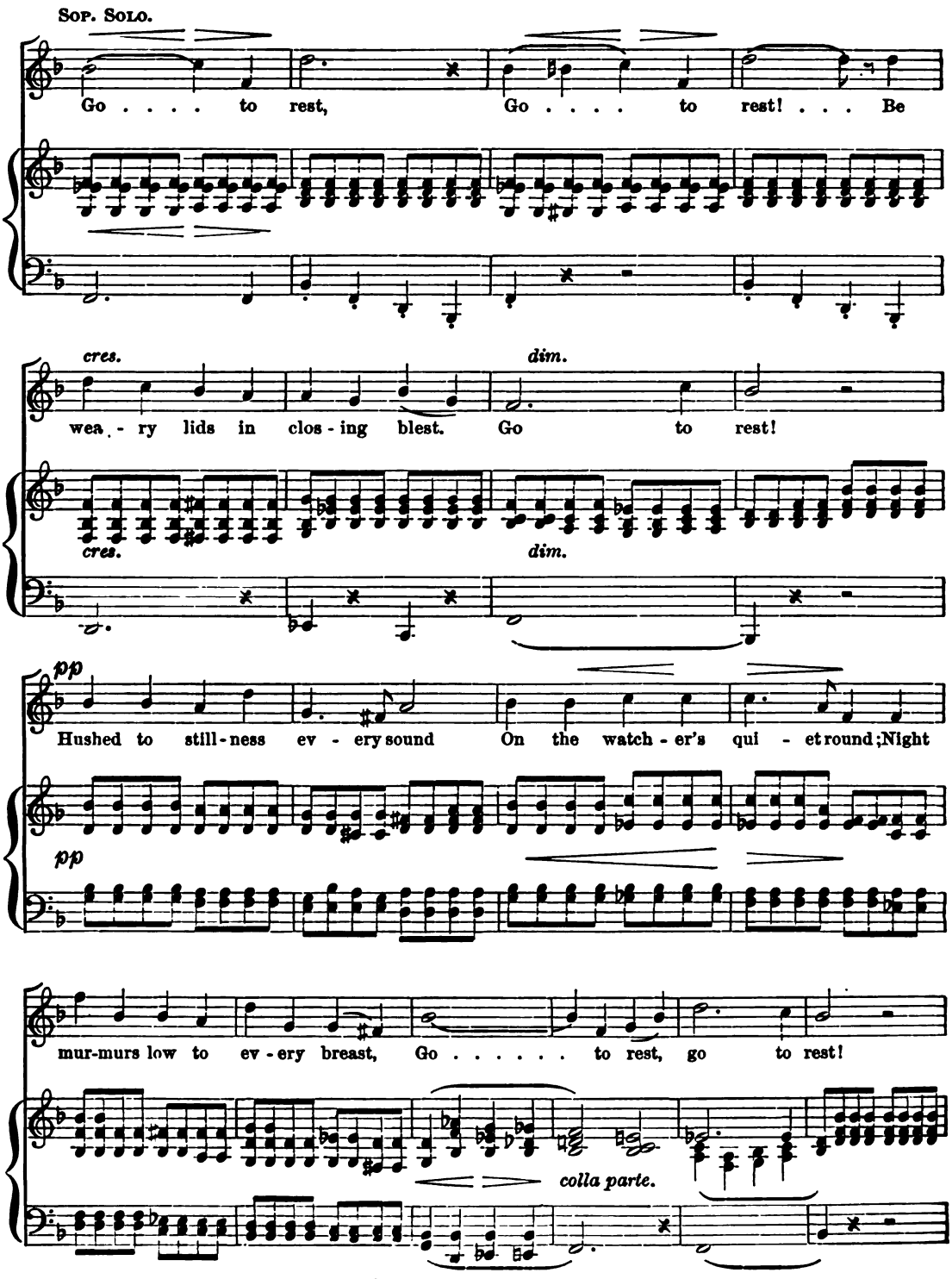
morning breaking, Brings fresh care to its a - wak - ing. Fear - less in the

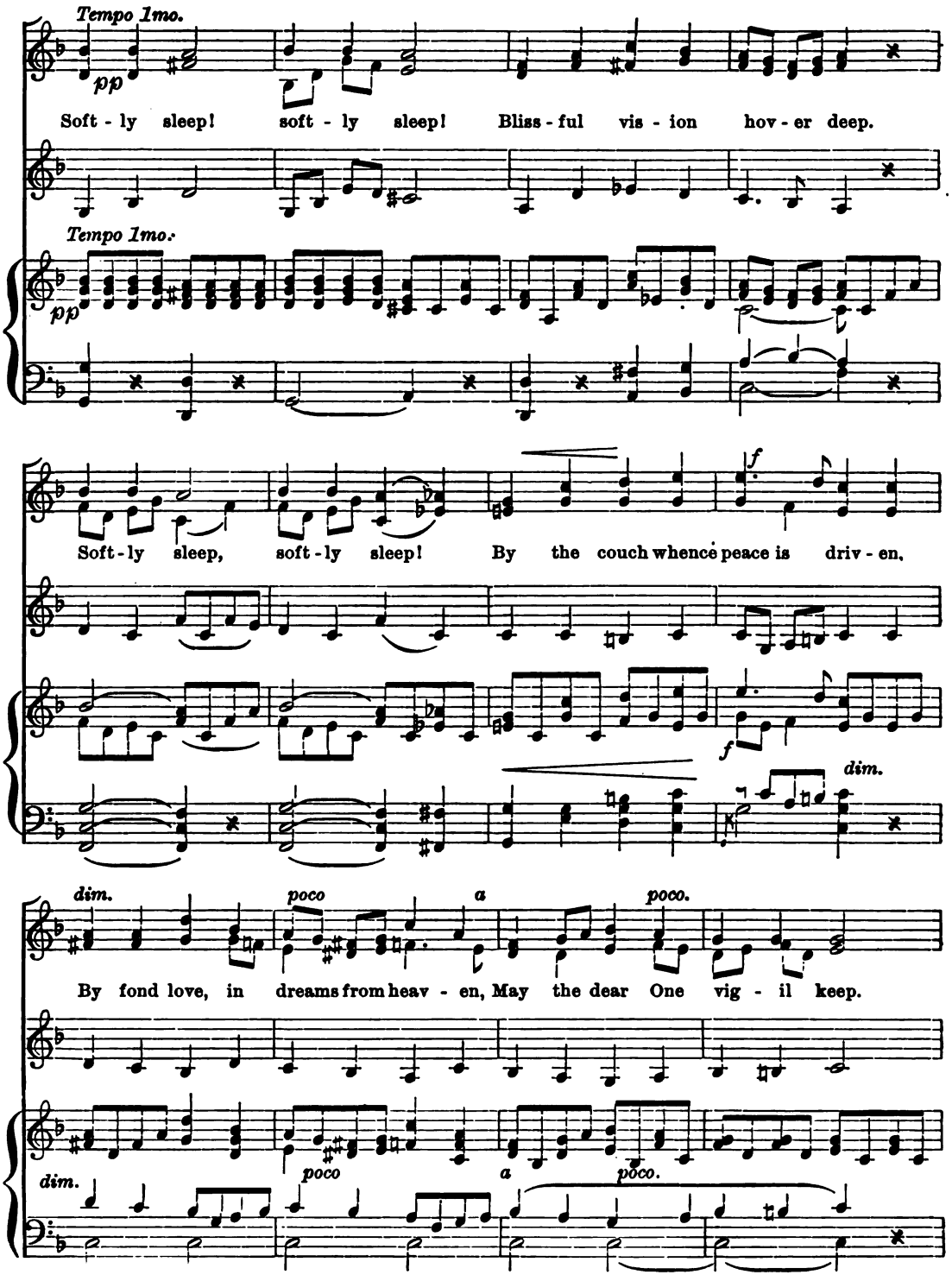
dim.

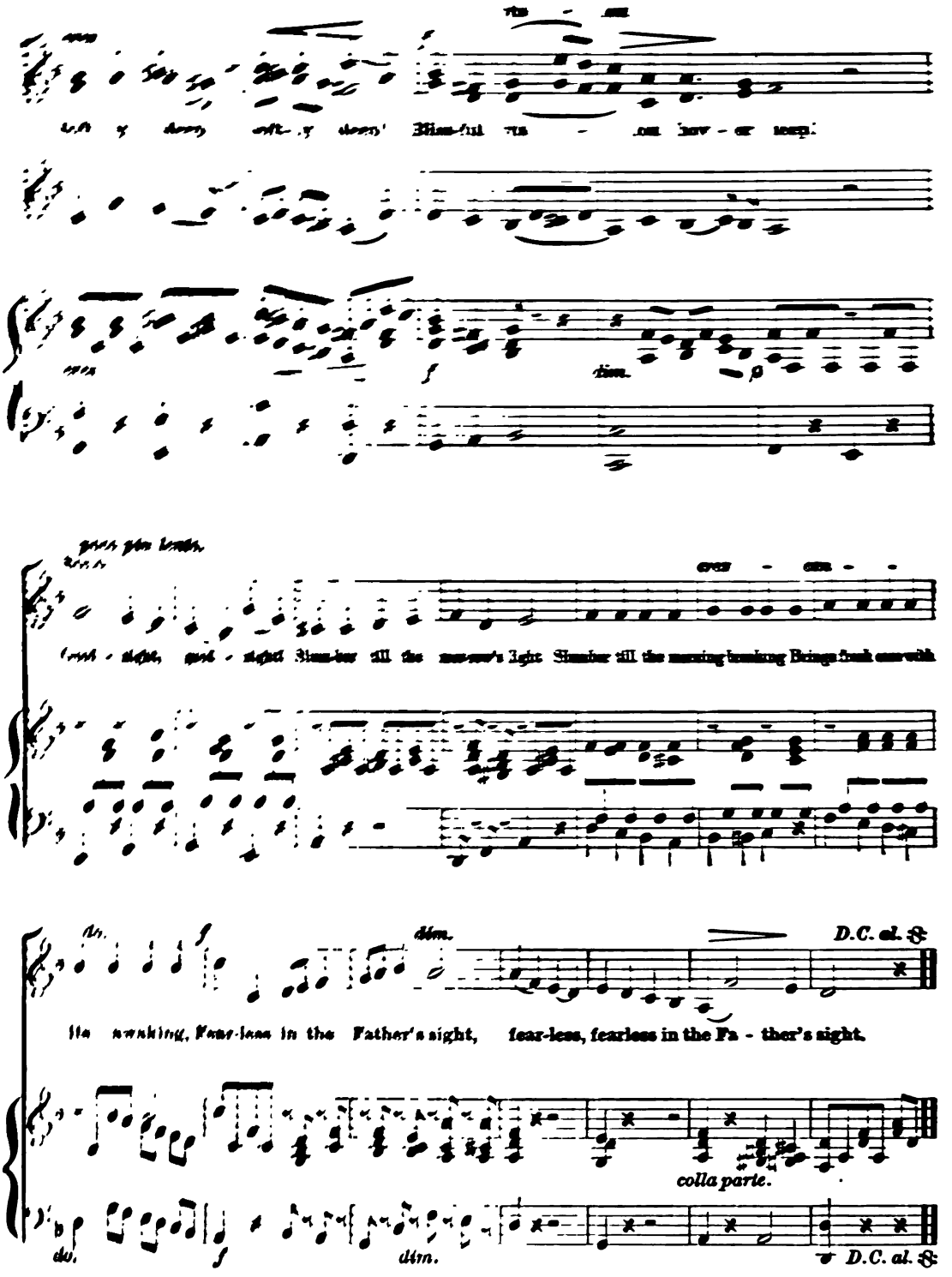
poco



KÖRNER, tr. by GREENWELL.


SOP. SOLO.
Go . . . . to rest, Go . . . . to rest! . . . Be
cres.
dim.
wea - ry lids in clos - ing blest. Go to rest!
cres.
dim.
pp
Hushed to still - ness ev - ery sound On the watch - er's qui - et round; Night
pp
mur-murs low to ev - ery breast, Go . . . . . to rest, go to rest!
colla parte.


Tempo 1mo.
pp
Soft - ly sleep! soft - ly sleep! Bliss - ful vis - ion hov - er deep.
Tempo 1mo.
pp
Soft - ly sleep, soft - ly sleep! By the couch whence peace is driv - en,
f
f
dim.
dim.
poco
a
poco.
By fond love, in dreams from heav - en, May the dear One vig - il keep.
dim.
poco
a
poco.


D.C. al. 𝄋
colla parte.
D.C. al. 𝄋

No. 47. THURINGIAN FOLK-SONG.

Moderato.

1st & 2nd Soprano.

1. How could I bear Ev - er to part from thee? Thee do I
2. Blue is the flower We call "For - get - me - not;" This flower then

Alto.

be with thee, Brav - ing the

am of rest be - reaved,
ould hope and flower de - cay,

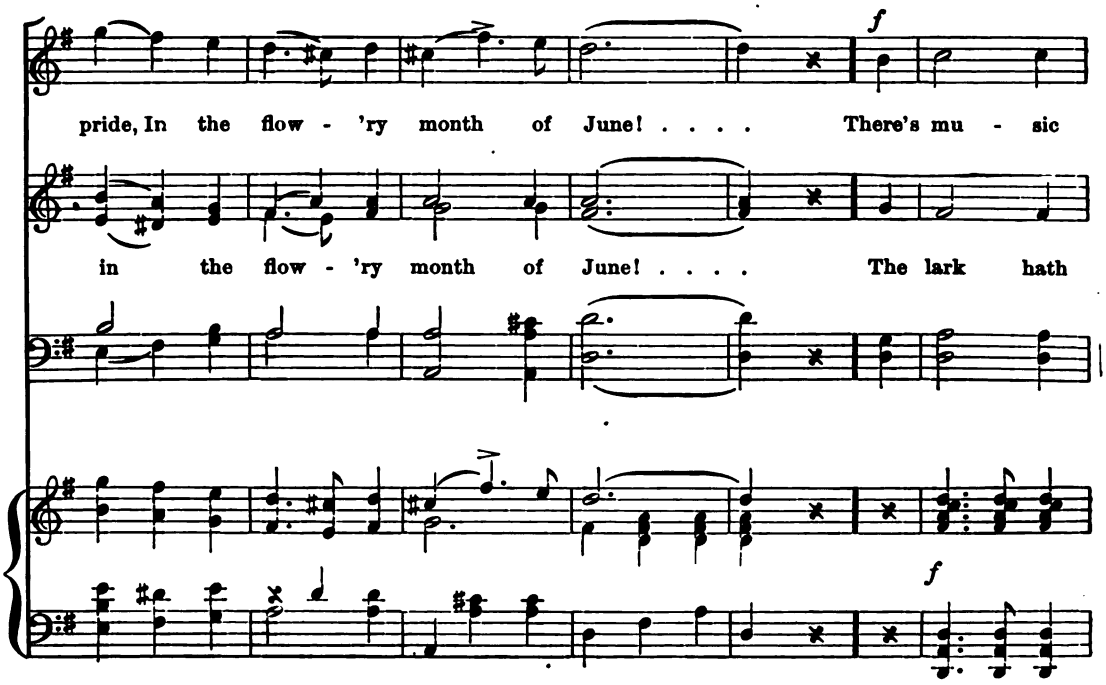
But should the fowl - er's ball

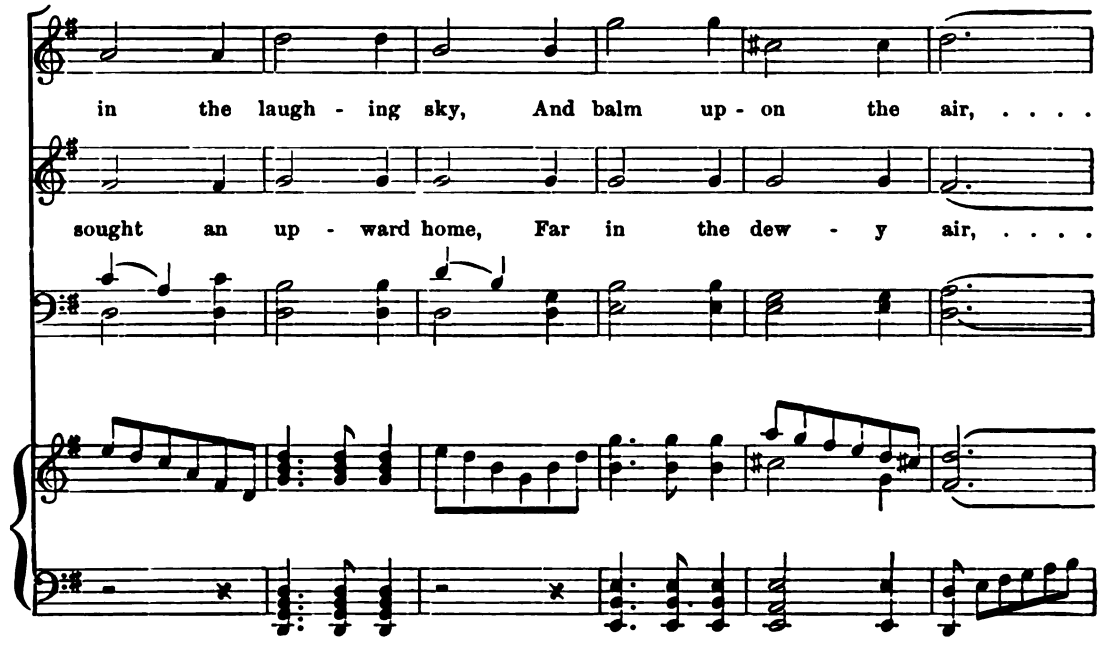
rall. *dim.*

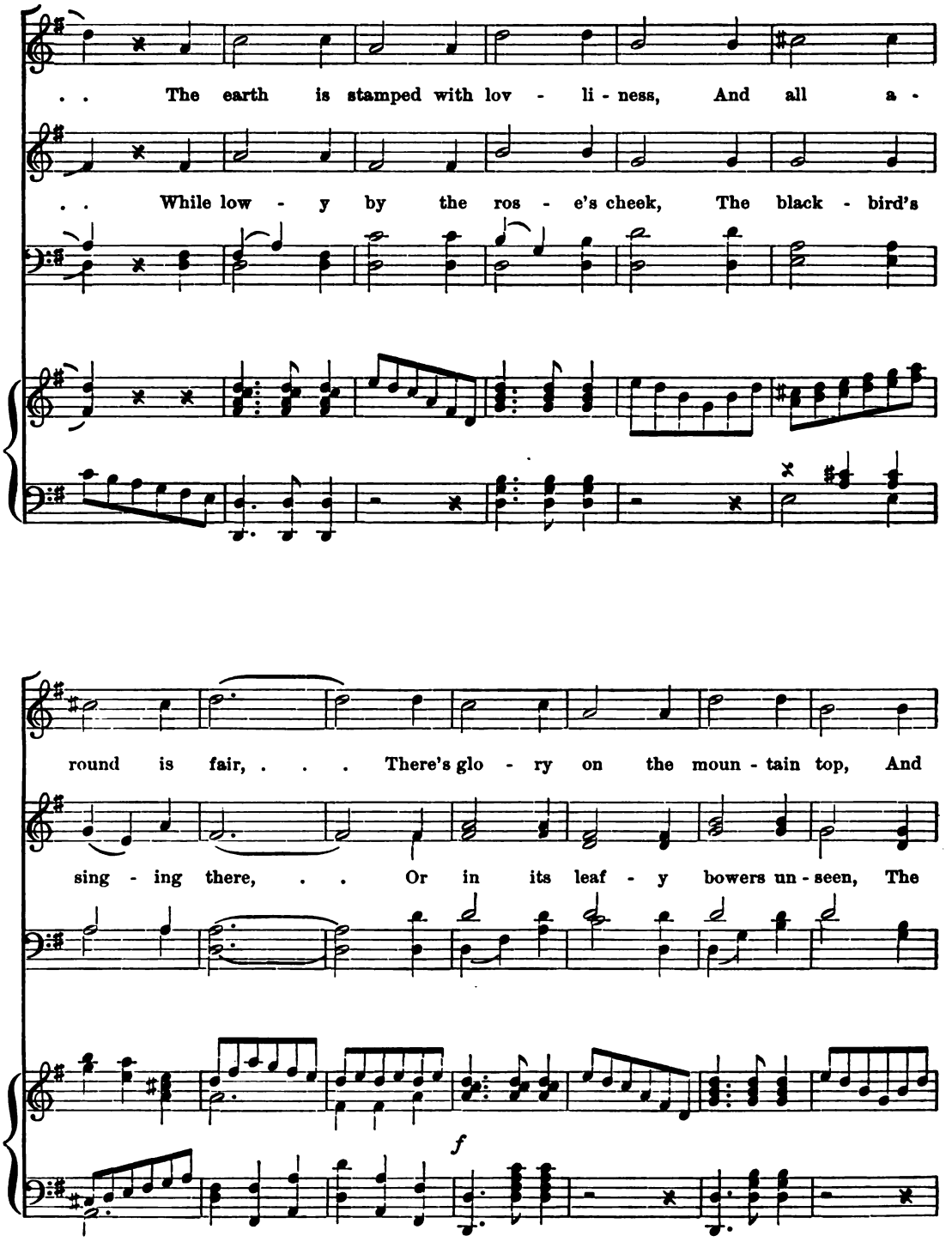
care to be, But, love, with thee.
can - not die, Thou may'st re - ly.

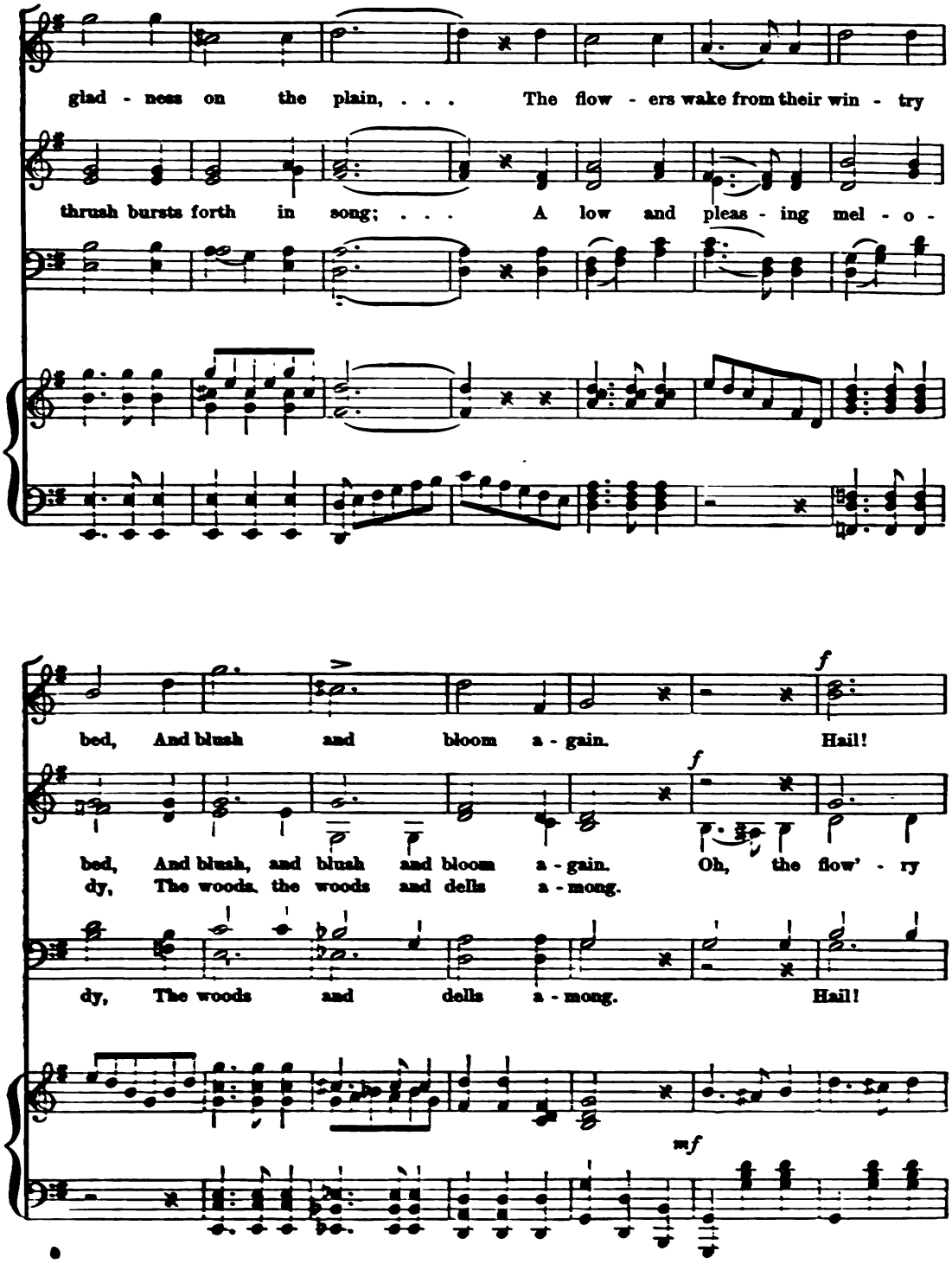
hy lov - ing eye, Fain would I die.

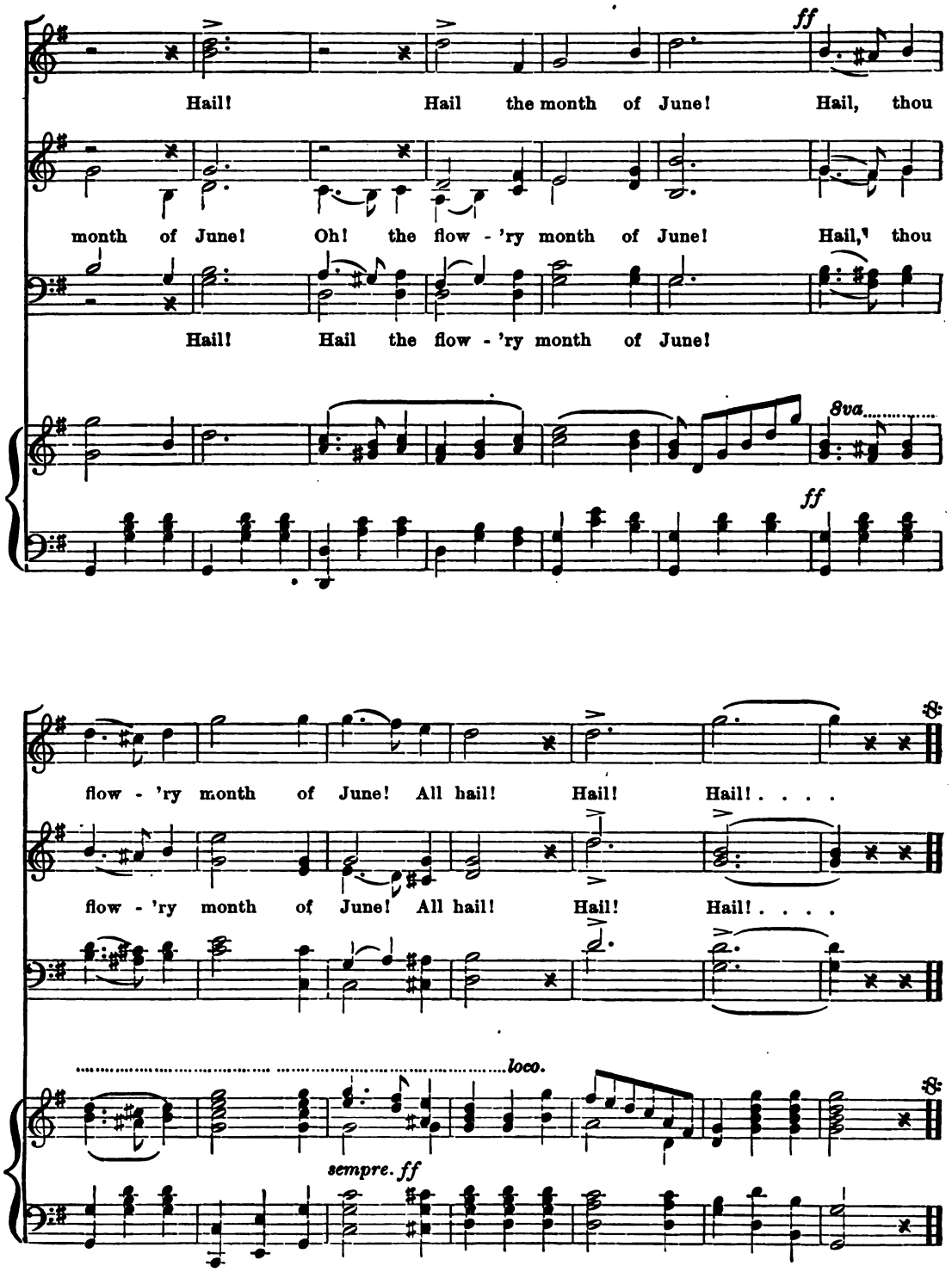
rall. *dim.*


f
pride, In the flow - 'ry month of June! . . . . There's mu - sic
in the flow - 'ry month of June! . . . . The lark hath
f


in the laugh - ing sky, And balm up - on the air, ...
sought an up - ward home, Far in the dew - y air, ...


. . The earth is stamped with lov - li - ness, And all a -
. . While low - y by the ros - e's cheek, The black - bird's
round is fair, . . . There's glo - ry on the moun - tain top, And
sing - ing there, . . Or in its leaf - y bowers un - seen, The
f


glad - ness on the plain, . . . The flow - ers wake from their win - try
thrush bursts forth in song; . . . A low and pleas - ing mel - o -
bed, And blush and bloom a - gain. Hail!
f
bed, And blush, and blush and bloom a - gain. Oh, the flow' - ry
dy, The woods, the woods and dells a - mong.
dy, The woods and dells a - mong. Hail!
mf


ff
Hail! Hail the month of June! Hail, thou
month of June! Oh! the flow - 'ry month of June! Hail, thou
Hail! Hail the flow - 'ry month of June!
8va
ff
flow - 'ry month of June! All hail! Hail! Hail! . . . .
flow - 'ry month of June! All hail! Hail! Hail! . . . .
loco.
sempre. ff

No. 46. GOOD-NIGHT.

Andante con moto.

1st & 2nd Soprano.

Henry Leslie.

Good - night, good - night, 1. Let all la - bors

Alto.

Good-night, good-night, good-night, good-night. 2. Slumber till the

♩ = 88.

cease with light, good-night, . . . good - night! . . . . . Day hath glid - ed

mor - row's light. Good-night, good-night, good-night, good - night! Slum - ber till the

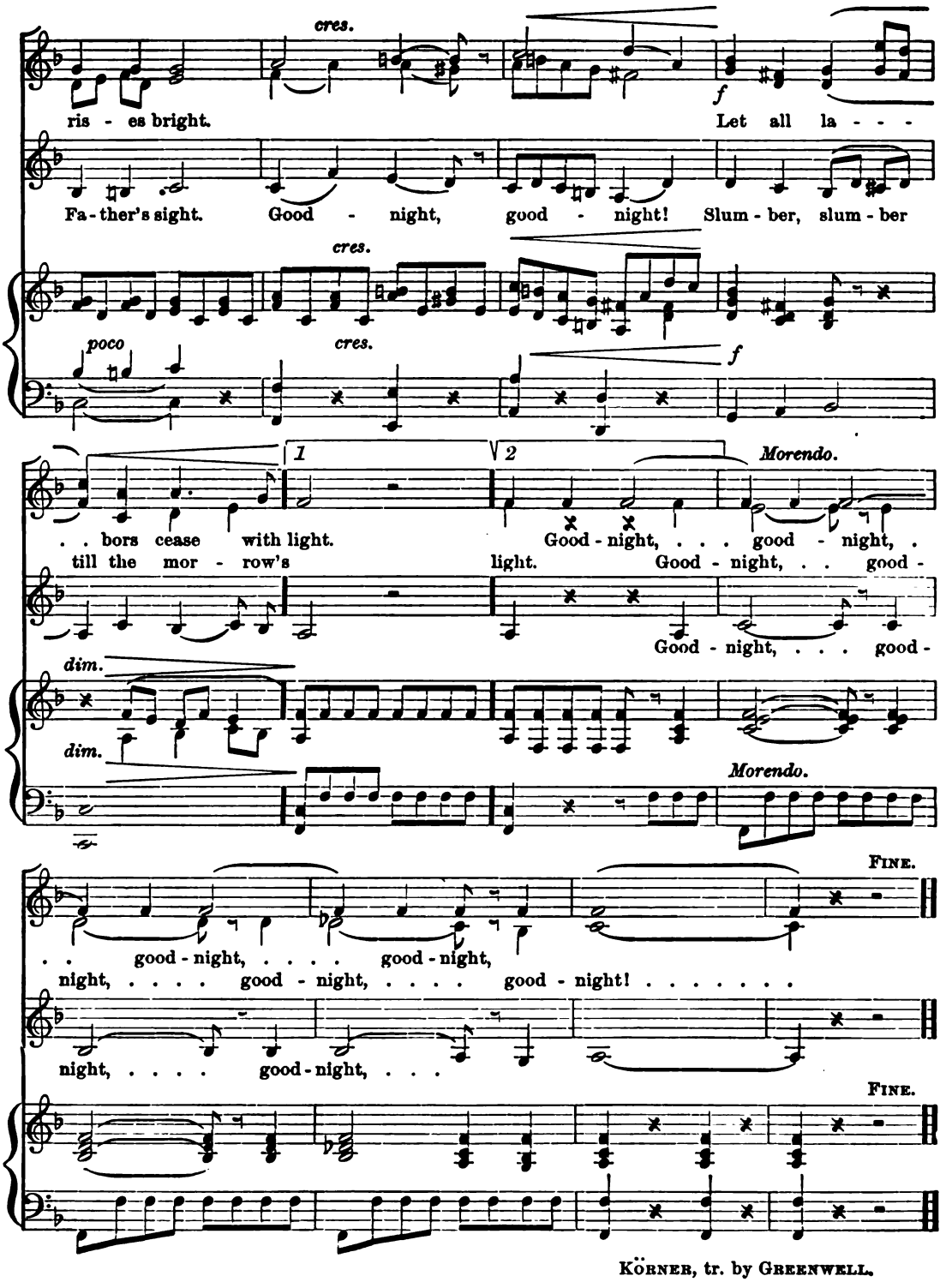
cres.

f *dim.* *poco.*

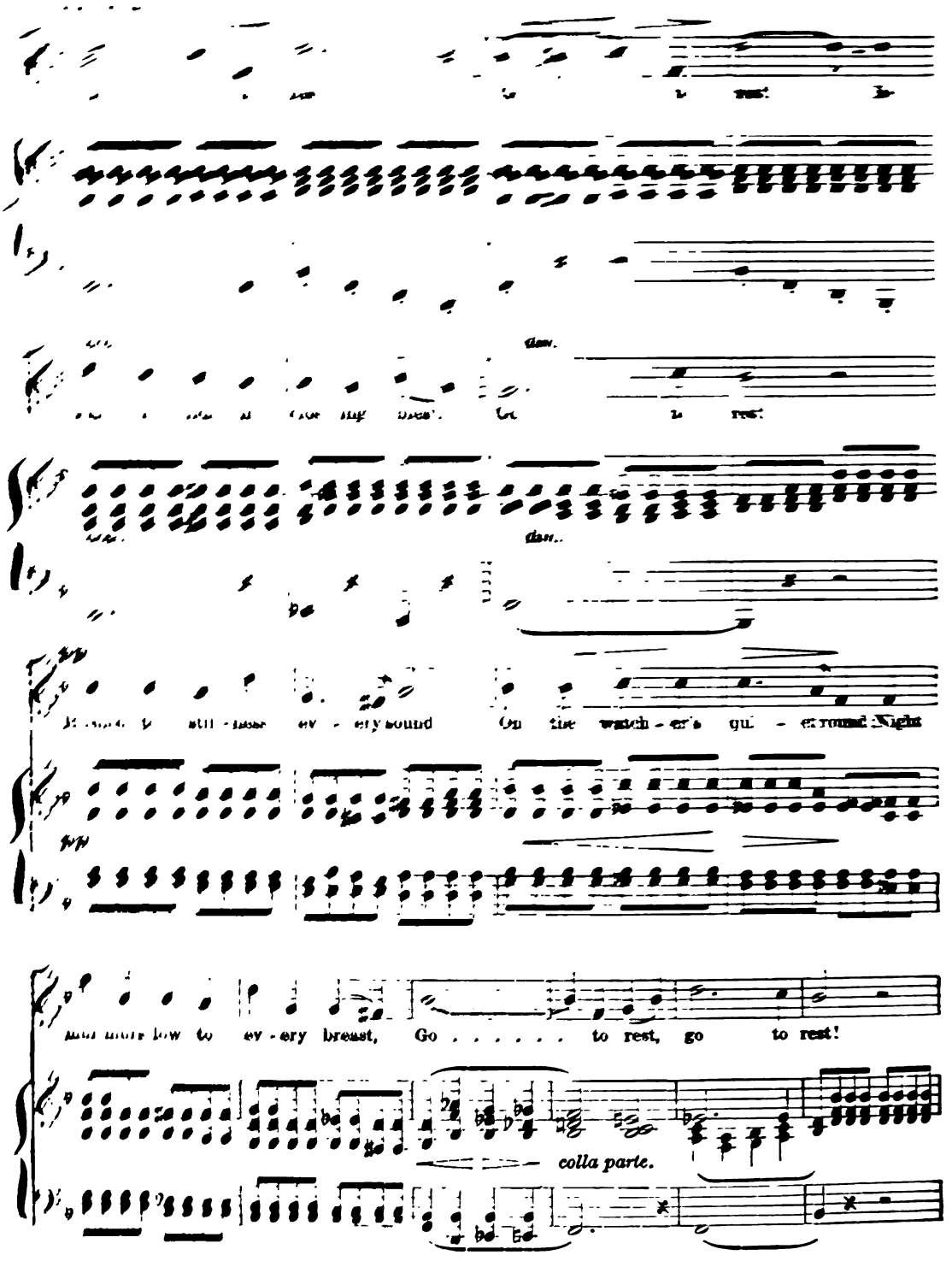
to its close, Let the bus - y hands re - pose, Till the mor - row

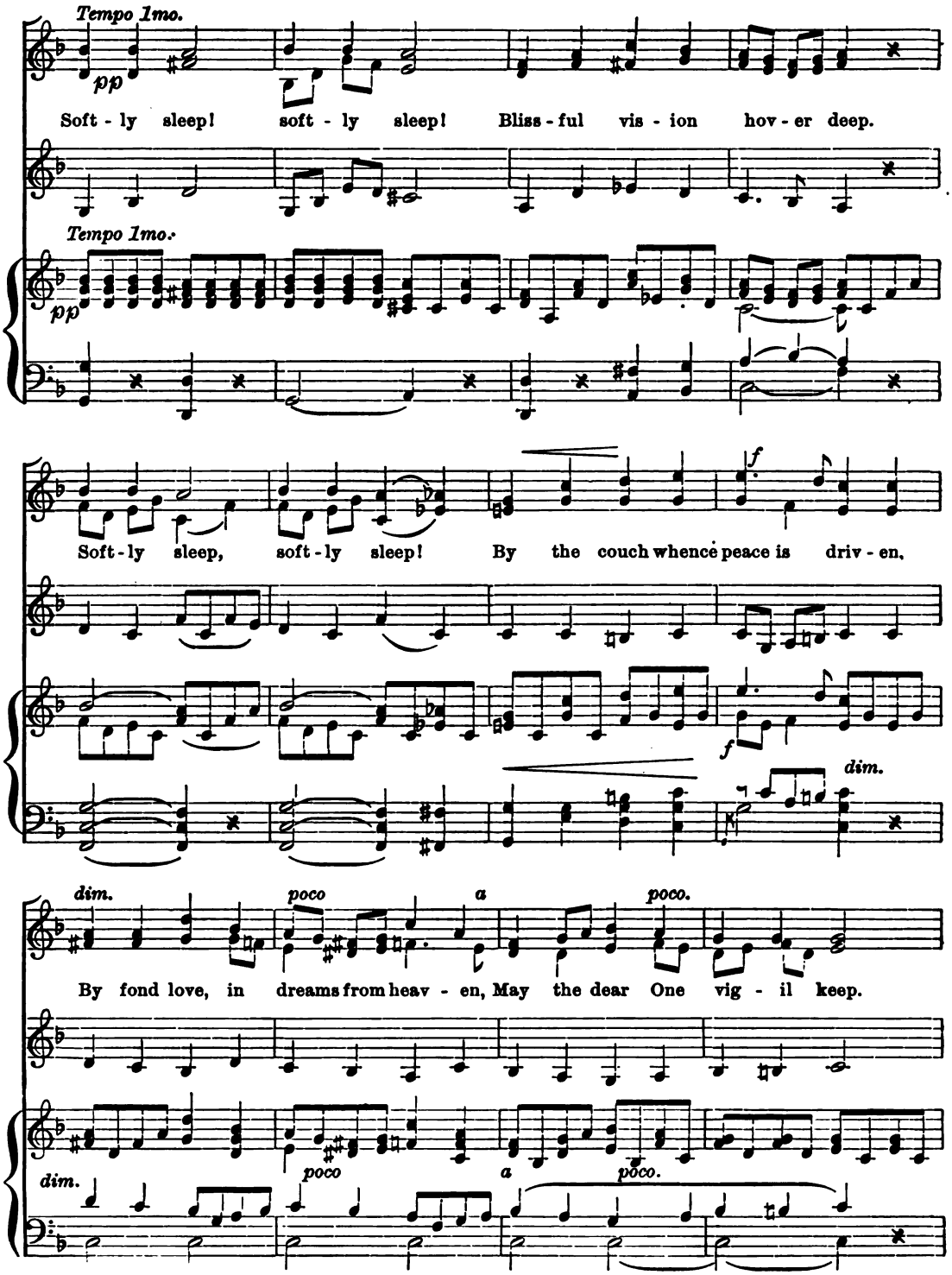
morn-ing, breaking, Brings fresh care to its a - wak - ing, Fear - less in the

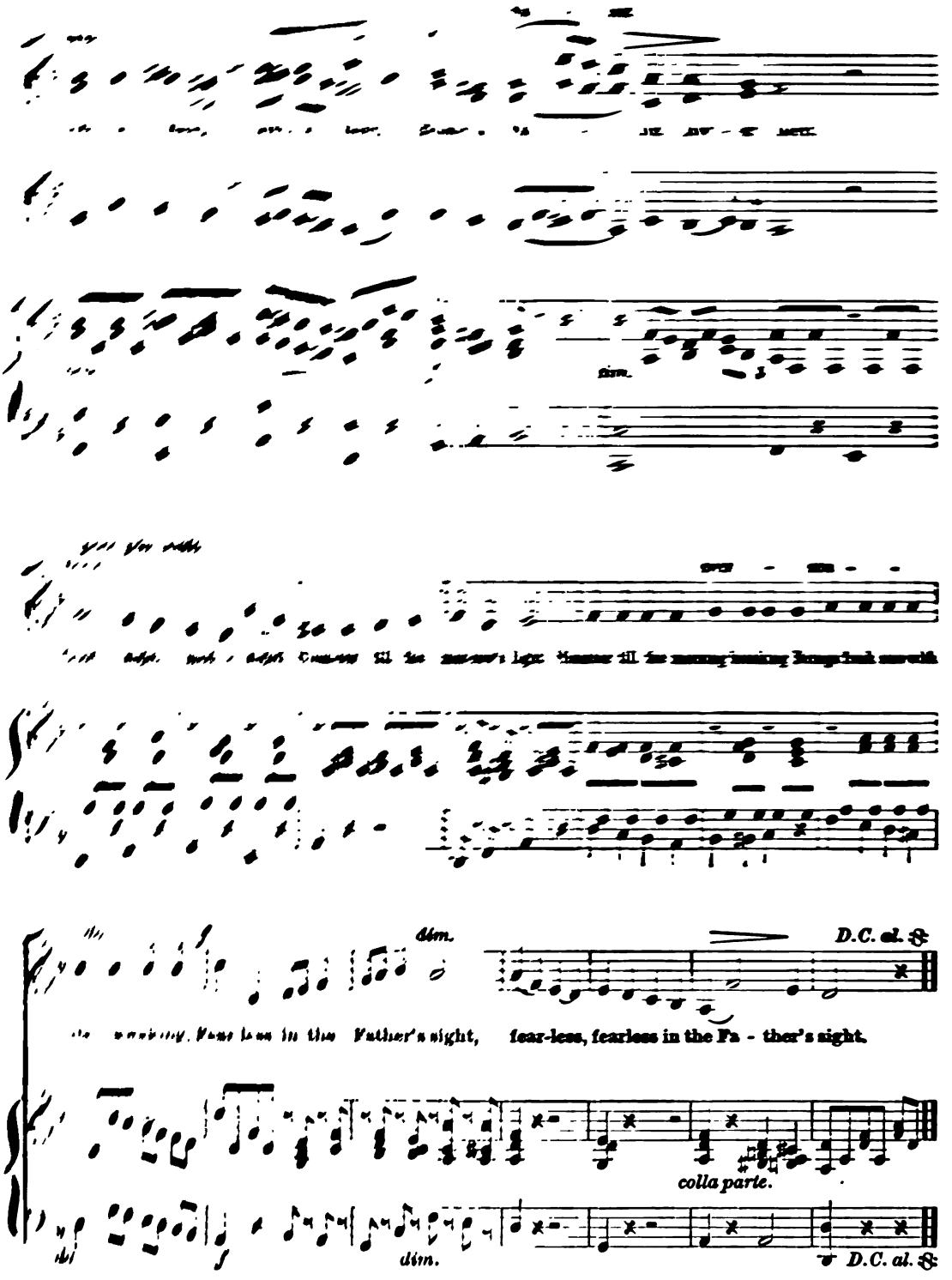
f *dim.* *poco* *a*



KÖRNER, tr. by GREENWELL.


dim.
dim.
still - ness ev - ery sound On the watch - er's qui - et round Night
and more low to ev - ery breast, Go . . . . . to rest, go to rest!
colla parte.


Tempo 1mo.
pp
Soft - ly sleep! soft - ly sleep! Bliss - ful vis - ion hov - er deep.
Tempo 1mo.
pp
Soft - ly sleep, soft - ly sleep! By the couch whence peace is driv - en,
f
f
dim.
dim.
poco a poco.
By fond love, in dreams from heav - en, May the dear One vig - il keep.
dim.
poco a poco.


dim.
dim.
D.C. al. 𝄋
fear-less, fearless in the Fa - ther's night.
colla parte.
dim.
D.C. al. 𝄋

No. 47. Thuringian Folk-song.

Moderato.

1st & 2nd Soprano.

1. How could I bear Ev - er to part from thee? Thee do I
2. Blue is the flower We call "For - get - me - not;" This flower then

Alto.

3. Were I a bird - ling, Soon would I be with thee, Brav - ing the

Bass.

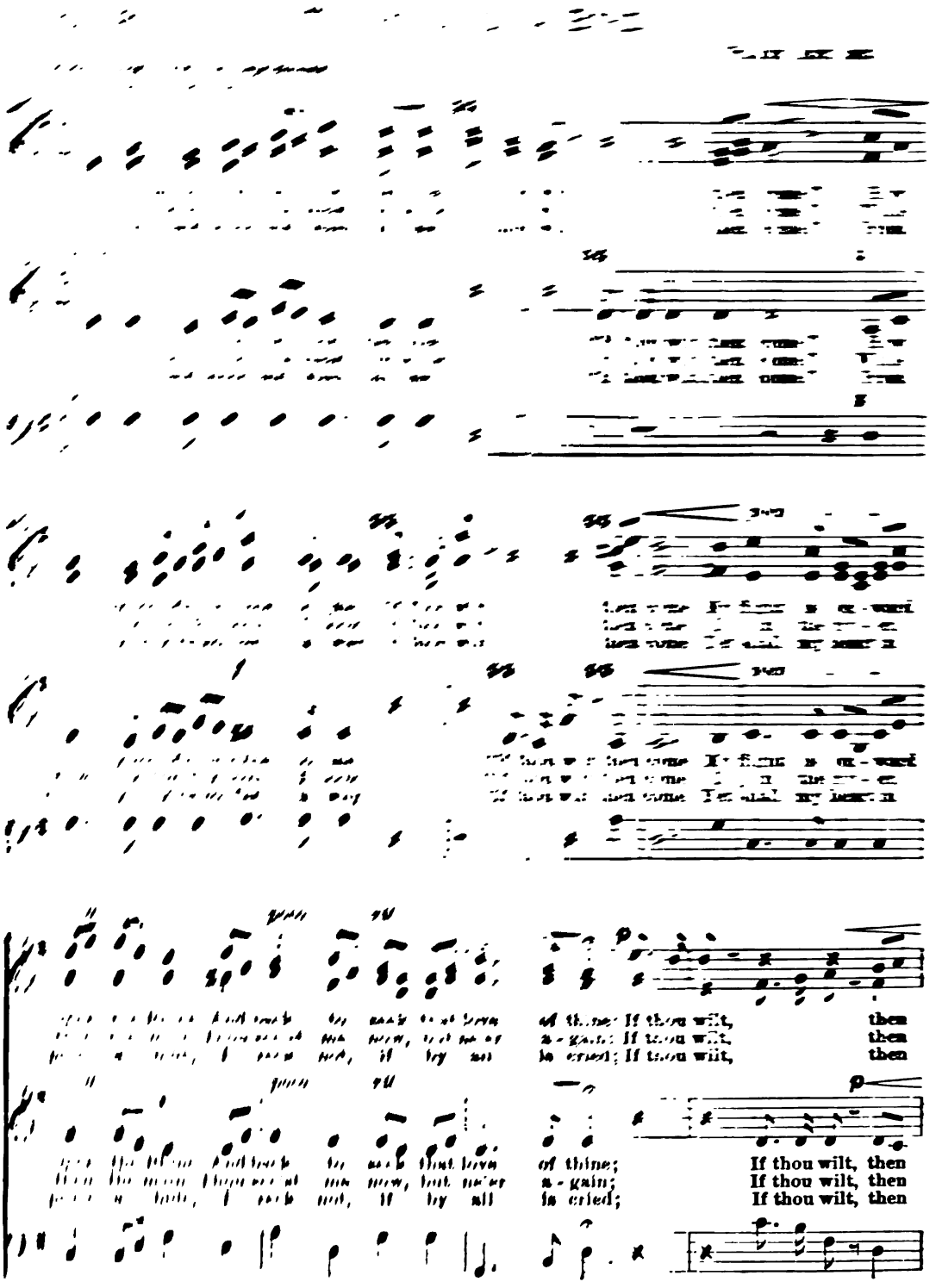
love, how well, Thou canst not tell. I am of rest be - reaved,
take to thee, And think on me. Should hope and flower de - cay,

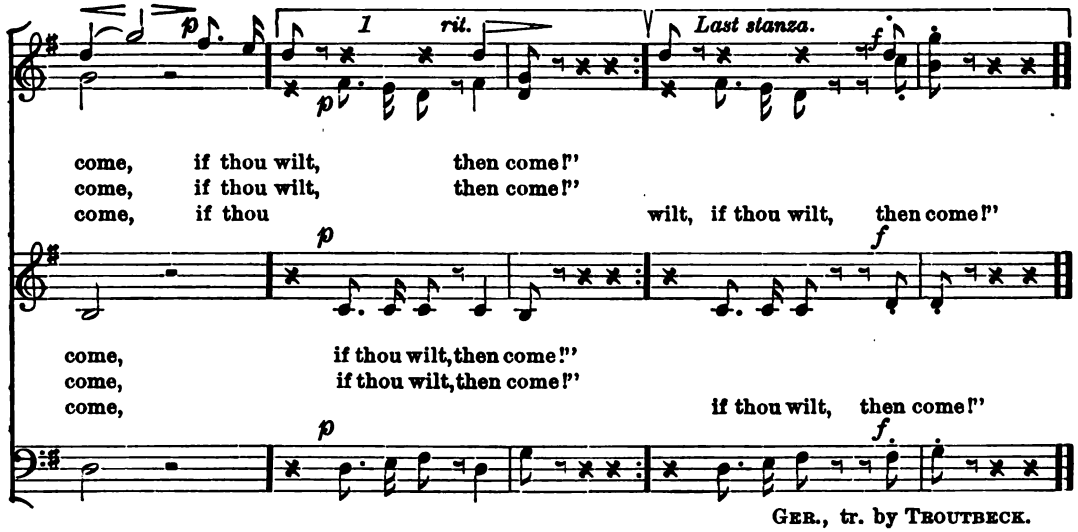
storm - y sky, Swift would I fly; But should the fowl - er's ball

Thou hast my soul en - slaved, No - where I care to be, But, love, with thee.
Dare still on me to stay, Love with me can - not die, Thou may'st re - ly.

Reach me, and I must fall, Un - der thy lov - ing eye, Fain would I die.

poco rit. *rall.* *dim.*

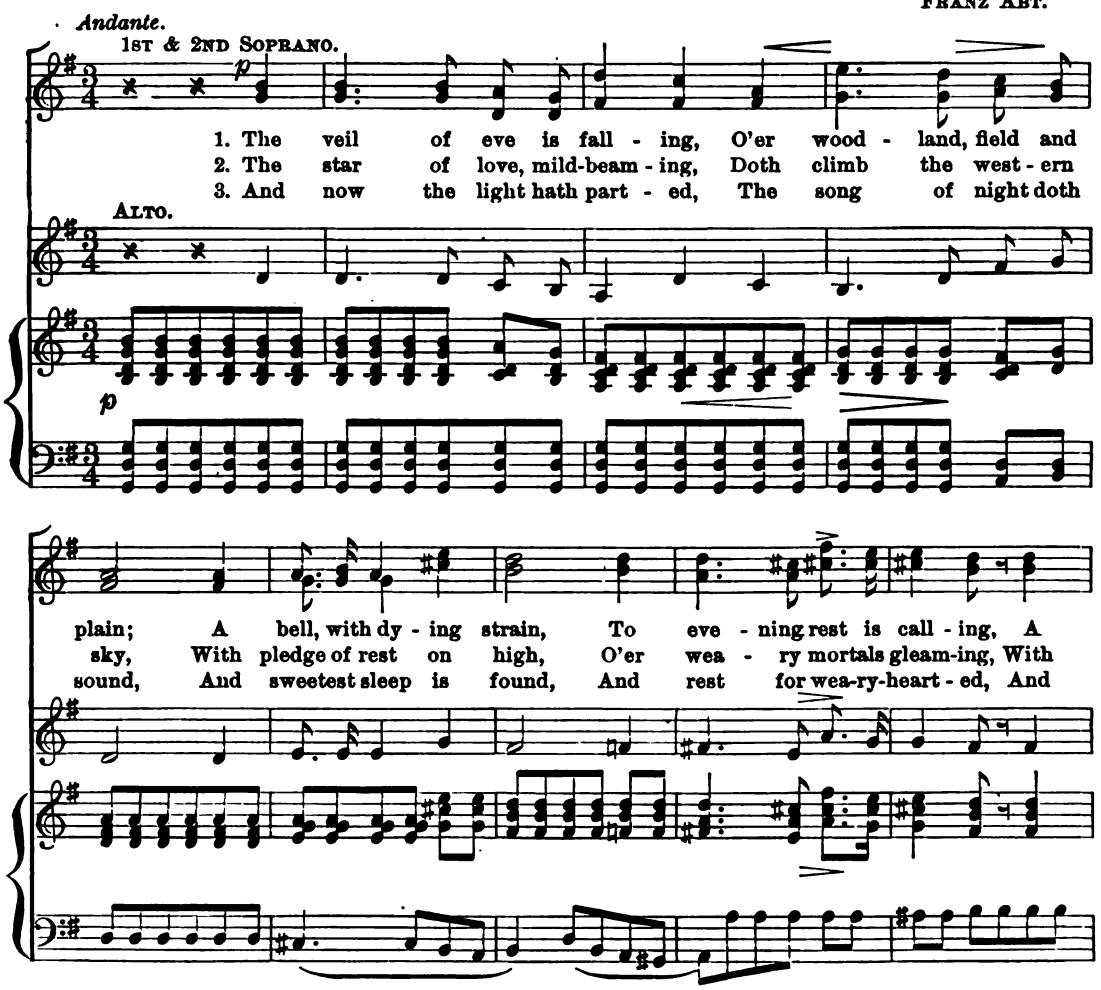

of thine; If thou wilt, then
a - gain; If thou wilt, then
in cried; If thou wilt, then
If thou wilt, then
If thou wilt, then
If thou wilt, then



GER., tr. by TROUTBECK.

NO. 49. AVE MARIA.

FRANZ ABT.



SOLO. *mf*

1. Thou spotless
2. Thou star of
3. O star of

bell, with dy - ing strain, To eve-ning rest is call - - - ing.
pledge of rest on high, O'er wea-ry mor - tals gleam - - - ing.
sweet - est sleep is found, And rest for wea - ry heart - - - ed.

dim.

maid - en, hail to thee, That deign'st our guid - ing star to be, To point to
love, thy heav'nly glow Dost strengthen grief - worn hearts below, That round them
peace, thy beam-ing ray Shall guide us forth on heav'nly way; Lead us thro'

pp

A - - - - ve Ma - ri - - - - a,

pp

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

heav'n's, to heav'n's fe - lic - i - ty, to point to heav'n's felic - i - ty.
here, find naught, find naught but woe, that round them here find naught but woe.
rest, lead us, lead us to rest, to bet - ter, bright - er rest.

pp

A - - - - - - ve Ma - ri - - - - - a.

1. Thou
2. Thou
3. O

pp

1. Thou spotless
2. Thou star of
3. O star of

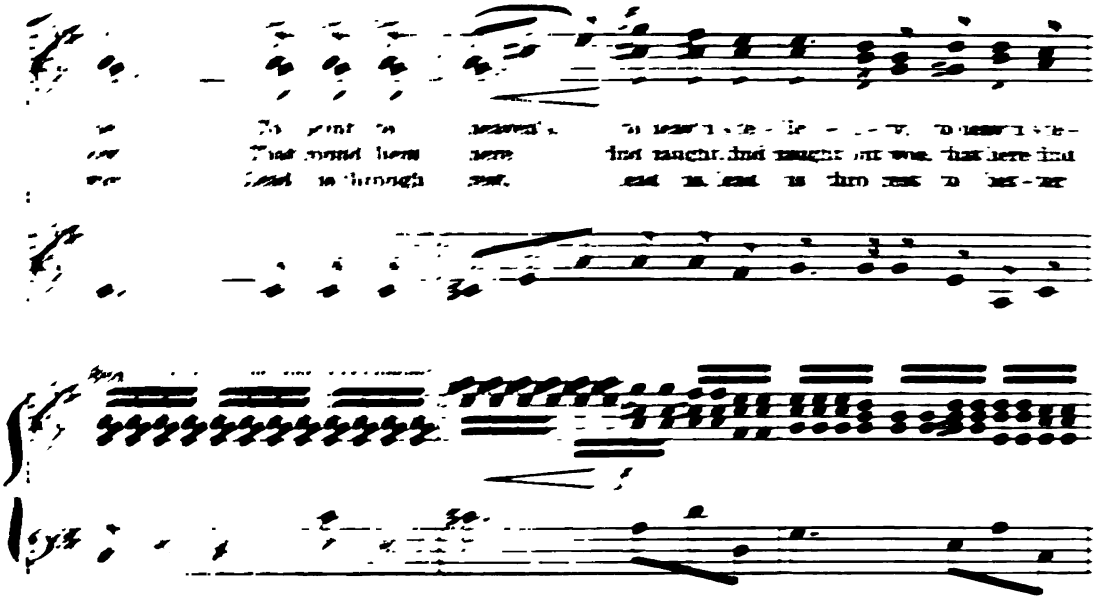
Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

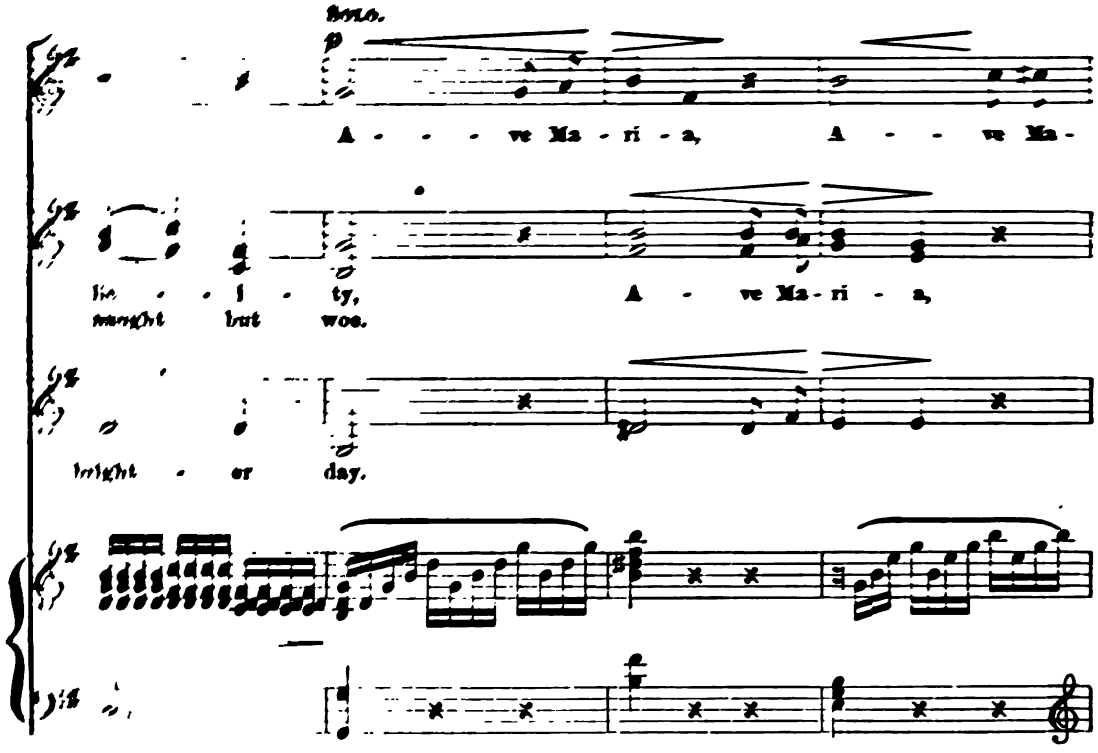
spot - less maid - en, hail to thee, That deign'st our guid - ing star to
star of love, thy heav'n - ly glow Dost strengthen grief - worn hearts be -
star of peace, thy beam - ing ray Shall guide us forth on heav'n - ly

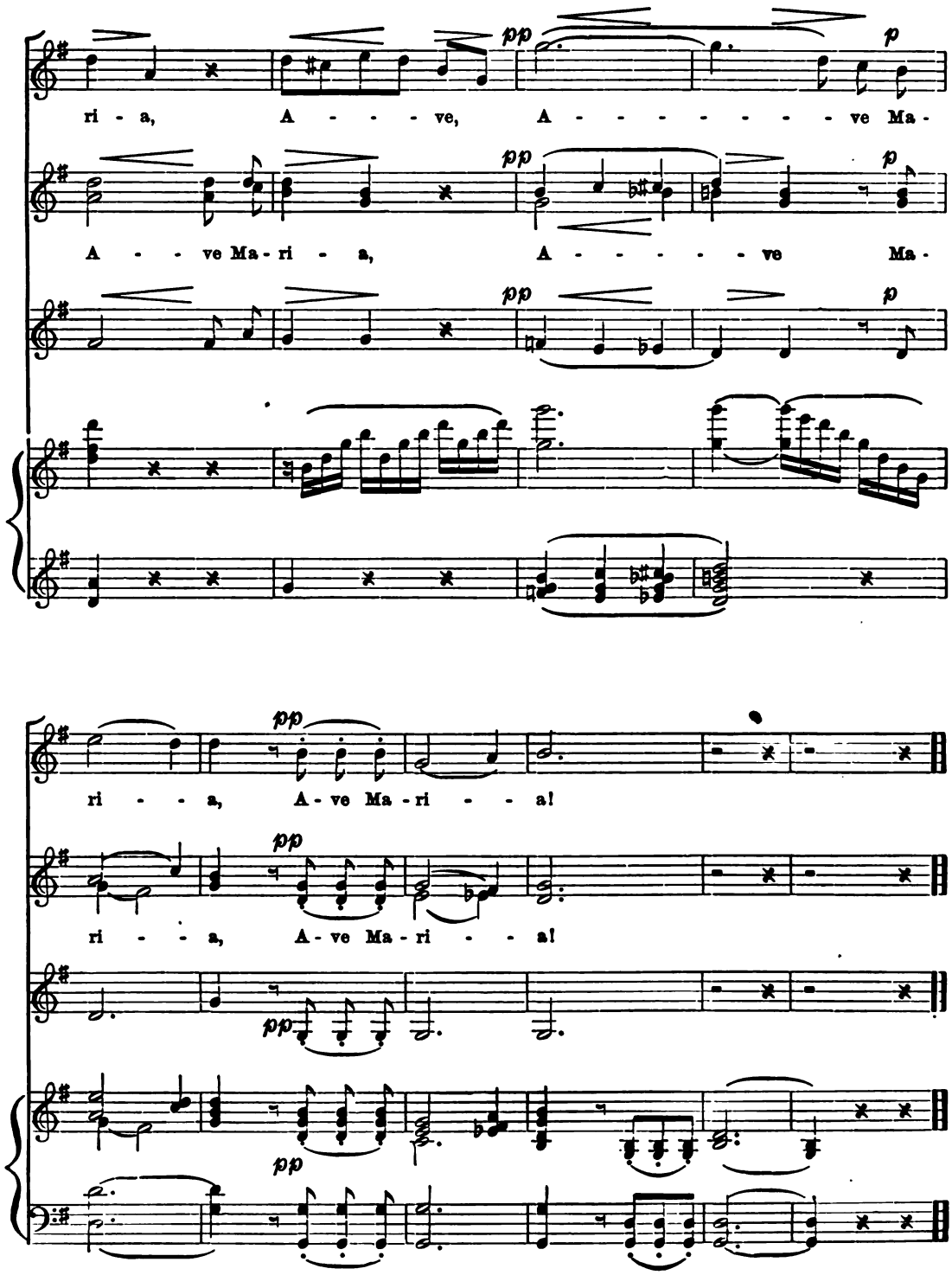
maid - - en, hail to thee,
love, that heav'n - ly glow
peace, thy beam - ing ray

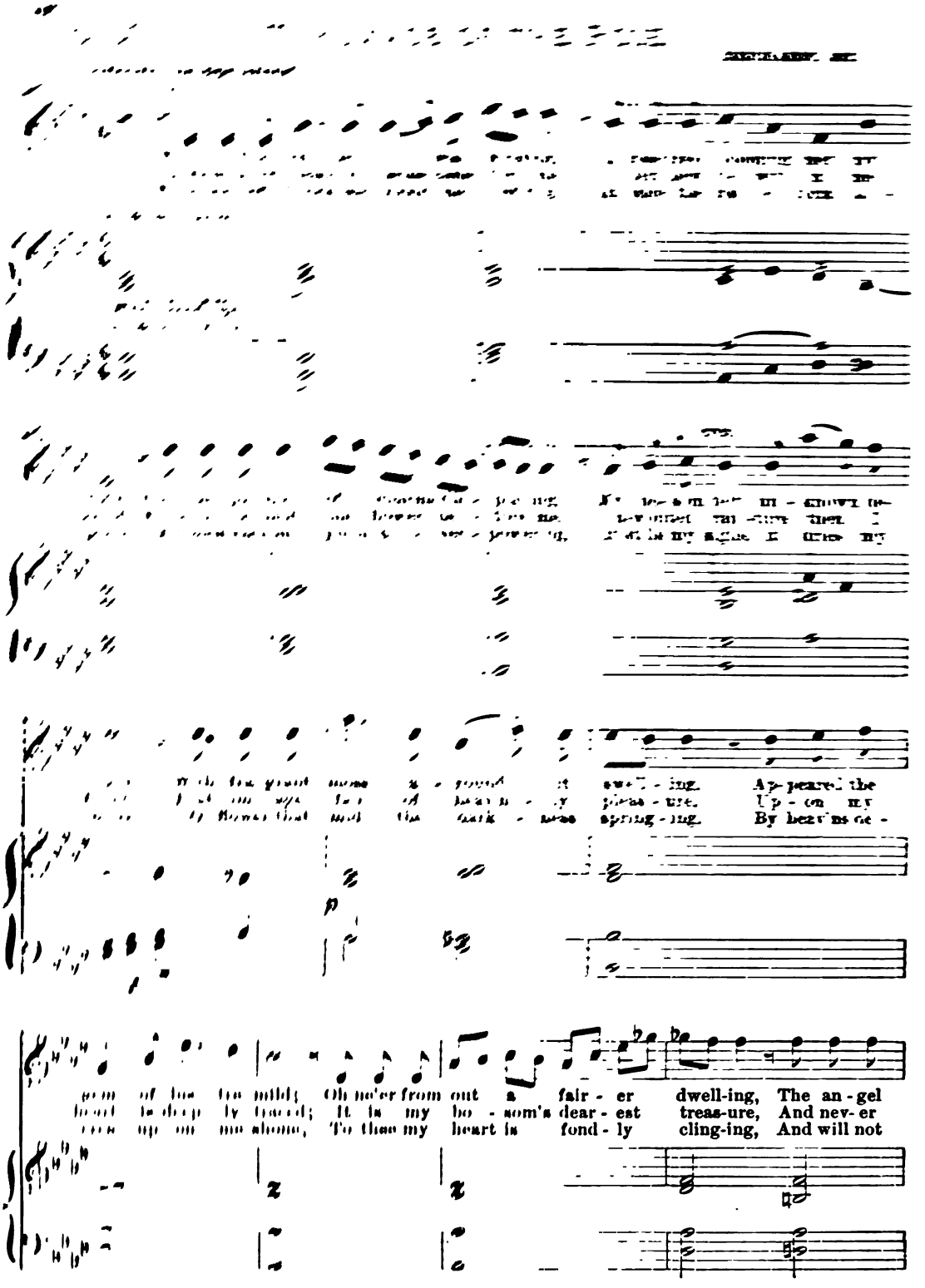
8va.

p




tenuto.
A - - - ve Ma - ri - a, A - - ve Ma-
lie - - i - ty, A - ve Ma - ri - a,
naught but woe.
bright - er day.


pp
p
ri - a, A - - - ve, A - - - - - - - ve Ma -
A - - ve Ma - ri - a, A - - - - - ve Ma -
ri - - a, A - ve Ma - ri - - a!
ri - - a, A - ve Ma - ri - - a!


Ap - peared the
Up - on my
By heav'ns ge -
dwell-ing, The an - gel
treas-ure, And nev- er
cling-ing, And will not

f piu moto.

face of vir - tue smiled, Oh, ne'er from out a fair - er dwelling The an- gel
can it be ef -faced, It is my bo -som's dear-est treasure, And nev-er
cease till life is gone, To thee my heart is fond - ly clinging, And will not

f piu moto.

face of vir - tue smiled, the an - gel face of vir - tue smiled.
can it be ef - faced, and nev - er can it be ef - faced.
cease till life is gone, and will not cease till life is gone.

CODA.
Tempo 1mo.

molto espress.

Beau - ti - ful form, tar - ry, oh, tar - - -

p

Beau - ti - ful form, tar - ry with me, . . . tar - -

- - - - - ry, tar - ry, oh, tar - ry, with me. . . . . .

pp

- - - - - - - - - - - ry, tar - ry with me.

NO. 51. CONSECRATION.

VOICES IN UNISON. FRANZ ABT, ARR.

f Maestoso.

1. Broth - ers, give both heart and hand Joy - ful -
2. Ev - er burn, an in - fluence good In . . . each
3. There - fore, broth - ers, heart and hand Con - se -

f

mf

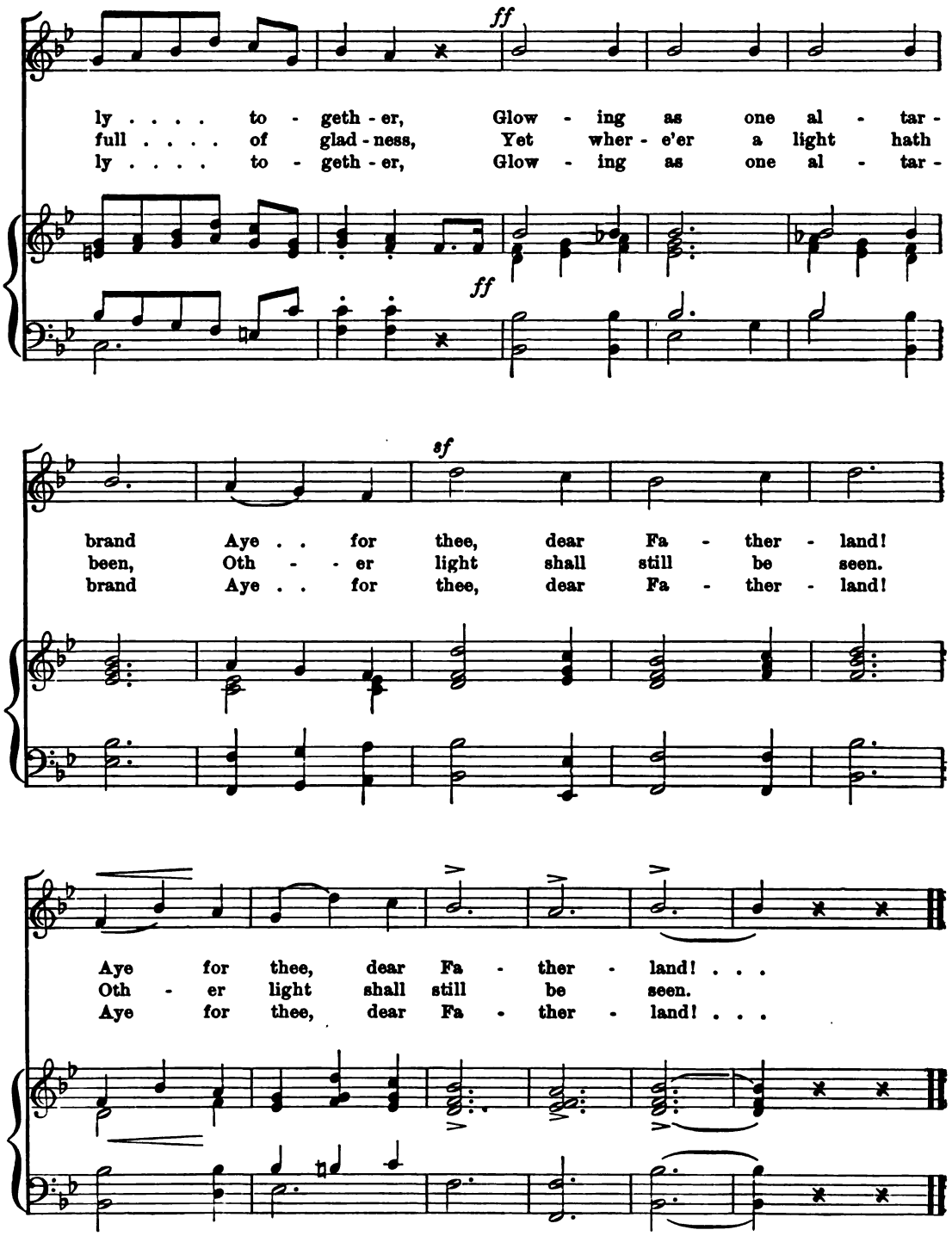
ly . . . to Fa - ther - land! Thou - sand hearts, like
loy - al Free - man's blood! And though death shall
crate . . to Fa - ther - land! Thou - sand hearts, like

mf

mf

flames, ... for - ev - er Shin - ing lov - ing -
end . . . . . in . . sad - ness Man - y a heart now
flames, ... for - ev - er Shin - ing lov - ing -

mf



KÜBLER, tr. by W. W. CALDWELL.

No. 48. THERE SINGS A BIRD.

FRANZ ABT, arr.

Poco allegro, ma con espressione.

1ST & 2ND SOPRANO.

1. There sings a bird on yon - der tree, "If thou wilt, then come!" How
2. There mur-murs too the mead - ow brook, "If thou wilt, then come!" While
3. The sun and moon and stars all say, "If thou wilt, then come!" From

ALTO.

1. There sings a bird on yon - der tree, "If thou wilt, then come!" How
2. There mur-murs too the mead - ow brook, "If thou wilt, then come!" While
3. The sun and moon and stars all say, "If thou wilt, then come!" From

BASS.

charming sounds his voice to me, "If thou wilt, then come! My flight is on - ward
flow - ing, for thy love I look, "If thou wilt, then come! I join the riv - er,
heaven-ly heights, so far a - way, "If thou wilt, then come! Yet shall my heart in

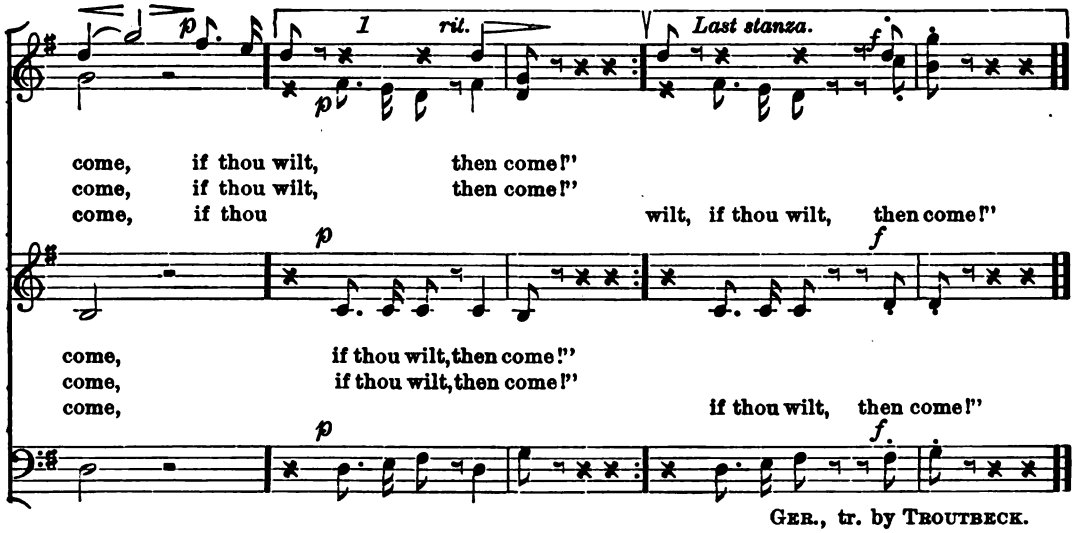
charming sounds his voice to me, "If thou wilt, then come! My flight is on - ward
flow - ing, for thy love I look, "If thou wilt, then come! I join the riv - er,
heaven-ly heights, so far a - way, "If thou wilt, then come! Yet shall my heart in

a - - - poco rit.

o'er the Rhine, And back to seek that love of thine; If thou wilt, then
then the main, Thou see'st me now, but ne'er a - gain; If thou wilt, then
peace a - bide, I reck not, if by all is cried; If thou wilt, then

a - - - poco rit.

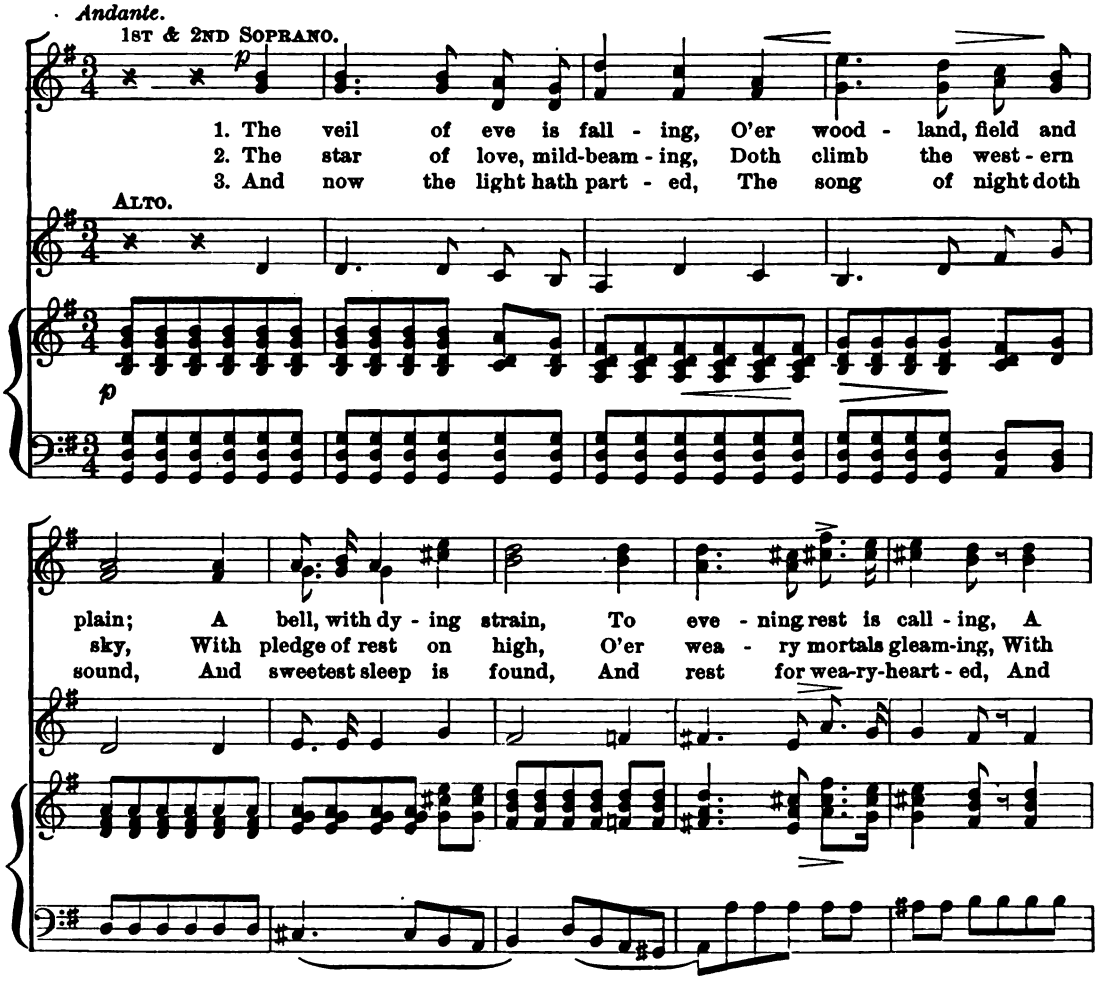
o'er the Rhine, And back to seek that love of thine; If thou wilt, then
then the main, Thou see'st me now, but ne'er a - gain; If thou wilt, then
peace a - bide, I reck not, if by all is cried; If thou wilt, then

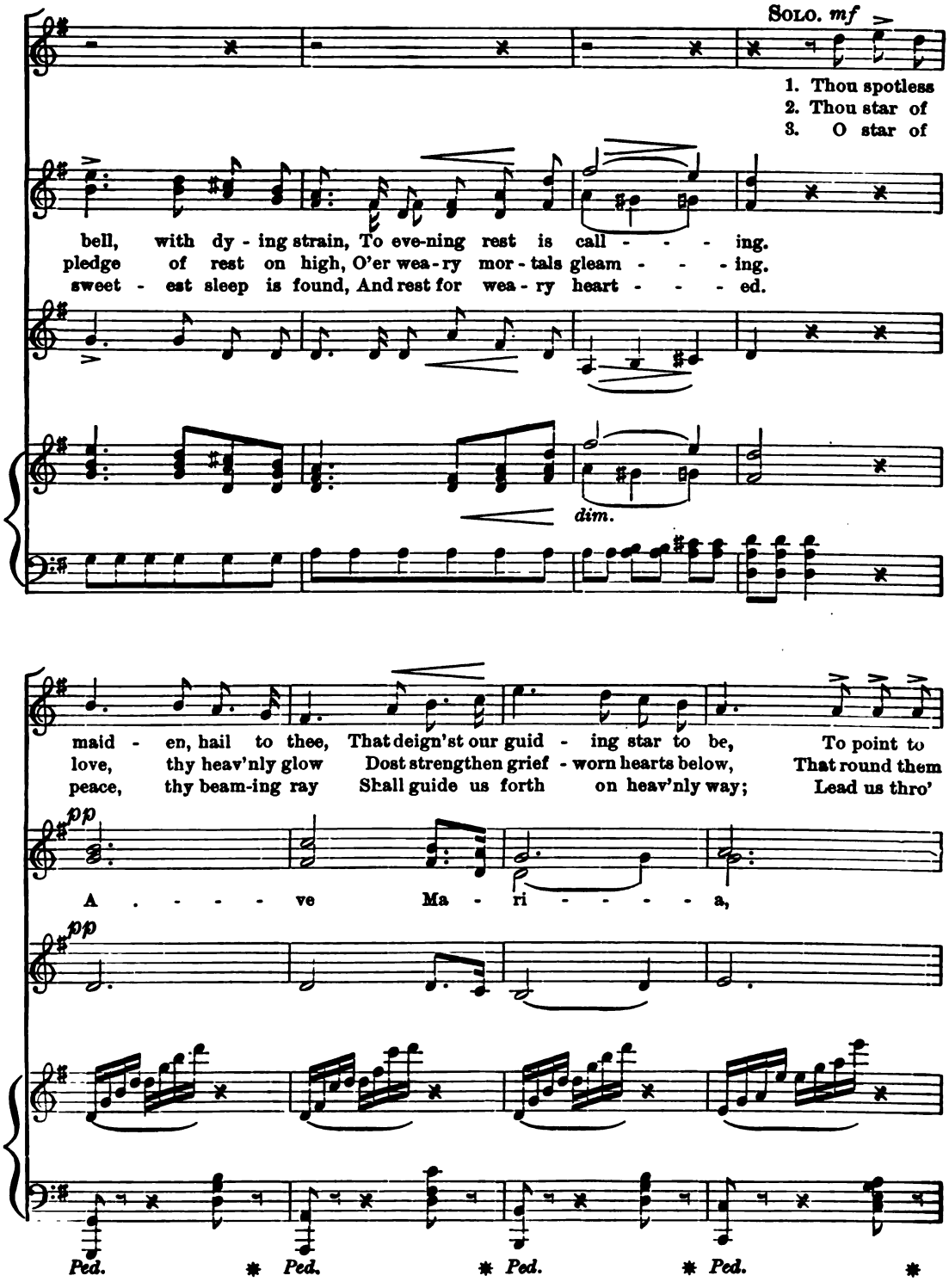


GER., tr. by TROUTBECK.

NO. 49. AVE MARIA.

FRANZ ABT.




SOLO. mf
1. Thou spotless
2. Thou star of
3. O star of
bell, with dy - ing strain, To eve-ning rest is call - - - ing.
pledge of rest on high, O'er wea - ry mor - tals gleam - - - ing.
sweet - est sleep is found, And rest for wea - ry heart - - - ed.
dim.
maid - en, hail to thee, That deign'st our guid - ing star to be, To point to
love, thy heav'nly glow Dost strengthen grief - worn hearts below, That round them
peace, thy beam-ing ray Shall guide us forth on heav'nly way; Lead us thro'
pp
A - - - - ve Ma - ri - - - - a,
pp
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

heav'n's, to heav'n's fe - lic - i - ty, to point to heav'n's felic - i - ty.
here, find naught, find naught but woe, that round them here find naught but woe.
rest, lead us, lead us to rest, to bet - ter, bright - er rest.

pp

A - - - - - ve Ma - ri - - - - - a.

1. Thou
2. Thou
3. O

pp

1. Thou spotless
2. Thou star of
3. O star of

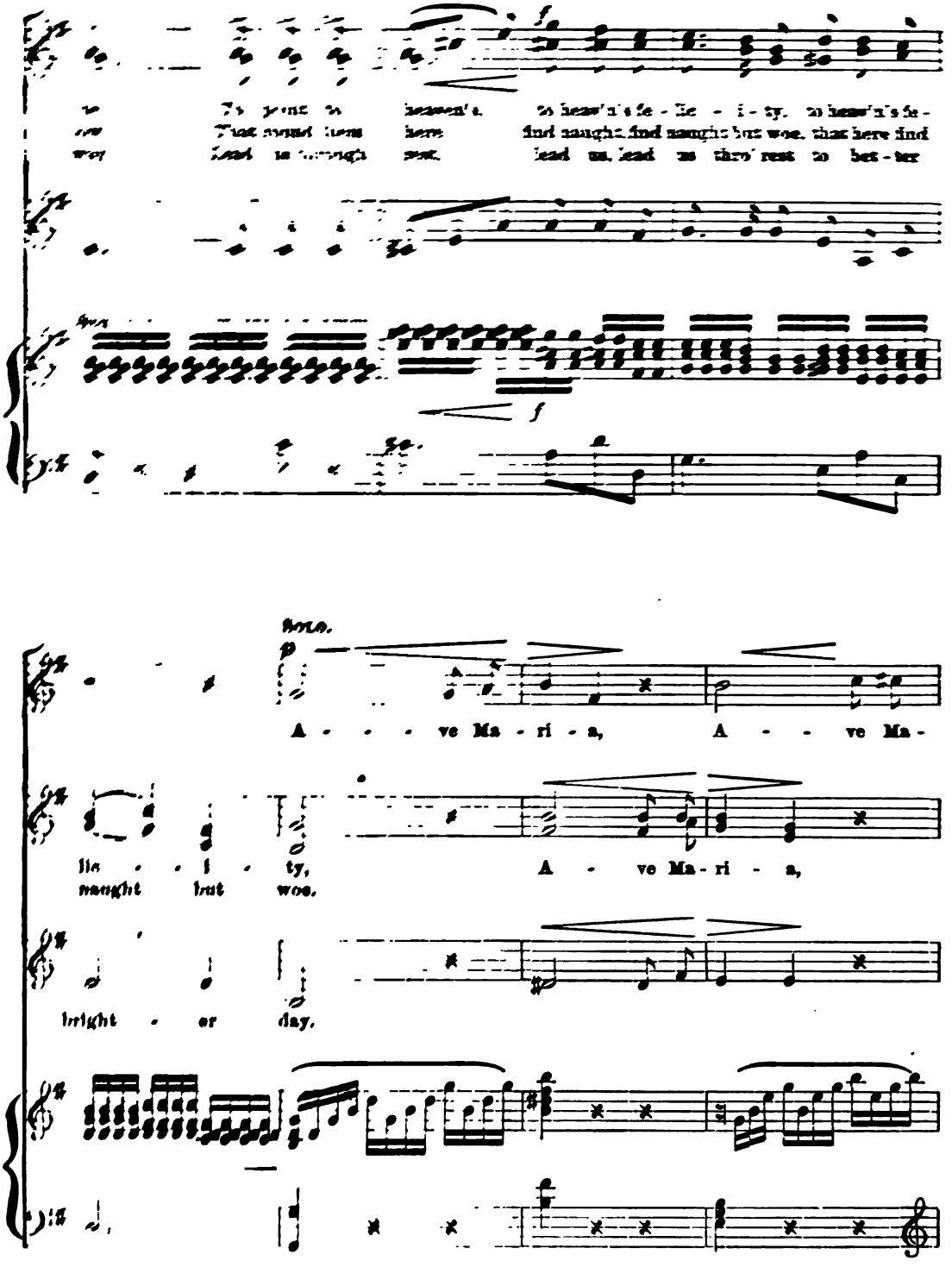
Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

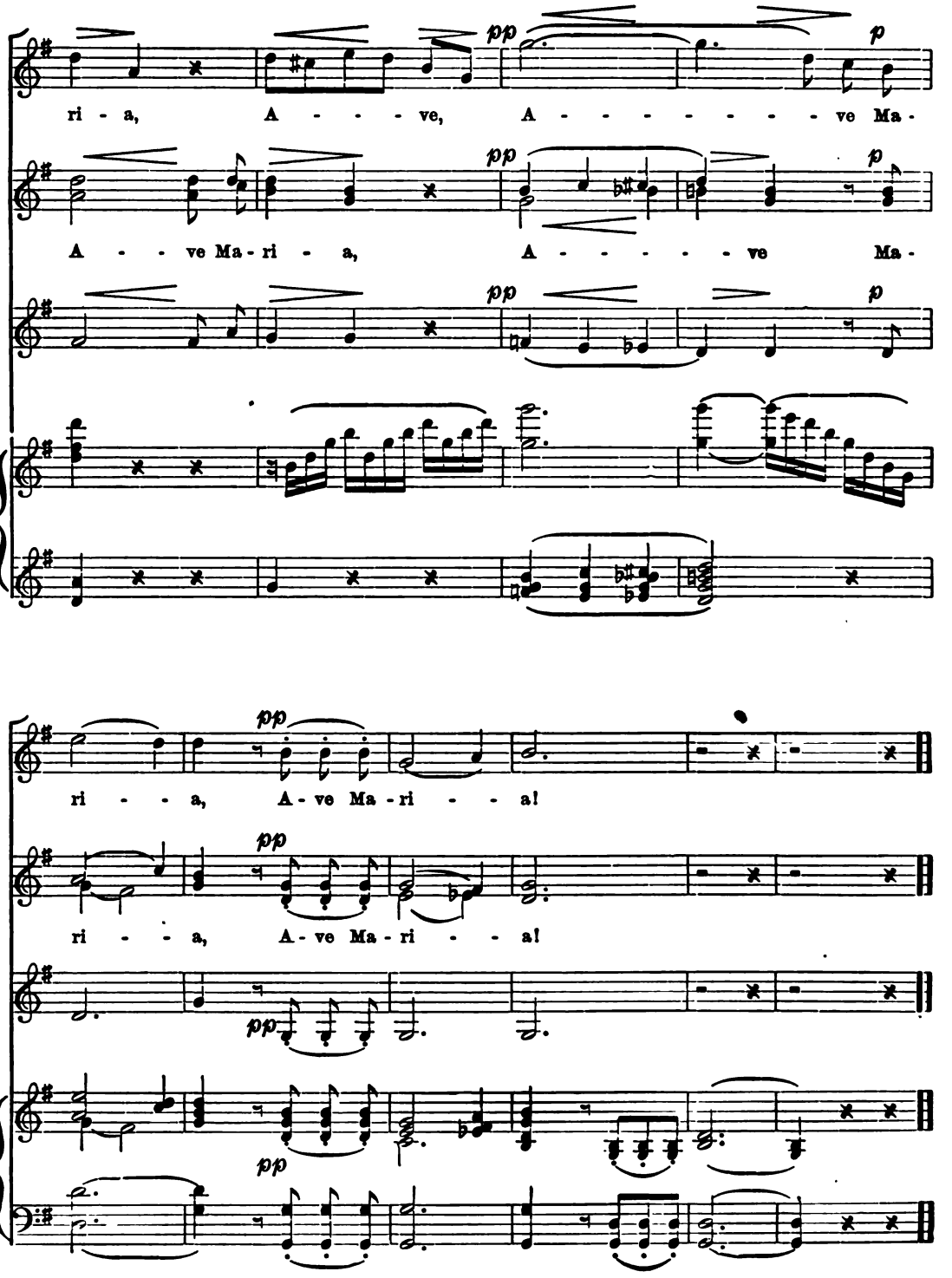
spot - less maid - en, hail to thee, That deign'st our guid - ing star to
star of love, thy heav'n - ly glow Dost strengthen grief - worn hearts be -
star of peace, thy beam - ing ray Shall guide us forth on heav'n - ly

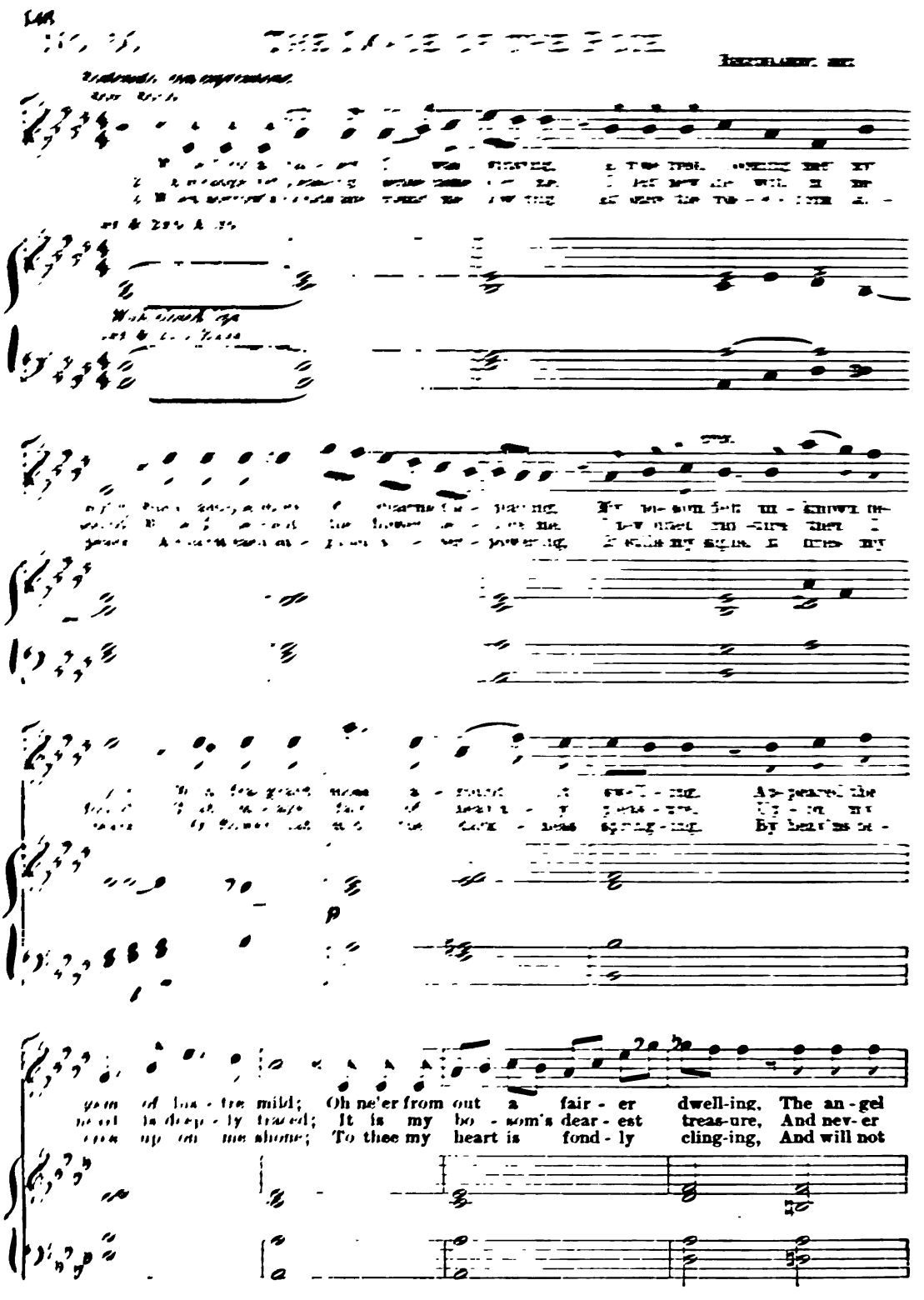
maid - - en, hail to thee,
love, that heav'n - ly glow
peace, thy beam - ing ray

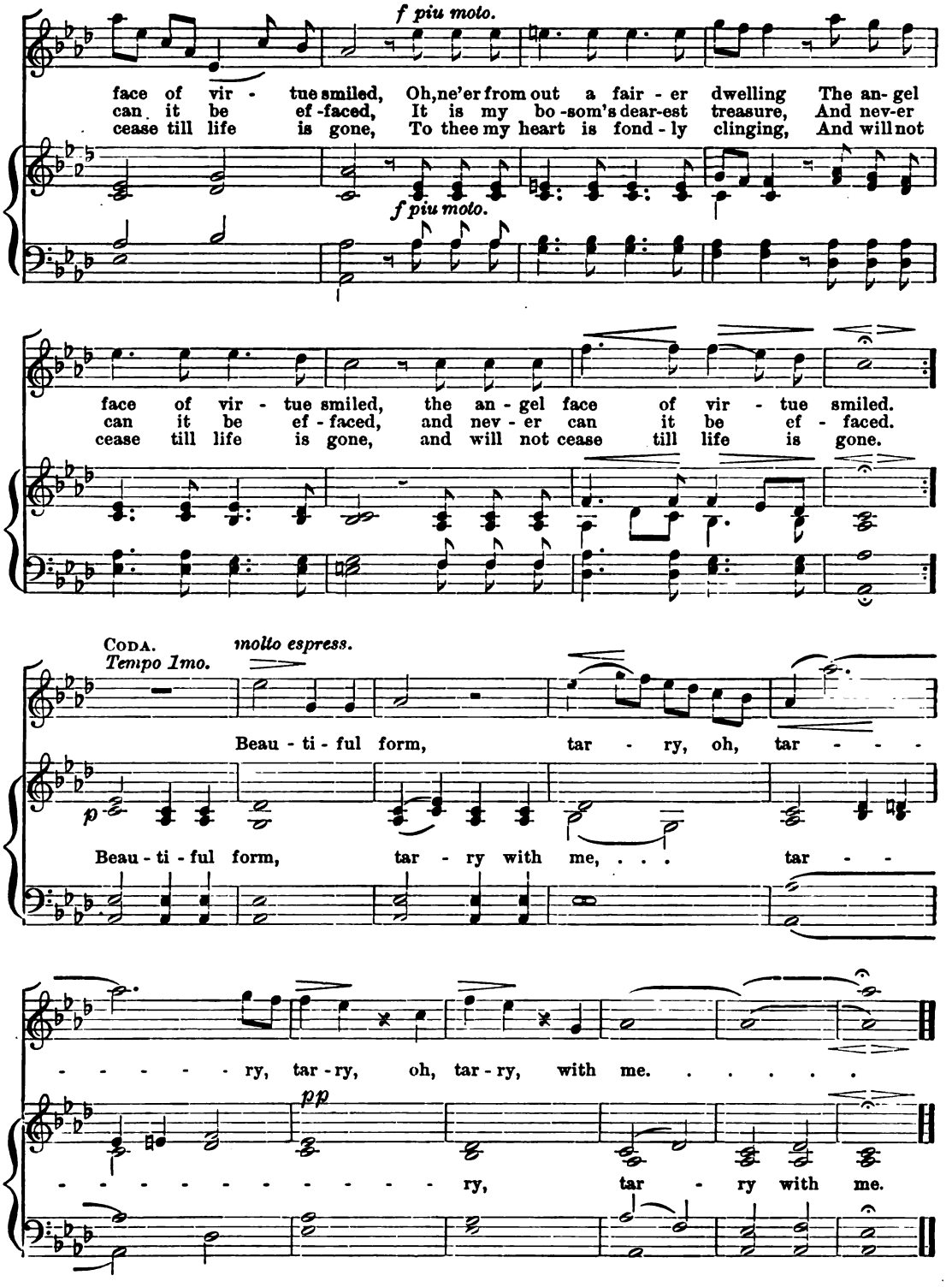
8va.

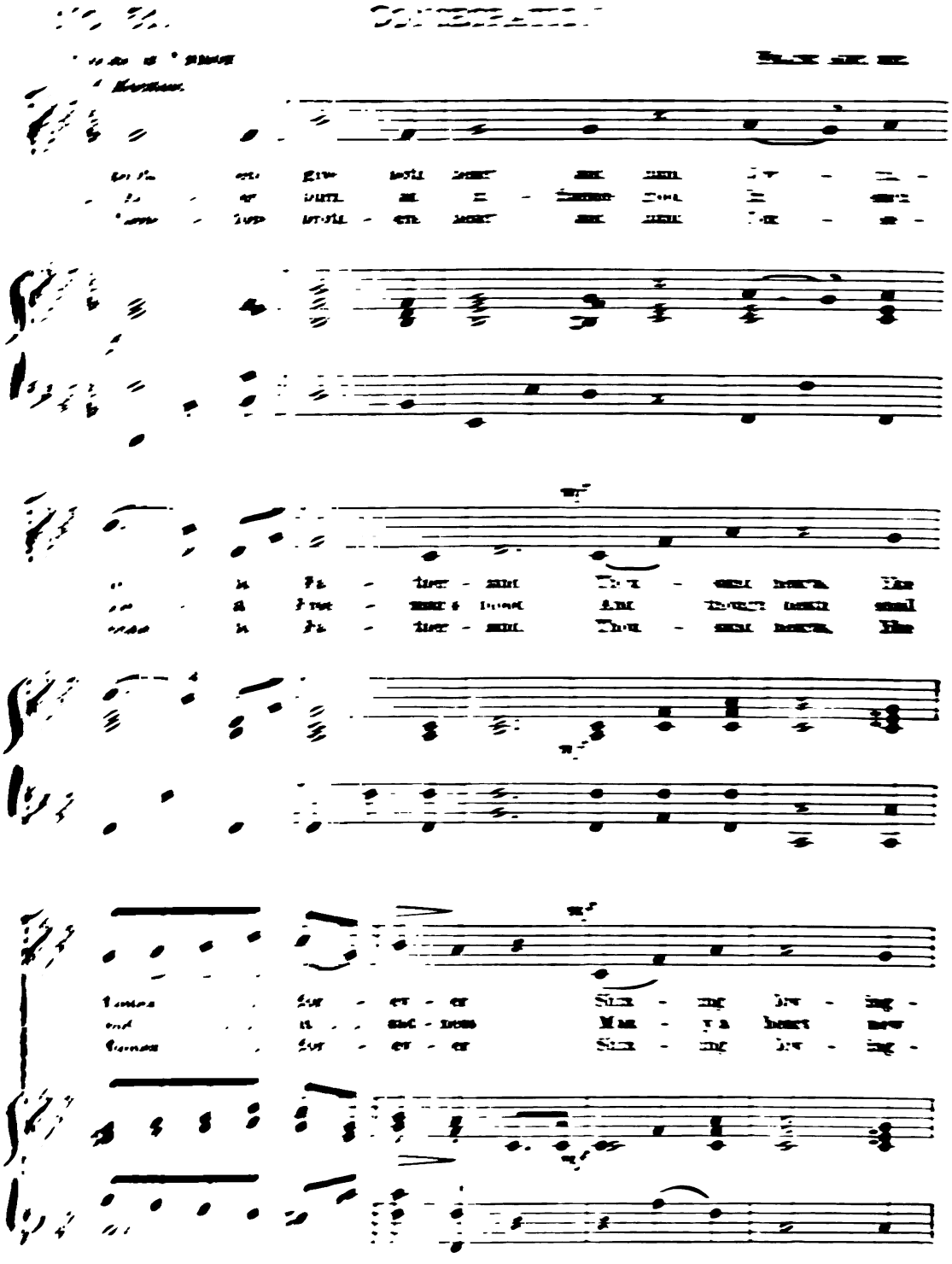
p

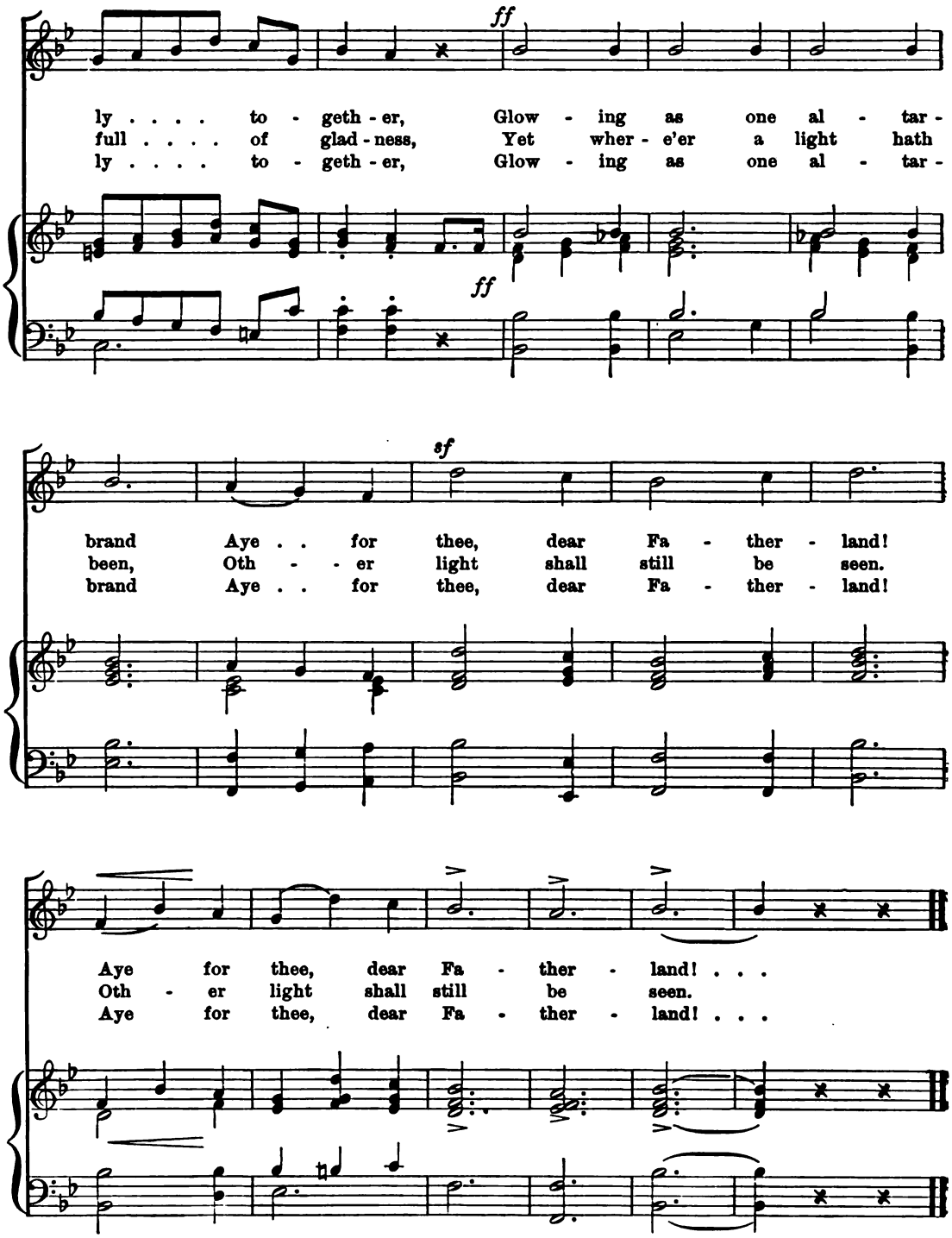

f
f
A - - - ve Ma - ri - a, A - - ve Ma -
lis - - i - ty, A - ve Ma - ri - a,
naught but woe.
bright - er day.


pp
p
ri - a, A - - - ve, A - - - - - - - ve Ma -
A - - ve Ma - ri - a, A - - - - - ve Ma -
ri - - a, A - ve Ma - ri - - a!
ri - - a, A - ve Ma - ri - - a!


yon of hea - ven mild; Oh ne'er from out a fair - er dwell-ing, The an - gel
heart is deep - ly traced; It is my bo - som's dear - est treas-ure, And nev- er
shone; To thee my heart is fond - ly cling-ing, And will not


f piu moto.
face of vir - tue smiled, Oh, ne'er from out a fair - er dwelling The an- gel
can it be ef - faced, It is my bo - som's dear-est treasure, And nev-er
cease till life is gone, To thee my heart is fond - ly clinging, And will not
f piu moto.
face of vir - tue smiled, the an - gel face of vir - tue smiled.
can it be ef - faced, and nev - er can it be ef - faced.
cease till life is gone, and will not cease till life is gone.
CODA.
Tempo 1mo.
molto espress.
Beau - ti - ful form, tar - ry, oh, tar - - -
p
Beau - ti - ful form, tar - ry with me, . . . tar - -
- - - - - ry, tar - ry, oh, tar - ry, with me. . . . . .
pp
- - - - - - - - - - - ry, tar - ry with me.





KÜBLER, tr. by W. W. CALDWELL.

No. 52. TO FATHERLAND.

METHFESSEL.

Unison.

1. Sing out, with voic - es firm and strong, The words we prize so dear - ly, The
2. The old - en sing - ers Fa - ther-land, The land they loved so tru - ly, To
3. For all that in the past did bless, Our sa - cred homes de - fend - ing, Lov -
4. The Po - ets sang that wine and love Must ne'er from Vir - tue sev - er, That
5. Up - ward the migh - ty strain shall go, The Fa - ther-land a - wak - ing, Till

Fa - ther-land's be - lov - ed song, Till hills re - ech - o cheer - ly!
thee, O cher-ished Fa - ther-land, We con - se - crate us new - ly;
ing our Ger - man joy - ous-ness, Its an - cient ways com - mend - ing.
man to man should up-right prove In deeds and man - ners ev - er.
each shall each as broth - er know, His hand in feal - ty tak - ing.

MATTH. CLAUDIUS, tr. by W. W. CALDWELL.

No. 53. THE COSSACK.

RUSSIAN FOLK-SONG.

Andantino.

OLIS.

1. Min - ka dear - est, I must leave thee! Ah, thou cans't not know my sor - row,
2. Nev - er, dear - est, would I leave thee! Night and day my hands ex - tend - ing,

When I find my - self to - mor - row Far from home to be!
Greet - ings shall I oft be send - ing From each hill and plain;

Dim will seem the day- light's glow-ing, From my eyes the tear-drops flow - ing,
Ah, so man - y sea - sons fleet - ing, Ere re - turns our time of meet - ing!

As o'er hill and wood-land go - ing, Still I dream of thee.
Take then, love, my last en - treat - ing- "Ev - er true re - main."

SOPRANO. MINKA.

3. Dear - est, O - lis, must we sev - er? Bloom my cheek shall vis - it nev - er,
4. All my songs will now be end - ing, All my glanc - es earth-ward bend-ing,

And all joys shall leave me ev - er, That so sweet did prove!
But if home I see thee wend-ing, I'll no lon - ger pine;

Ah, each night and each to - mor - row Still shall wit - ness to my sor - row,
Though no more with youth o'er-flow - ing, Or in ra - diant beau-ty glow - ing,

Hop - ing from each wind to bor - row Ti - dings of my love.
Spite of scars and red wounds know-ing- Dear - est, thou art mine!

TIEDGE, tr. by W. W. CALDWELL.

NO. 54. · NIGHT, LOVELY NIGHT.

Andantino sostenuto. BERGER.

SOPRANO. *mp*

Oh Night, love - ly Night, Thou art ho - ly and calm, Thy

ALTO.

Oh Night,

TENOR. *mp*

Oh Night, love - ly Night, Thou art ho - ly and calm, Thy

BASS. *mp*

cres. *f*

cool, dew - y breath To the worn brow is balm. The

f

cool, dew - y breath To the worn brow is balm. The day with its

f

The day with its heat, And o'er-

p *p*

day with its care Toils on-ward, and pants, toils on-ward and

p

day with its care

p *p*

heat, with its care Toils on-ward, and pants, toils on-ward and

p *p*

lad - en with care,

p *allarg.* *rall.* *dim.* *mp*

pants, That thy rest he may share, Love-ly Night, ho - ly Night. Oh

allargando. *rall.* *dim.* *mp*

pants, That thy rest he may share, Love ly Night, ho - ly Night. Oh

Night, gen - tle Night, With thy twi - light so soft; The moon's grate - ful

Oh Night,

Night, gen - tle Night, With thy twi - light so soft; The moon's grate - ful

f

ray, My - riad peep-ing eyes a - loft! Thy

ray, My - riad peep - ing eyes a - loft! Thy soul breath-ing

f

Thy soul breathing air, Steal - ing

mf

soul breathing air, A rich boon art thou,

mf

Thy soul breathing air,

mf

air, breathing air, A rich boon art thou A

mf

o'er us so light,

p *rall.* *dim.*

A rich boon thou, Steal-ing o'er us so light, Love - ly Night, ho - ly

p

p *rall.* *dim.*

rich boon art thou, Steal-ing o'er us so light, Love - ly Night, ho - ly

a tempo. deciso. *f allargando.*

Night. Oh . . . Night, love - ly Night.

Oh love - ly Night.

a tempo. deciso. *f*

f

Night. A rich boon art thou, Oh Night. Oh love - ly Night.

f *f allargando.*

ZEILA.

No. 55. THE SMILING DAWN.

Arr. fr. HANDEL'S JEPHTHA.

In tempo di Bourrèe.

1ST & 2ND SOPRANO.

ALTO.

mf

The smil - ing

The smil - ing

The

dawn . . of hap - py days Pre -

dawn . . of hap - py days Pre - sents a prospect clear, pre-sents a

tr

sents . . . . . a pros - pect clear, pre - sents a pros - pect

pros - pect clear, a pros - pect clear, a pros - pect clear, pre - sents a pros - pect

clear, The and pleas - ing

clear, pre - sents a pros - pect clear. clear. And

And pleas - ing

hope's all bright - 'ning rays,

pleasing hope's all bright - 'ning rays, And pleas-ing hope's all bright'ning rays, Dis -

hope's all bright - 'ning rays dis - pel, dis - pel each

pel each gloomy fear, dis - pel . . . . . each gloomy

pel each gloomy fear, each gloomy fear, each gloomy fear, each gloomy fear, each gloomy

fear, each fear, each gloom-y fear,

fear. And pleas-ing hope's all bright'ning rays dis - pel, ...

dis - - pel . . . . .

dis - - pel each gloomy fear.

FINE.

FINE.

While ev - ery charm . . that peace dis - plays . . Makes Springtime all the

all the year, all the

year, makes Springtime all the year, makes Springtime all the year, all the

makes Springtime all . . the year, . .

year. While ev - ery charm that peace dis - plays

year. While ev - - ery charm that peace . . dis - plays, . . Makes

all the year, While ev - ery charm

D.C. al 𝄋

Spring-time all the year, . . makes Spring - time all . . the year. The

rit.

Makes Springtime all the year,

rit.

D.C. al 𝄋

rit.

SOPRANO. MINKA.

3. Dear - est, O - lis, must we sev - er? Bloom my cheek shall vis - it nev - er,
4. All my songs will now be end - ing, All my glanc - es earth-ward bend-ing,

And all joys shall leave me ev - er, That so sweet did prove!
But if home I see thee wend-ing, I'll no lon - ger pine;

Ah, each night and each to - mor - row Still shall wit - ness to my sor - row,
Though no more with youth o'er-flow - ing, Or in ra - diant beau-ty glow - ing,

Hop - ing from each wind to bor - row Ti - dings of my love.
Spite of scars and red wounds know-ing- Dear - est, thou art mine!

TIEDGE, tr. by W. W. CALDWELL.

NO. 54. · NIGHT, LOVELY NIGHT.

Andantino sostenuto. BERGER.

SOPRANO. *mp*

Oh Night, love - ly Night, Thou art ho - ly and calm, Thy

ALTO.

Oh Night,

TENOR. *mp*

Oh Night, love - ly Night, Thou art ho - ly and calm, Thy

BASS. *mp*

cres. *f*

cool, dew - y breath To the worn brow is balm. The

f

cool, dew - y breath To the worn brow is balm. The day with its

f

The day with its heat, And o'er-

p *p*

day with its care Toils on-ward, and pants, toils on-ward and

p

day with its care

p *p*

heat, with its care Toils on-ward, and pants, toils on-ward and

p *p*

lad - en with care,

p *allarg.* *rall.* *dim.* *mp*

pants, That thy rest he may share, Love-ly Night, ho - ly Night. Oh

allargando. *rall.* *dim.* *mp*

pants, That thy rest he may share, Love ly Night, ho - ly Night. Oh

Night, gen - tle Night, With thy twi - light so soft; The moon's grate - ful

Oh Night,

Night, gen - tle Night, With thy twi - light so soft; The moon's grate - ful

f

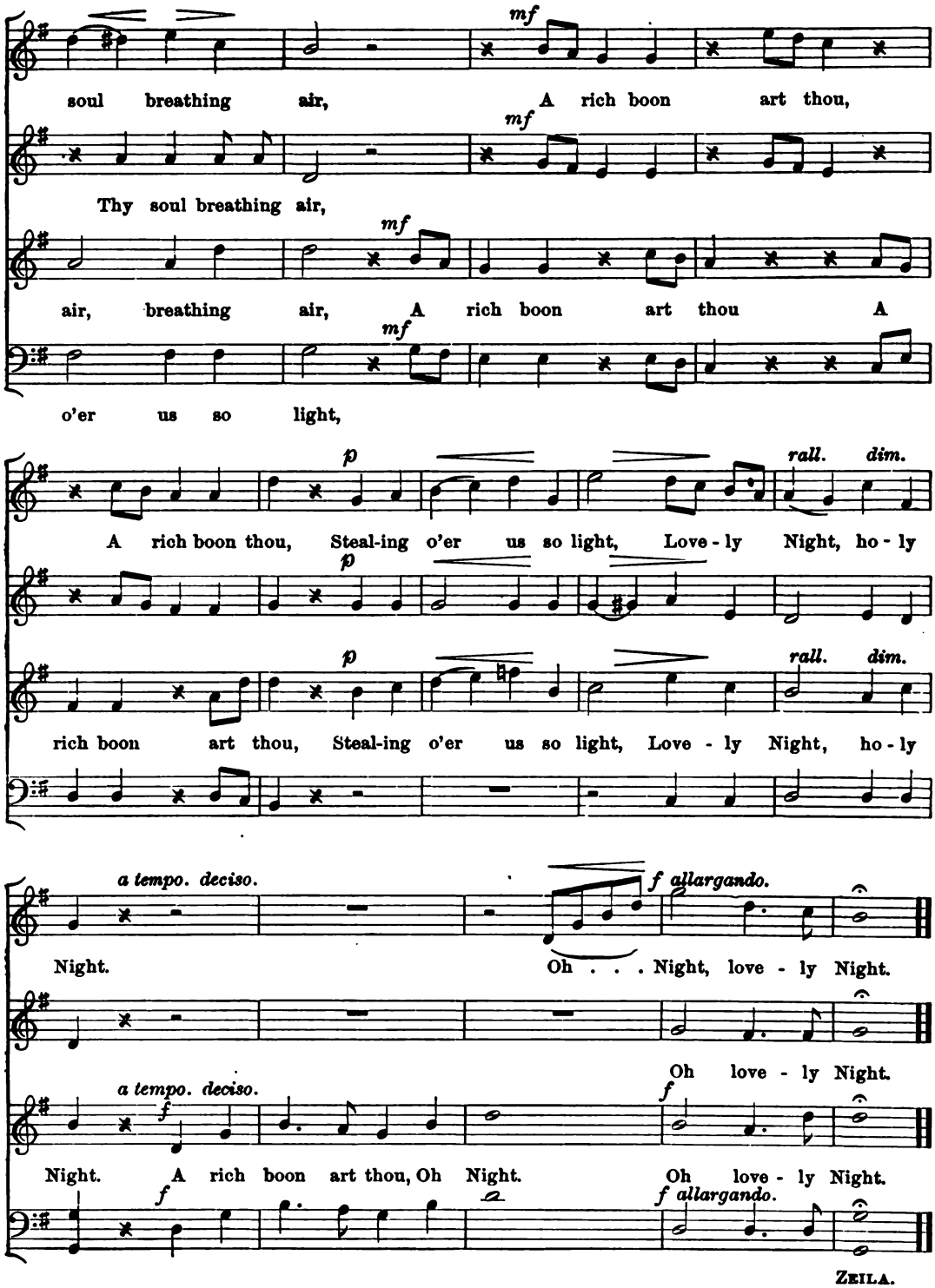
ray, My - riad peep-ing eyes a - loft! Thy

f

ray, My - riad peep - ing eyes a - loft! Thy soul breath-ing

f

Thy soul breathing air, Steal - ing


mf
soul breathing air, A rich boon art thou,
mf
Thy soul breathing air,
mf
air, breathing air, A rich boon art thou A
mf
o'er us so light,
p
rall. dim.
A rich boon thou, Steal-ing o'er us so light, Love - ly Night, ho - ly
p
p
rall. dim.
rich boon art thou, Steal-ing o'er us so light, Love - ly Night, ho - ly
a tempo. deciso.
f allargando.
Night. Oh . . . Night, love - ly Night.
Oh love - ly Night.
a tempo. deciso.
f
f
Night. A rich boon art thou, Oh Night. Oh love - ly Night.
f
f allargando.

ZEILA.

No. 55. THE SMILING DAWN.

Arr. fr. HANDEL'S JEPHTHA.

In tempo di Bourrée.

1ST & 2ND SOPRANO.

ALTO.

mf

The smil - ing

The smil - ing

The

dawn . . of hap - py days Pre -

dawn . . of hap - py days Pre - sents a prospect clear, pre-sents a

tr

sents . . . . . a pros - pect clear, pre - sents a pros - pect

pros - pect clear, a pros - pect clear, a pros - pect clear, pre - sents a pros - pect

clear, The and pleas - ing

clear, pre - sents a pros - pect clear. clear. And

And pleas - ing

hope's all bright - 'ning rays,

pleasing hope's all bright - 'ning rays, And pleas-ing hope's all bright'ning rays, Dis -

hope's all bright - 'ning rays dis - pel, dis - pel each

pel each gloomy fear, dis - pel . . . . . each gloomy

pel each gloomy fear, each gloomy fear, each gloomy fear, each gloomy fear, each gloomy

fear, each fear, each gloom-y fear,

fear. And pleas-ing hope's all bright'ning rays dis - pel, ...

dis - - pel . . . . .

dis - - pel each gloomy fear.

FINE.

FINE.

While ev - ery charm . . that peace dis - plays . . Makes Springtime all the

all the year, all the

year, makes Springtime all the year, makes Springtime all the year, all the

makes Springtime all . . the year, . .

year. While ev - ery charm that peace dis - plays

year. While ev - - ery charm that peace . . dis - plays, . . Makes

all the year, While ev - ery charm

D.C. al 𝄋

Spring-time all the year, . . makes Spring - time all . . the year. The

rit.

Makes Springtime all the year,

rit.

rit.

D.C. al 𝄋

NO. 56. FEAR NOT.

FRANZ ABT.

Moderato.

mf

1. Have not a fear!
2. Ev - er hope on!
3. Trust in His word!

mf *p* *mf*

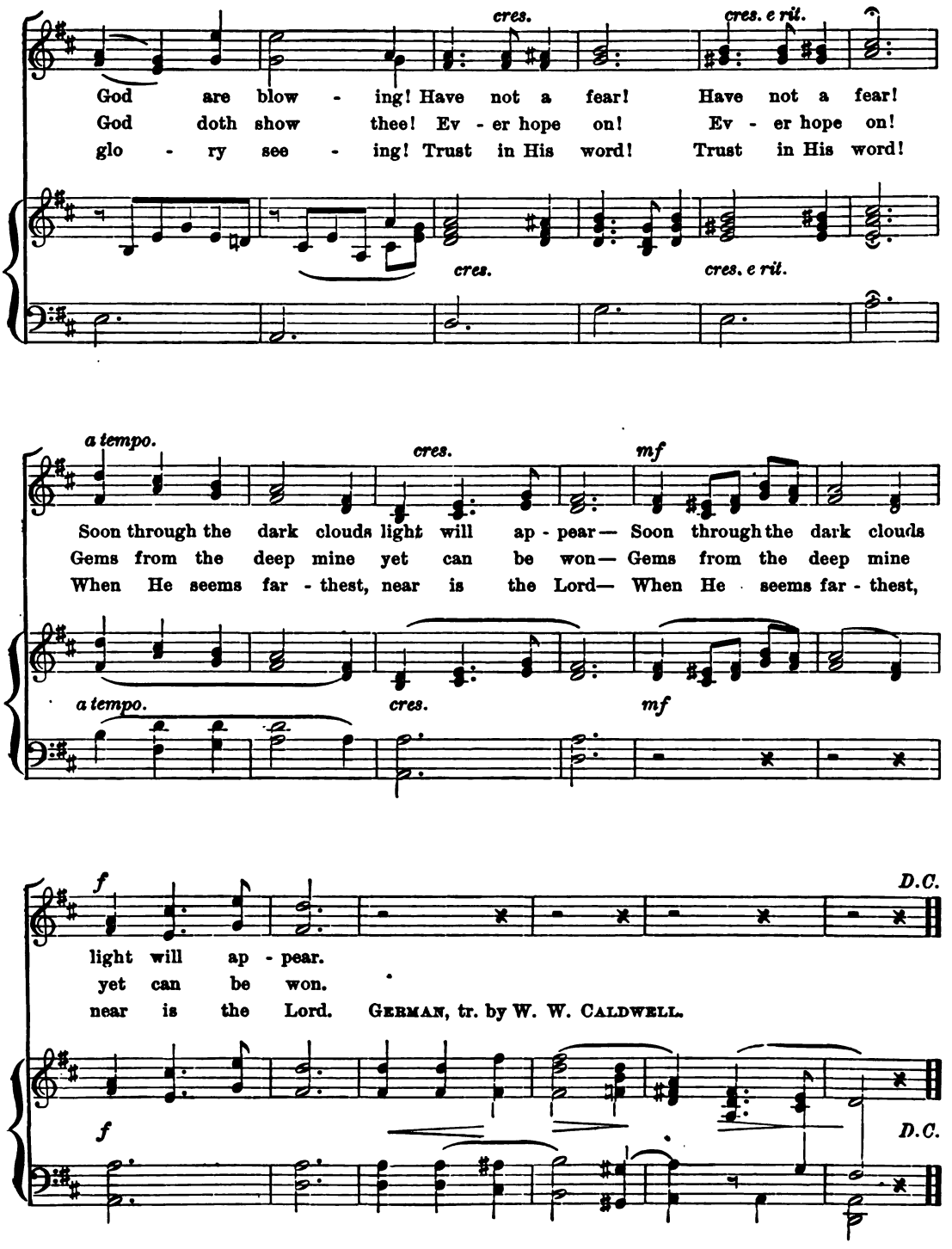
Have not a fear! Soon through the dark clouds light will ap - pear!
Ev - er hope on! Gems from the deep mine yet can be won!
Trust in His word! When He seems far - thest, near is the Lord!

f *f*

mf

Oh, how ra - diant then the show - ing, When the winds of
And what joy will then o'er - flow thee, When the treas - ure
Soon may you from earth be flee - ing, And His face in

mf


cres.
cres. e rit.
God are blow - ing! Have not a fear! Have not a fear!
God doth show thee! Ev - er hope on! Ev - er hope on!
glo - ry see - ing! Trust in His word! Trust in His word!
cres.
cres. e rit.
a tempo.
cres.
mf
Soon through the dark clouds light will ap - pear— Soon through the dark clouds
Gems from the deep mine yet can be won— Gems from the deep mine
When He seems far - thest, near is the Lord— When He seems far - thest,
a tempo.
cres.
mf
f
D.C.
light will ap - pear.
yet can be won.
near is the Lord. GERMAN, tr. by W. W. CALDWELL.
f
D.C.

No. 57. On the Wings of Morning.

From Weber's "Preciosa," arr. by Hullah.

Larghetto.

p

1st & 2nd Soprano.

p

On the wings of morn - ing steal - ing, Hum of bee and note of bird,

Alto.

On the wings of morn - ing steal - ing, Hum of bee and note of bird,

Bass.

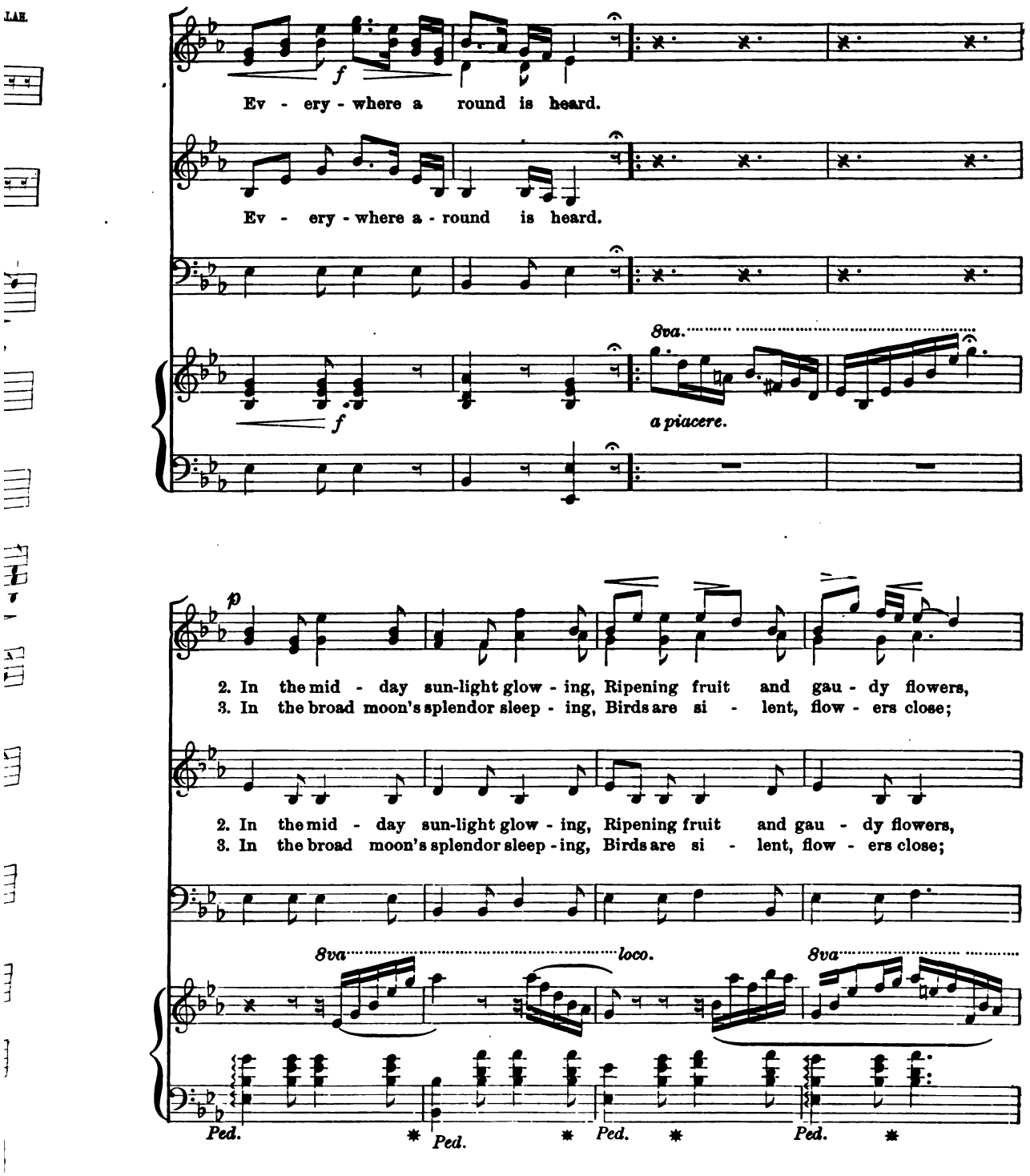
p

cres - cen - do. *f*

Voic - es, new - found life re - veal - ing, Ev - ery - where a - round are heard,

Voic - es, new - found life re - veal - ing, Ev - ery - where a - round are heard,

cres - cen - do. *f*


f
Ev - ery - where a round is heard.
Ev - ery - where a - round is heard.
8va.
a piacere.
p
2. In the mid - day sun-light glow - ing, Ripening fruit and gau - dy flowers,
3. In the broad moon's splendor sleep - ing, Birds are si - lent, flow - ers close;
2. In the mid - day sun-light glow - ing, Ripening fruit and gau - dy flowers,
3. In the broad moon's splendor sleep - ing, Birds are si - lent, flow - ers close;
8va
loco.
8va
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

cres - cen - do.

On the air their scent be - stow - ing, Give fresh beau - ty to the hours,
Wea - ry la - bor, home-ward creep - ing, Greets the hour of sweet re - pose,

On the air their scent be - stow - ing, Give fresh beau - ty to the hours,
Wea - ry la - bor, home-ward creep - ing, Greets the hour of sweet re - pose,

cres - cen - do.

Ped.

Give fresh beau - ty to the hours.
Greets the hour of sweet re - pose.

Give fresh beau - ty to the hours.
Greets the hour of sweet re - pose.

8va

cres.

Ped. *Ped.*

NO. 58. THEIR NATIVE LAND.

Allegretto moderato con grazia. F. MASINI, arr.

SOPRANO.

mf

1,2. Swal-lows in . . . yon-der blue, Glanc-ing on rap - id wing,

SOPRANO.

Swallows in yon- der blue, Glanc-ing on rap - id wing,

1ST & 2ND ALTO.

p

1,2. Swal - lows in yon-der blue, Glanc-ing on rap - id wing,

TENOR & BASS.

dolce.

Sweet to us your mes - sage, Soon will re - turn the Spring!

Sweet to us your mes - sage, Soon will re - turn the Spring!

p

Sweet is your mes - sage, Soon will re - turn the Spring!

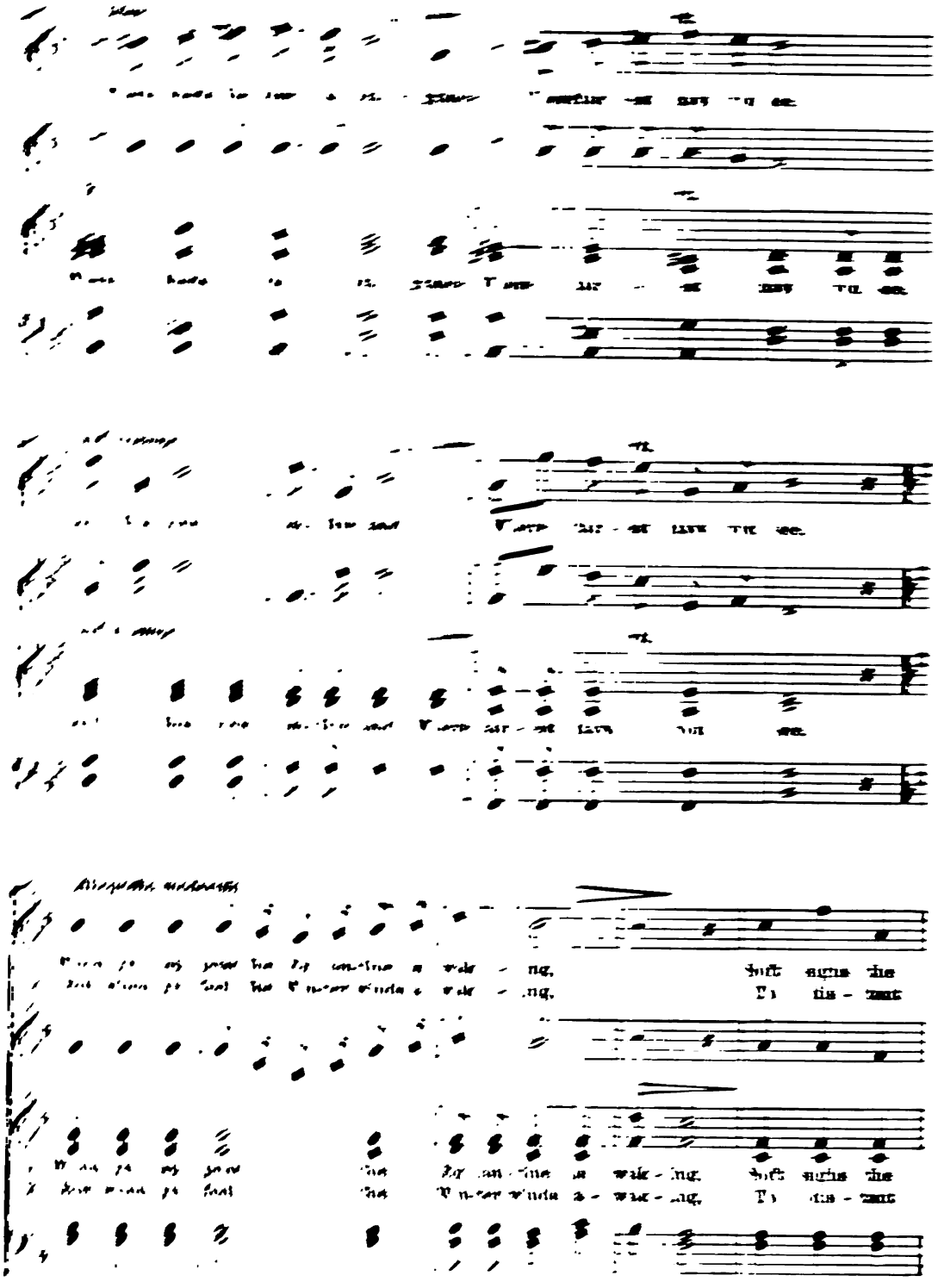
mf

Ah! this your . . na-tive land Ev - er must be, must be,

Ah! this your na - tive land Ev - er must be, must be,

p

Ah! this your na - tive land Ev - er must be, must be,



wind, the light waves are at rest, Sweets from each flower the hon - ey - bees are
shores, and oth-er scenes a - mong, Quick - ly ye fly, the flowers and soft winds

wind, the light waves are at rest, . . Sweets from each flower the
shores, and oth - er scenes a - mong, Quick - ly ye fly, the

dim.

tak - ing, And 'neath the leaves the wild-bird builds its nest.
tak - ing, And the sweet songs the Nightin - gale hath sung.

dim.

hon - ey - bees are tak - ing, And 'neath the leaves the wild-bird builds its nest.
flowers and soft winds tak - ing, And the sweet songs the Nightin - gale hath sung.

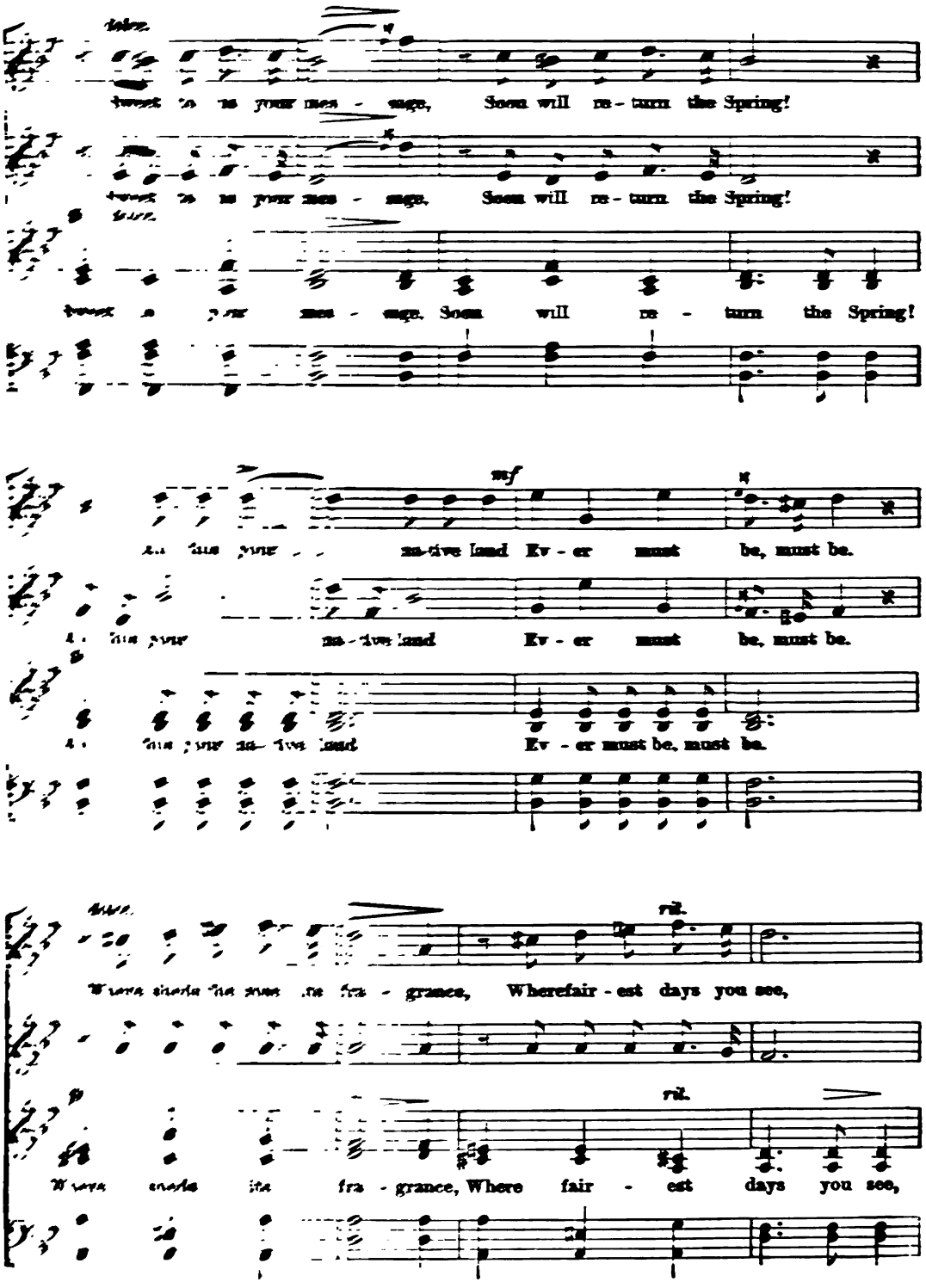
Con grazia. *mf*

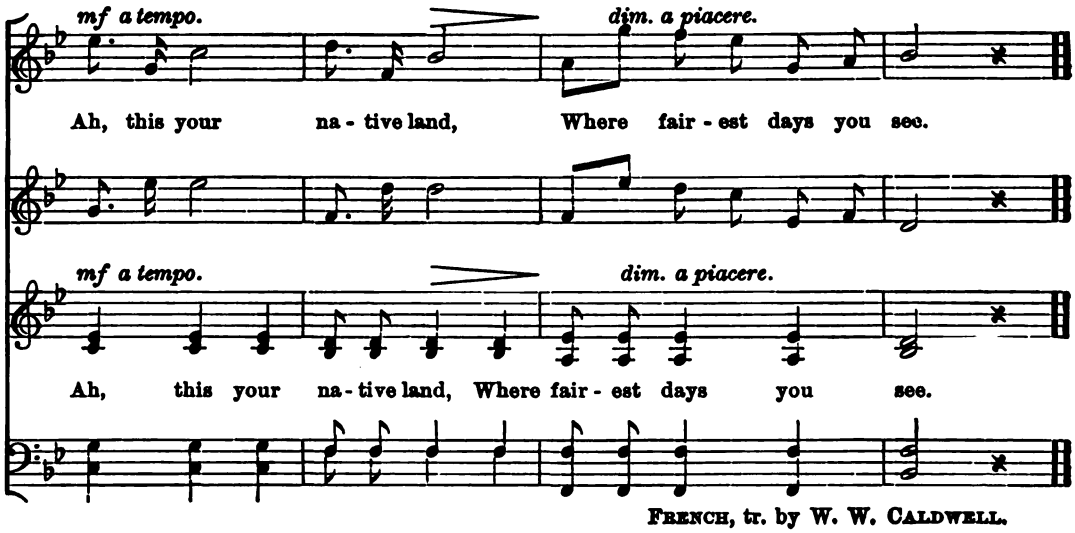
1,2. Swal-lows in . . . yon-der blue, Glanc-ing on rap - id wing,

Swal-lows in yon-der blue, Glanc-ing on rap - id wing,

p

1,2. Swal - lows in yon-der blue, Glanc-ing on rap - id wing,

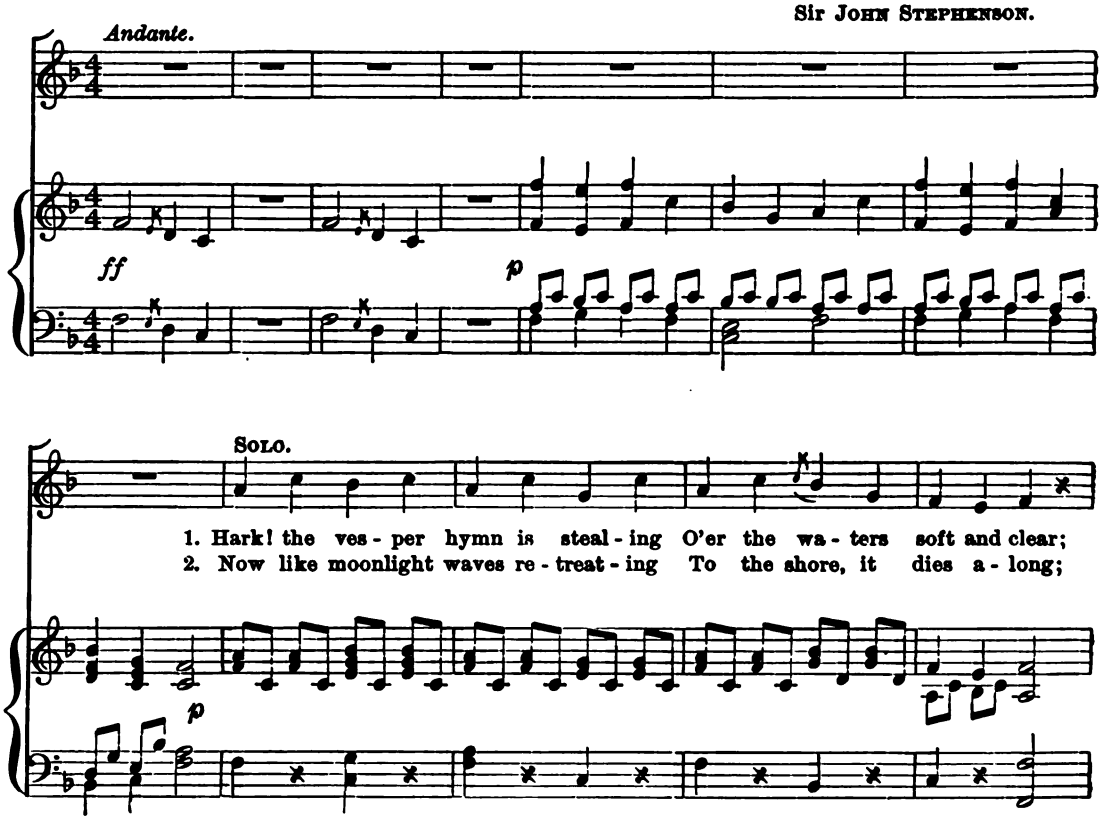

sweet is your mes - sage, Soon will re - turn the Spring!
sweet is your mes - sage, Soon will re - turn the Spring!
sweet is your mes - sage, Soon will re - turn the Spring!
mf
native land Ev - er must be, must be.
native land Ev - er must be, must be.
native land Ev - er must be, must be.
rit.
fra - grance, Where fair - est days you see,
rit.
fra - grance, Where fair - est days you see,

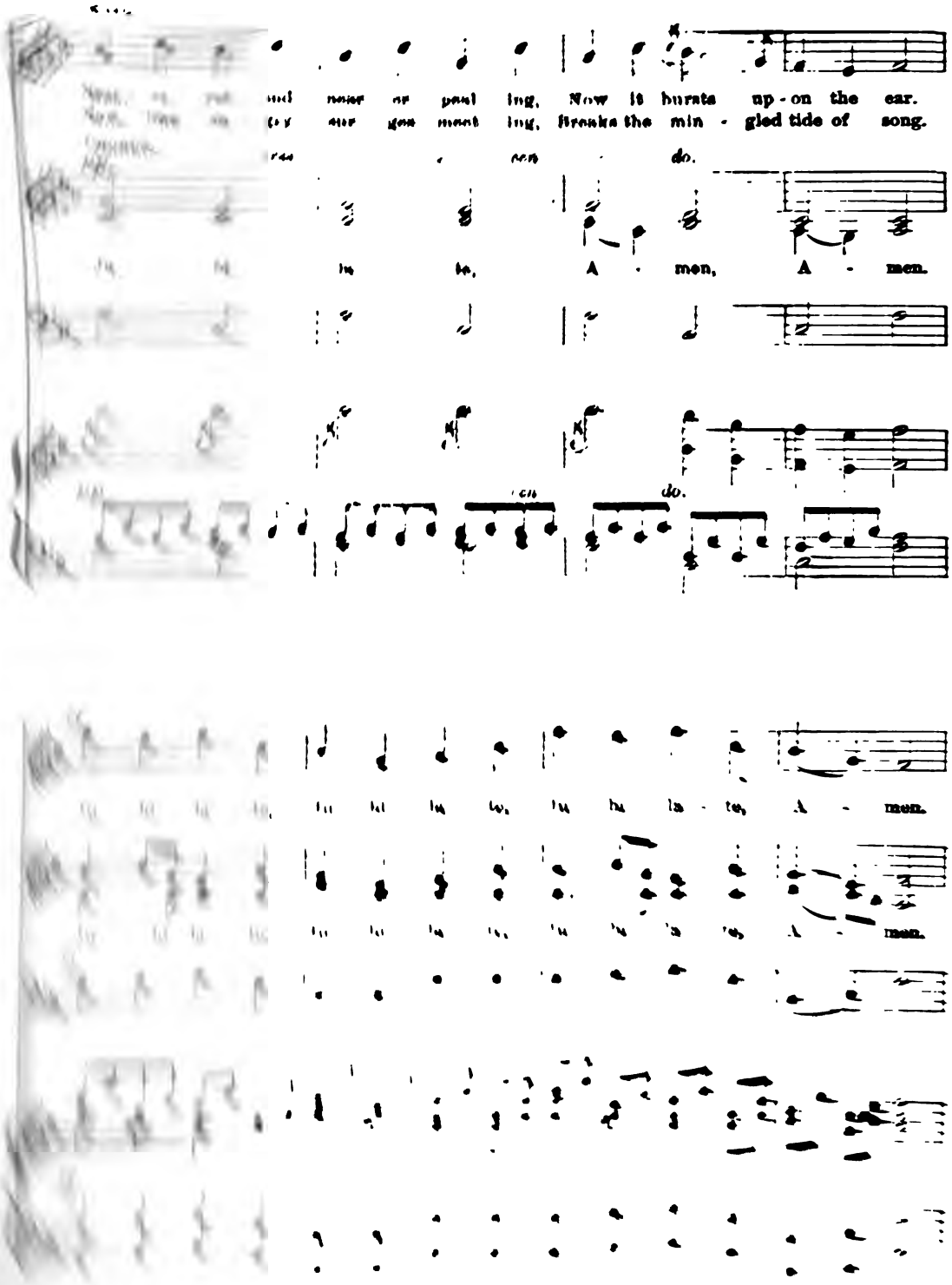


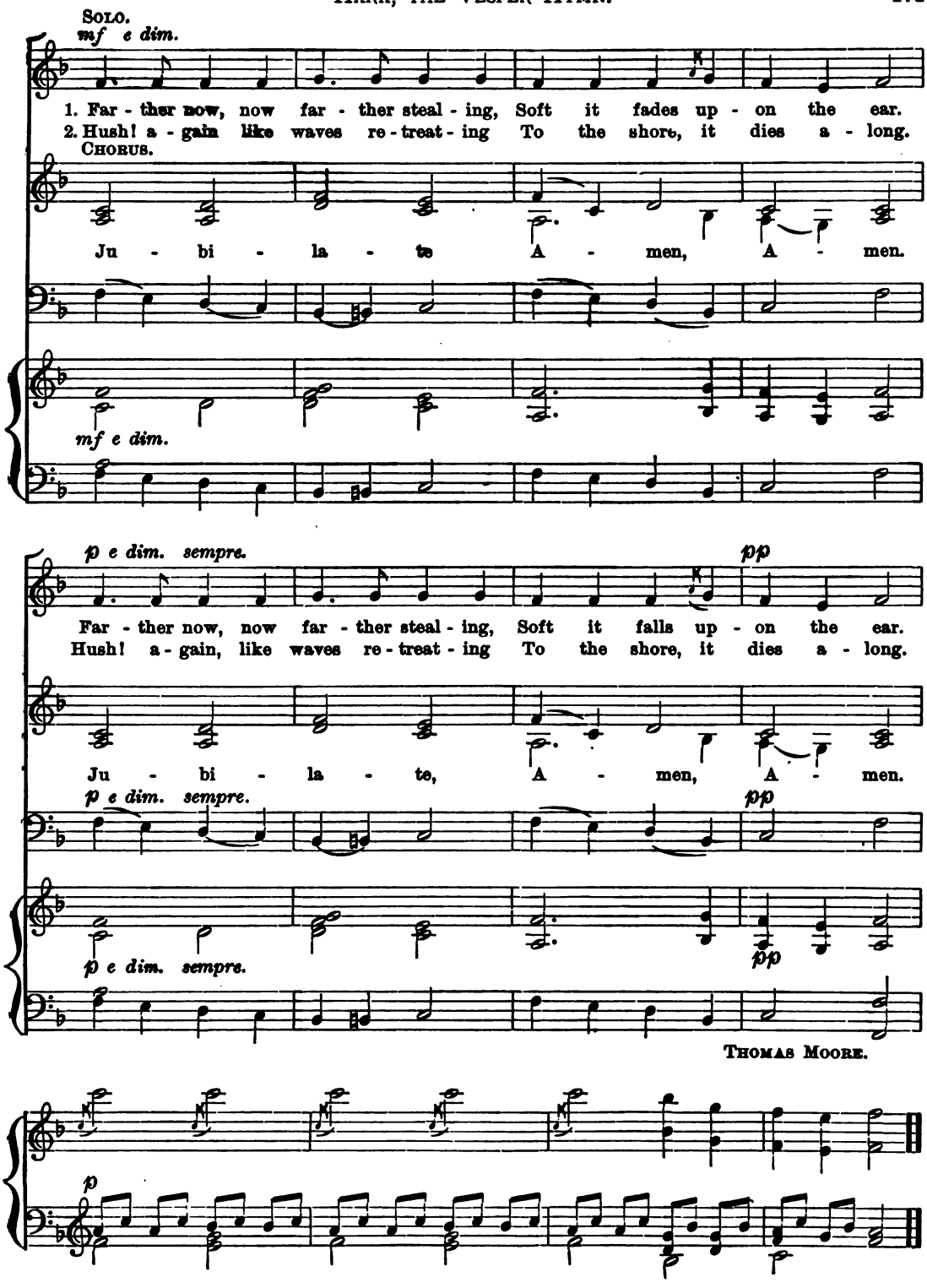
FRENCH, tr. by W. W. CALDWELL.

NO. 59. HARK! THE VESPER HYMN.

Sir JOHN STEPHENSON.




ing, Now it bursts up - on the ear.
ing, Breaks the min - gled tide of song.
do.
la, A - men, A - men.
do.
la la la la, la la la la, la la la - la, A - men.
la la la la, la la la la, la la la - la, A - men.


SOLO.
mf e dim.
1. Far - ther now, now far - ther steal - ing, Soft it fades up - on the ear.
2. Hush! a - gain like waves re - treat - ing To the shore, it dies a - long.
CHORUS.
Ju - bi - la - te A - men, A - men.
mf e dim.
p e dim. sempre.
pp
Far - ther now, now far - ther steal - ing, Soft it falls up - on the ear.
Hush! a - gain, like waves re - treat - ing To the shore, it dies a - long.
Ju - bi - la - te, A - men, A - men.
p e dim. sempre.
pp
p e dim. sempre.
pp
THOMAS MOORE.
p

NO. 57. ON THE WINGS OF MORNING.

From WEBER'S "Preciosa," arr. by HULLAH.

Larghetto.

p

1ST & 2ND SOPRANO.

p

On the wings of morn - ing steal - ing, Hum of bee and note of bird,

ALTO.

On the wings of morn - ing steal - ing, Hum of bee and note of bird,

BASS.

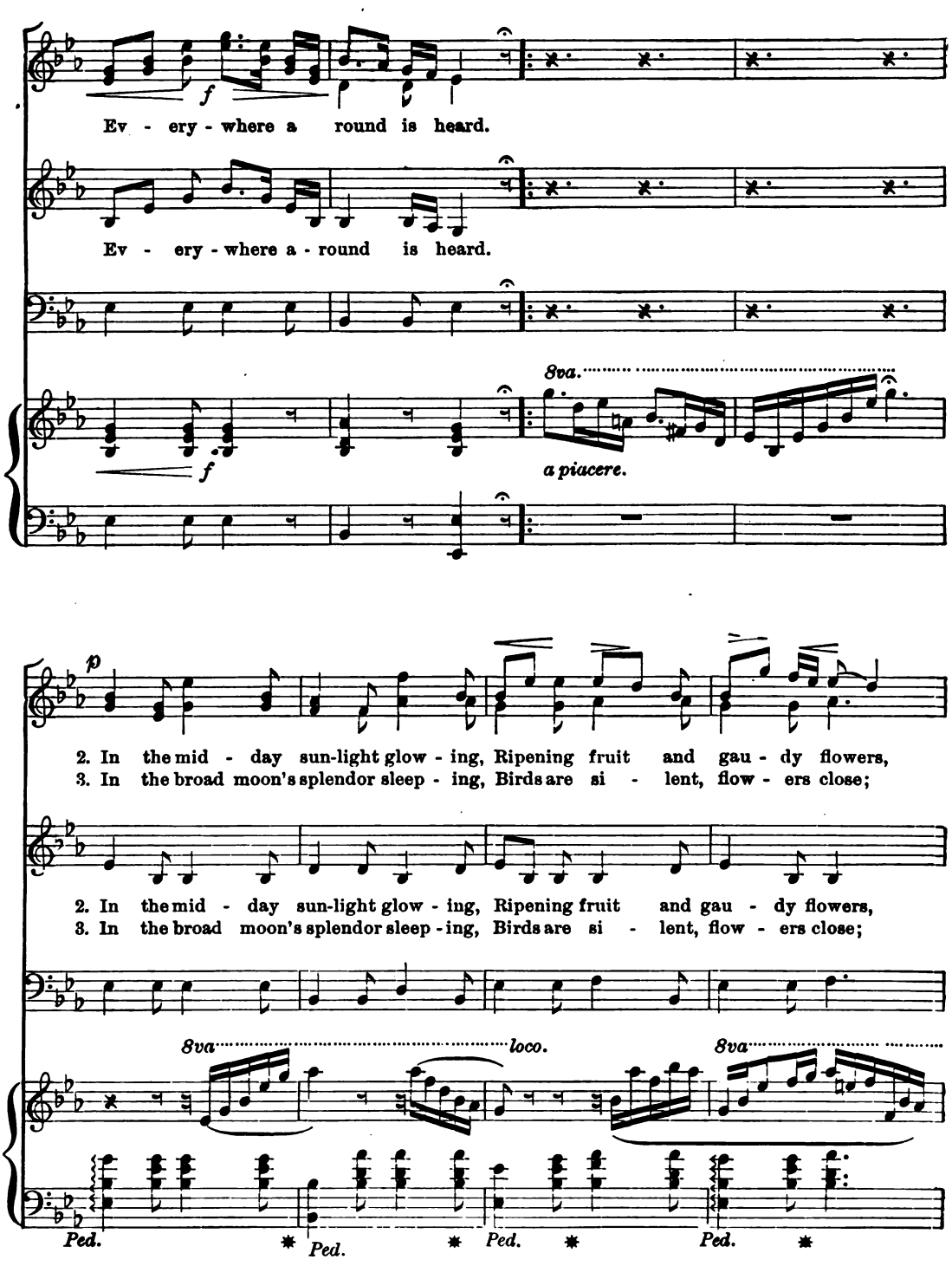
p

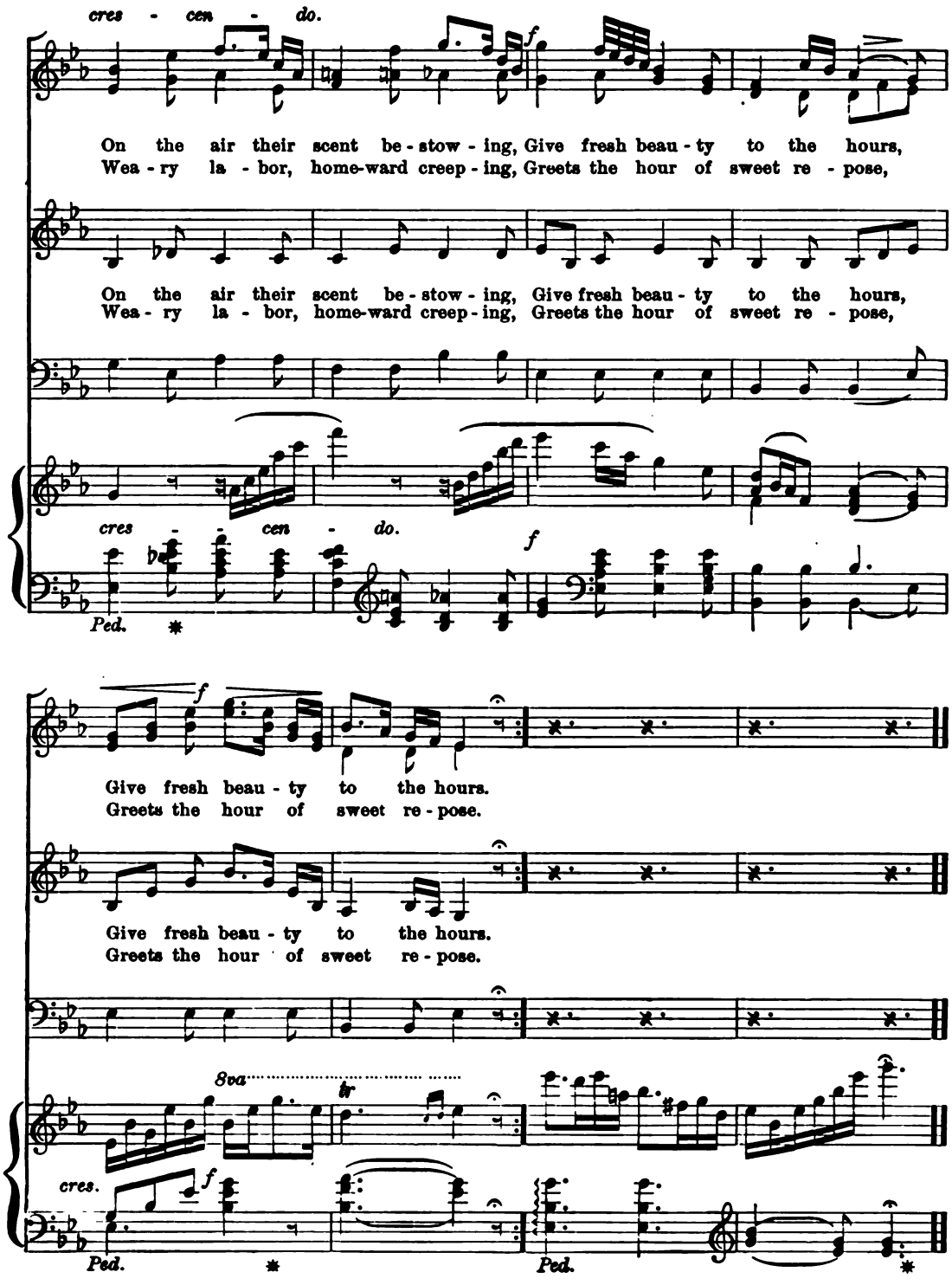
cres - cen - do. *f*

Voic - es, new - found life re - veal - ing, Ev - ery - where a - round are heard,

Voic - es, new - found life re - veal - ing, Ev - ery - where a - round are heard,

cres - cen - do. *f*


f
Ev - ery - where a round is heard.
Ev - ery - where a - round is heard.
8va.
a piacere.
p
2. In the mid - day sun-light glow - ing, Ripening fruit and gau - dy flowers,
3. In the broad moon's splendor sleep - ing, Birds are si - lent, flow - ers close;
2. In the mid - day sun-light glow - ing, Ripening fruit and gau - dy flowers,
3. In the broad moon's splendor sleep - ing, Birds are si - lent, flow - ers close;
8va
loco.
8va
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.


cres - cen - do.
f
On the air their scent be - stow - ing, Give fresh beau - ty to the hours,
Wea - ry la - bor, home-ward creep - ing, Greets the hour of sweet re - pose,
On the air their scent be - stow - ing, Give fresh beau - ty to the hours,
Wea - ry la - bor, home-ward creep - ing, Greets the hour of sweet re - pose,
cres - - cen - do.
f
Ped.
f
Give fresh beau - ty to the hours.
Greets the hour of sweet re - pose.
Give fresh beau - ty to the hours.
Greets the hour of sweet re - pose.
8va
tr
cres.
f
Ped.
Ped.

NO. 58. THEIR NATIVE LAND.

Allegretto moderato con grazia. F. MASINI, arr.

SOPRANO.

mf

1,2. Swal-lows in . . . yon-der blue, Glanc-ing on rap - id wing,

SOPRANO.

Swallows in yon-der blue, Glanc-ing on rap - id wing,

1ST & 2ND ALTO.

p

1,2. Swal - lows in yon-der blue, Glanc-ing on rap - id wing,

TENOR & BASS.

dolce.

Sweet to us your mes - sage, Soon will re - turn the Spring!

Sweet to us your mes - sage, Soon will re - turn the Spring!

p

Sweet is your mes - sage, Soon will re - turn the Spring!

mf

Ah! this your . . na-tive land Ev - er must be, must be,

Ah! this your na - tive land Ev - er must be, must be,

p

Ah! this your na - tive land Ev - er must be, must be,

dolce. *rit.*

Where sheds the rose its fra - grance, Wherefair - est days you see,

p *rit.*

Where sheds its fra - grance, Where fair - est days you see,

mf a tempo. *rit.*

Ah! this your na - tive land Where fair - est days you see.

mf a tempo. *rit.*

Ah! this your na - tive land Where fair - est days you see.

Allegretto moderato.

1. When ye ap - pear the Eg - lan-tine is wak - ing, Soft sighs the
2. But when ye feel the Win-ter winds a - wak - ing, To dis - tant

1. When ye ap - pear the Eg - lan - tine is wak - ing, Soft sighs the
2. But when ye feel the Win-ter winds a - wak - ing, To dis - tant

wind, the light waves are at rest, Sweets from each flower the hon - ey - bees are
shores, and oth-er scenes a - mong, Quick - ly ye fly, the flowers and soft winds

wind, the light waves are at rest, . . Sweets from each flower the
shores, and oth - er scenes a - mong, Quick - ly ye fly, the

dim.

tak - ing, And 'neath the leaves the wild-bird builds its nest.
tak - ing, And the sweet songs the Nightin - gale hath sung.

dim.

hon - ey - bees are tak - ing, And 'neath the leaves the wild-bird builds its nest.
flowers and soft winds tak - ing, And the sweet songs the Nightin - gale hath sung.

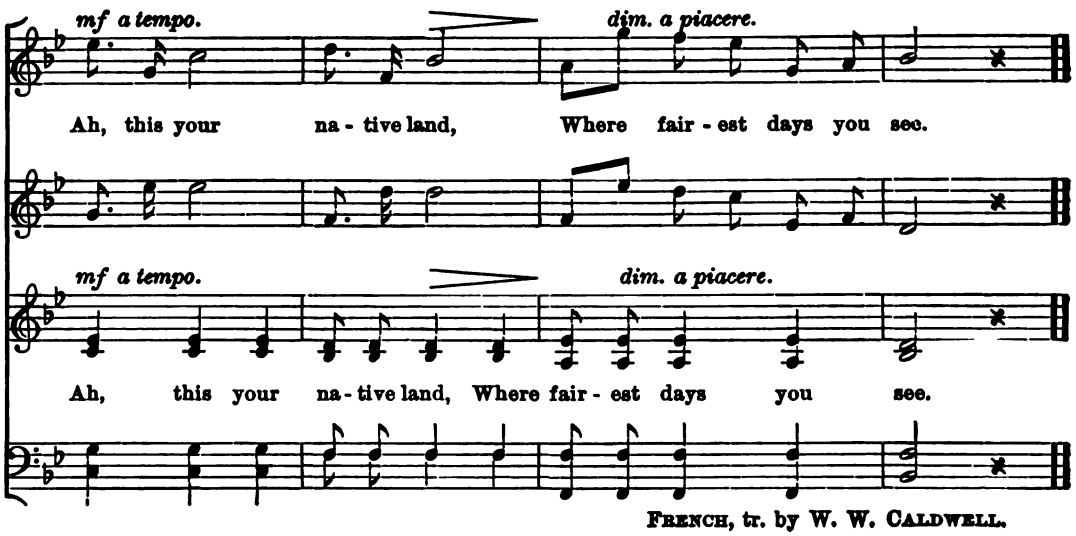
Con grazia. *mf*

1,2. Swal-lows in . . . yon-der blue, Glanc-ing on rap - id wing,

Swal-lows in yon-der blue, Glanc-ing on rap - id wing,

p

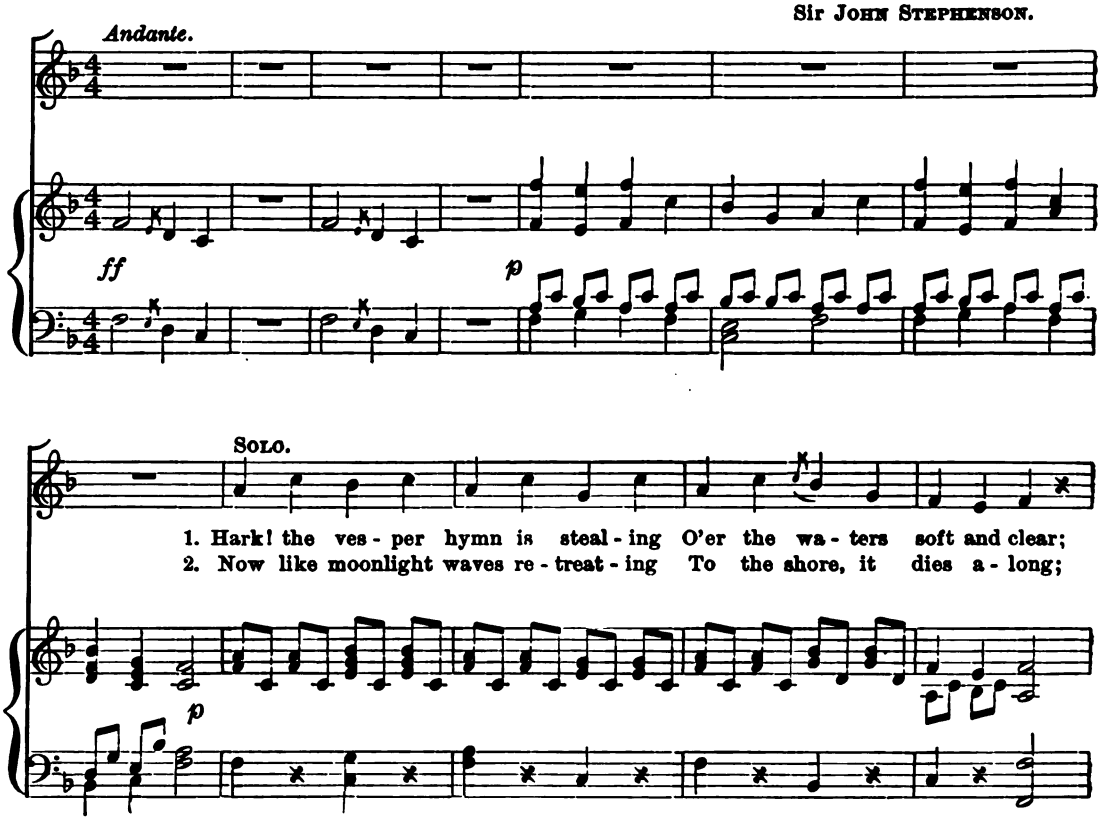
1,2. Swal - lows in yon-der blue, Glanc-ing on rap - id wing,



FRENCH, tr. by W. W. CALDWELL.

NO. 59. HARK! THE VESPER HYMN.

Sir JOHN STEPHENSON.



dolce.

Sweet to us your mes - sage, Soon will re - turn the Spring!

Sweet to us your mes - sage, Soon will re - turn the Spring!

p *dolce.*

Sweet is your mes - sage, Soon will re - turn the Spring!

mf

Ah! this your . . na-tive land Ev - er must be, must be.

Ah! this your na - tive land Ev - er must be, must be.

p

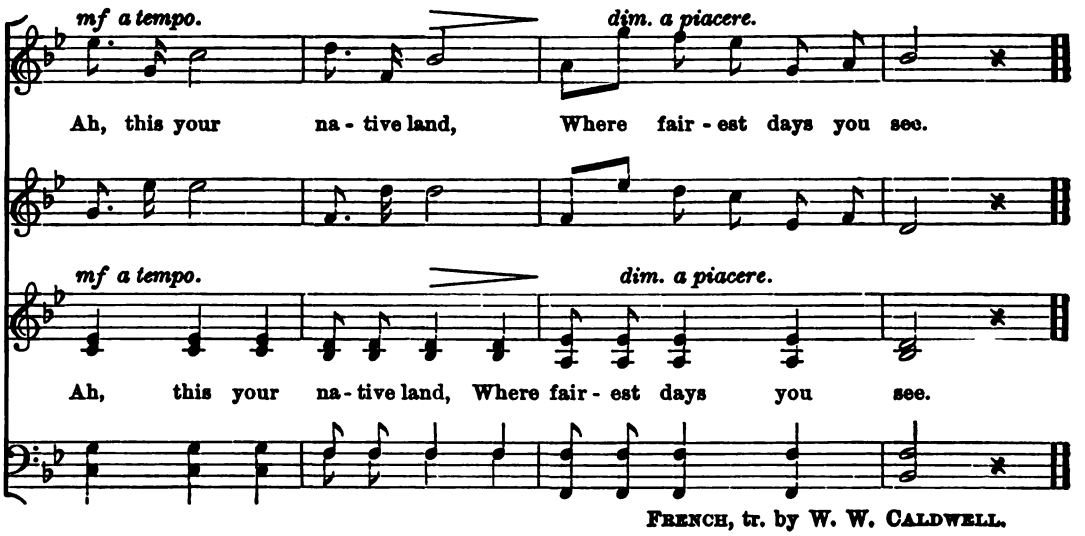
Ah! this your na - tive land Ev - er must be, must be.

dolce. *rit.*

Where sheds the rose its fra - grance, Wherefair - est days you see,

p *rit.*

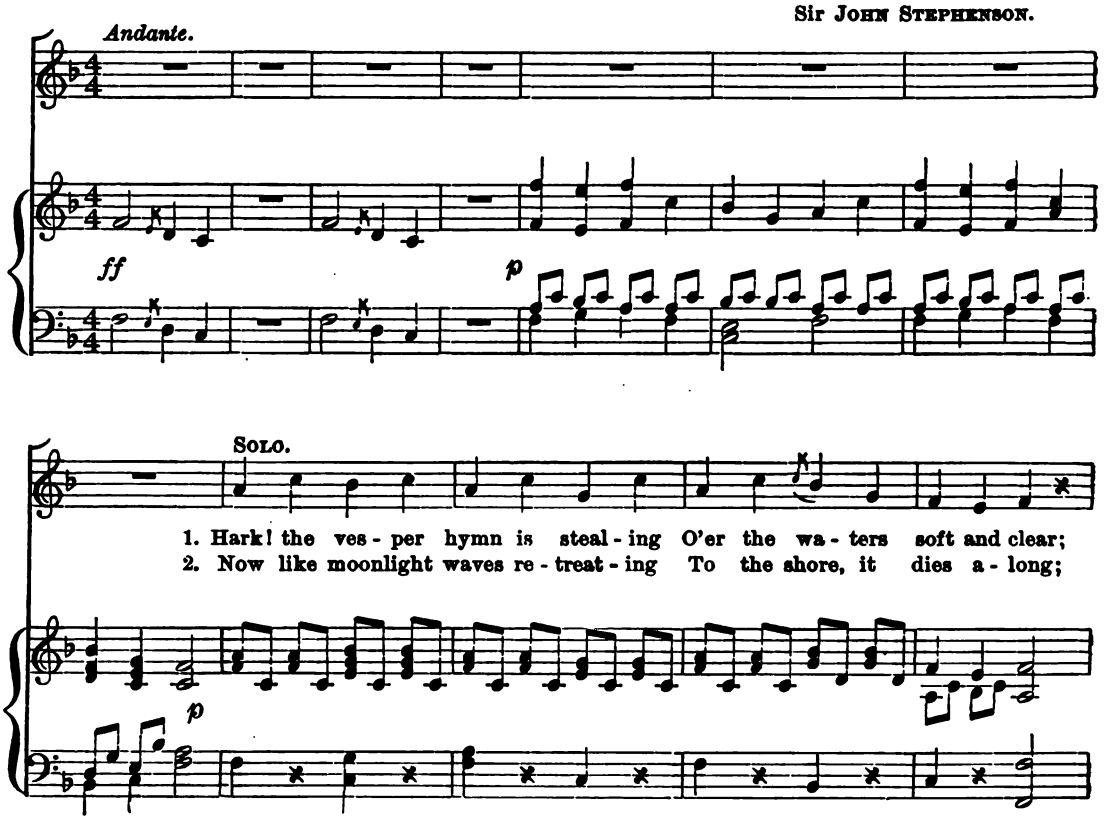
Where sheds its fra - grance, Where fair - est days you see,



FRENCH, tr. by W. W. CALDWELL.

NO. 59. HARK! THE VESPER HYMN.

Sir JOHN STEPHENSON.



dolce.

Sweet to us your mes - sage, Soon will re - turn the Spring!

Sweet to us your mes - sage, Soon will re - turn the Spring!

p *dolce.*

Sweet is your mes - sage, Soon will re - turn the Spring!

mf

Ah! this your . . na-tive land Ev - er must be, must be.

Ah! this your na - tive land Ev - er must be, must be.

p

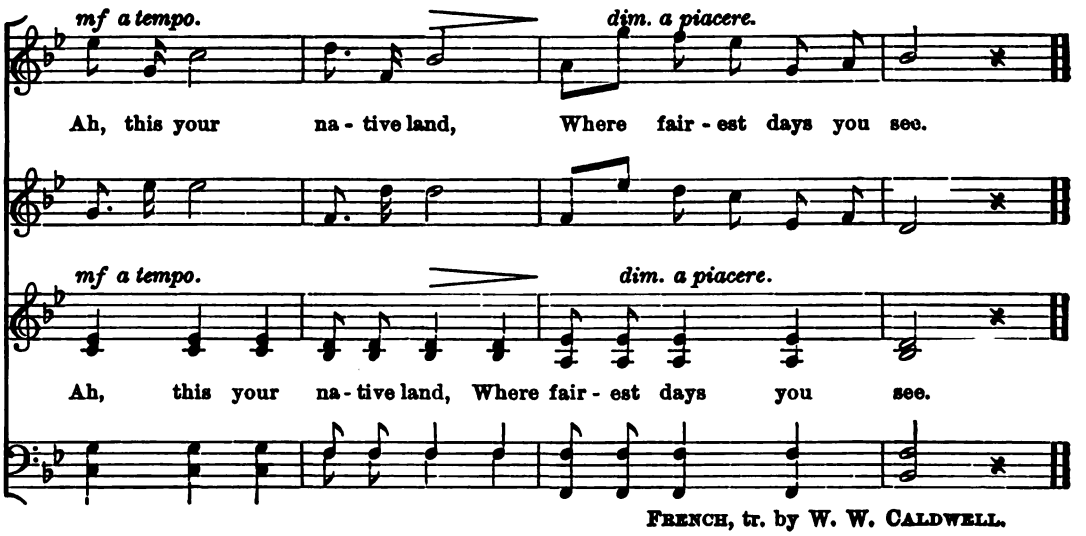
Ah! this your na - tive land Ev - er must be, must be.

dolce. *rit.*

Where sheds the rose its fra - grance, Wherefair - est days you see,

p *rit.*

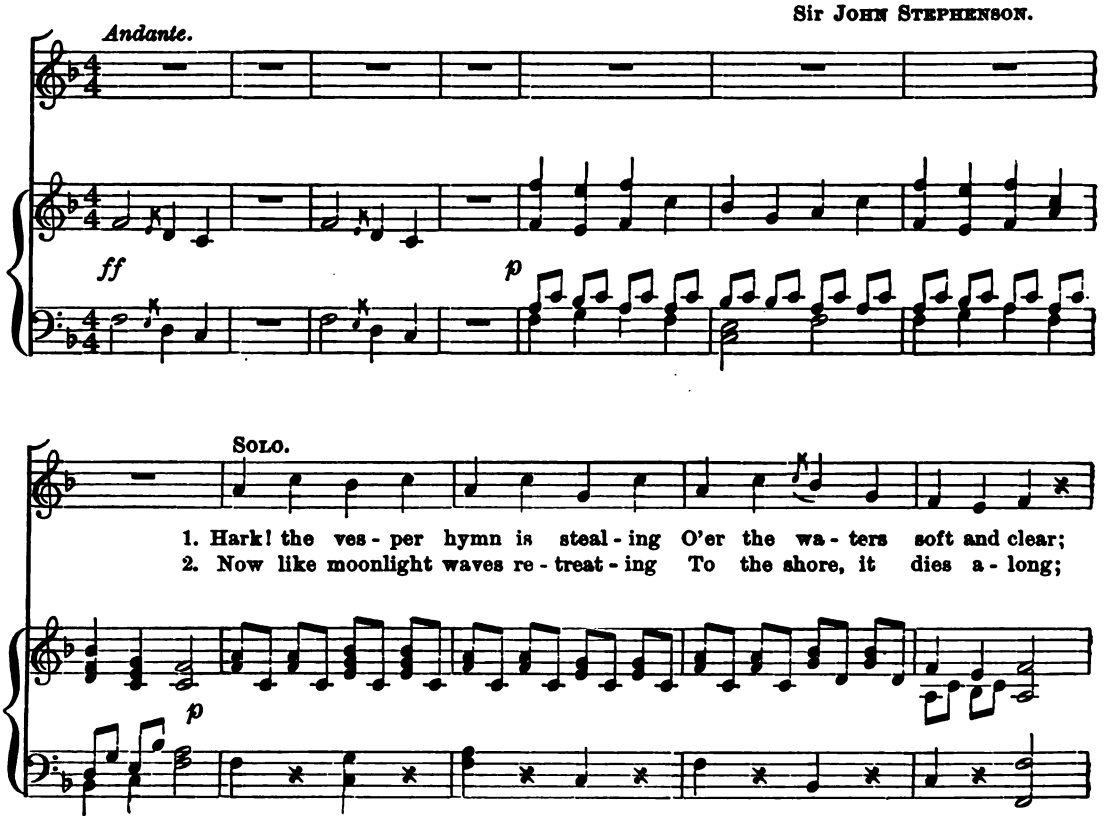
Where sheds its fra - grance, Where fair - est days you see,



FRENCH, tr. by W. W. CALDWELL.

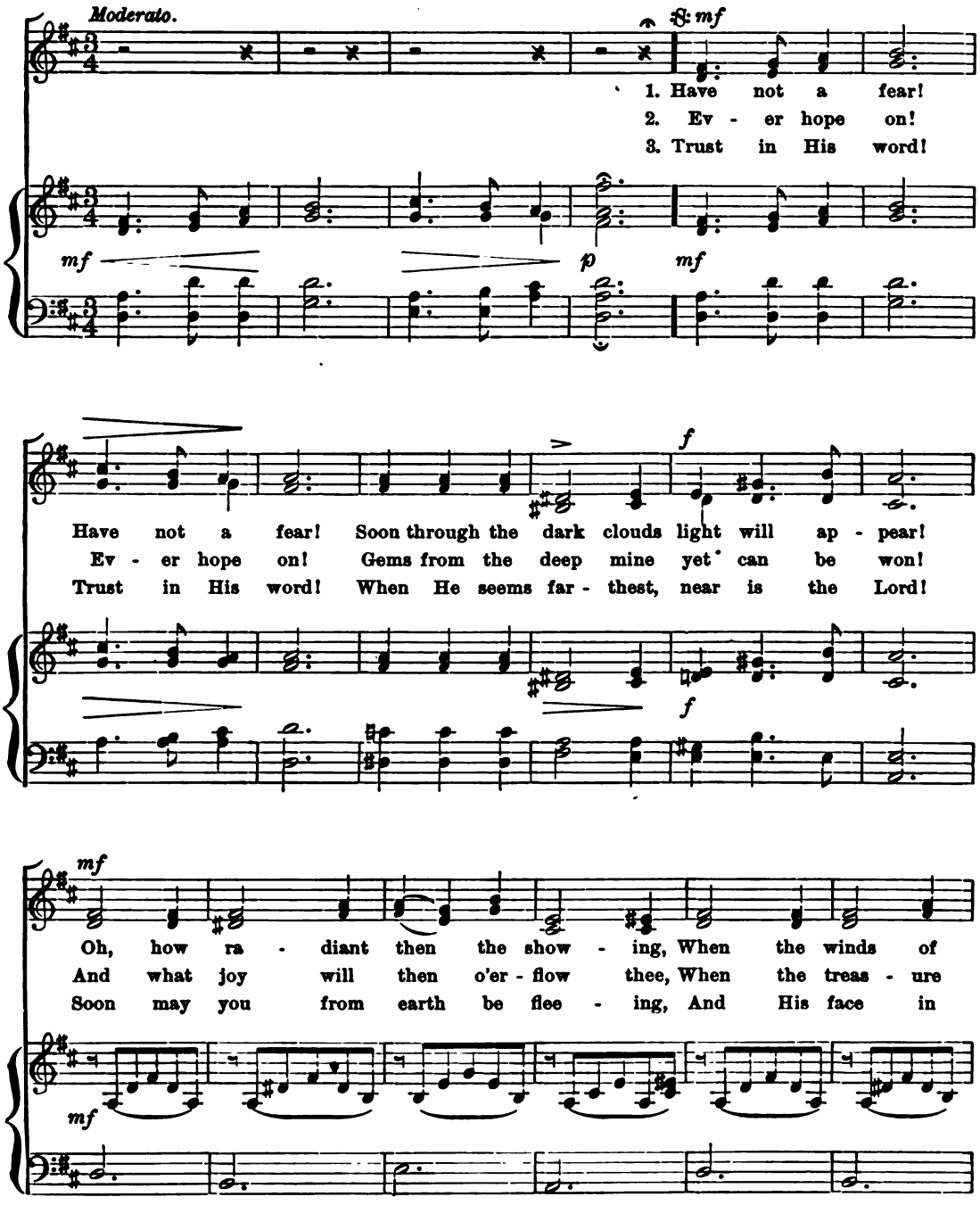
NO. 59. HARK! THE VESPER HYMN.

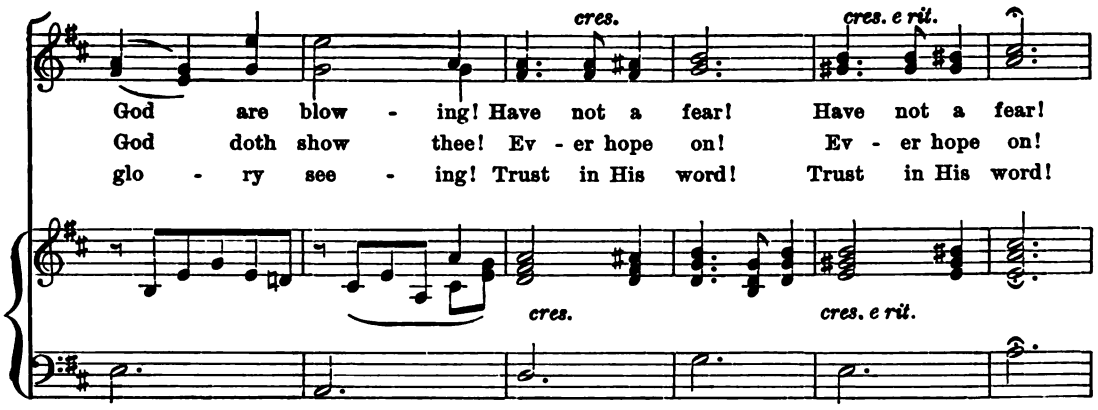
Sir JOHN STEPHENSON.

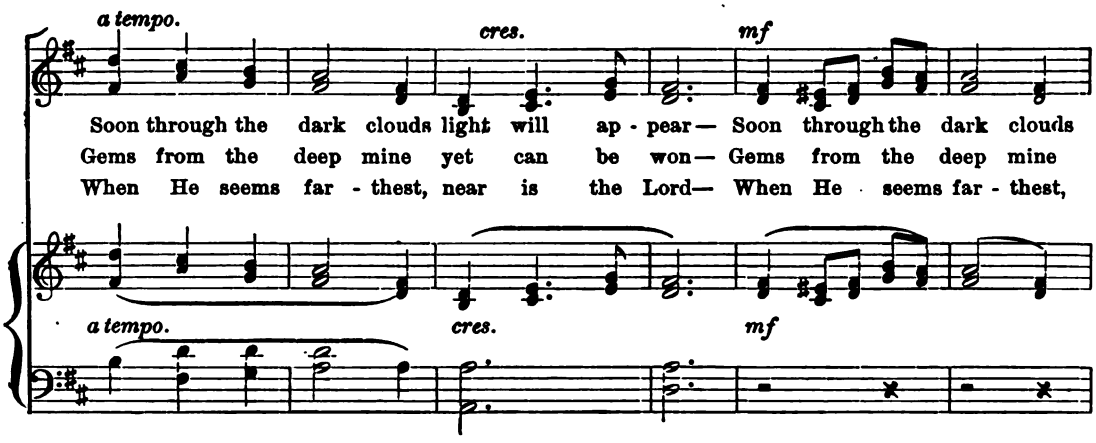


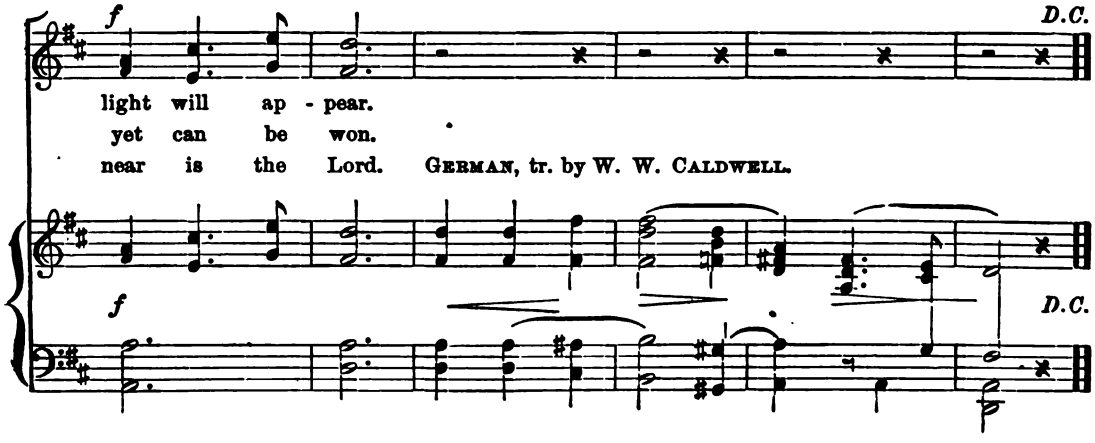
No. 56. Fear not.

Franz Abt.




cres.
cres. e rit.
God are blow - ing! Have not a fear! Have not a fear!
God doth show thee! Ev - er hope on! Ev - er hope on!
glo - ry see - ing! Trust in His word! Trust in His word!
cres.
cres. e rit.


a tempo.
cres.
mf
Soon through the dark clouds light will ap - pear— Soon through the dark clouds
Gems from the deep mine yet can be won— Gems from the deep mine
When He seems far - thest, near is the Lord— When He seems far - thest,
a tempo.
cres.
mf


f
D.C.
light will ap - pear.
yet can be won.
near is the Lord. GERMAN, tr. by W. W. CALDWELL.
f
D.C.

NO. 57. ON THE WINGS OF MORNING.

From WEBER'S "Preciosa," arr. by HULLAH.

Larghetto.

p

1ST & 2ND SOPRANO.

On the wings of morn - ing steal - ing, Hum of bee and note of bird,

ALTO.

On the wings of morn - ing steal - ing, Hum of bee and note of bird,

BASS.

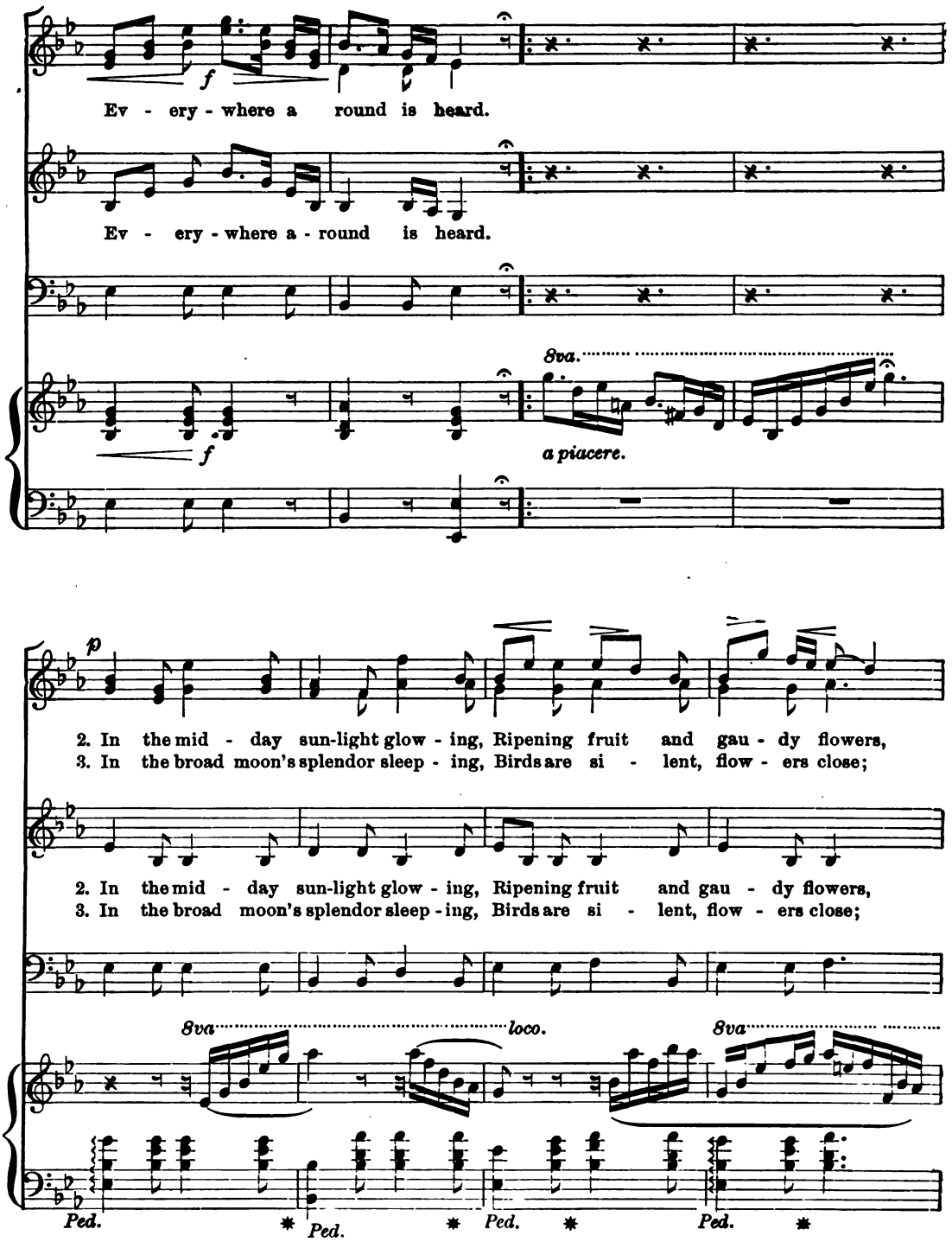
p

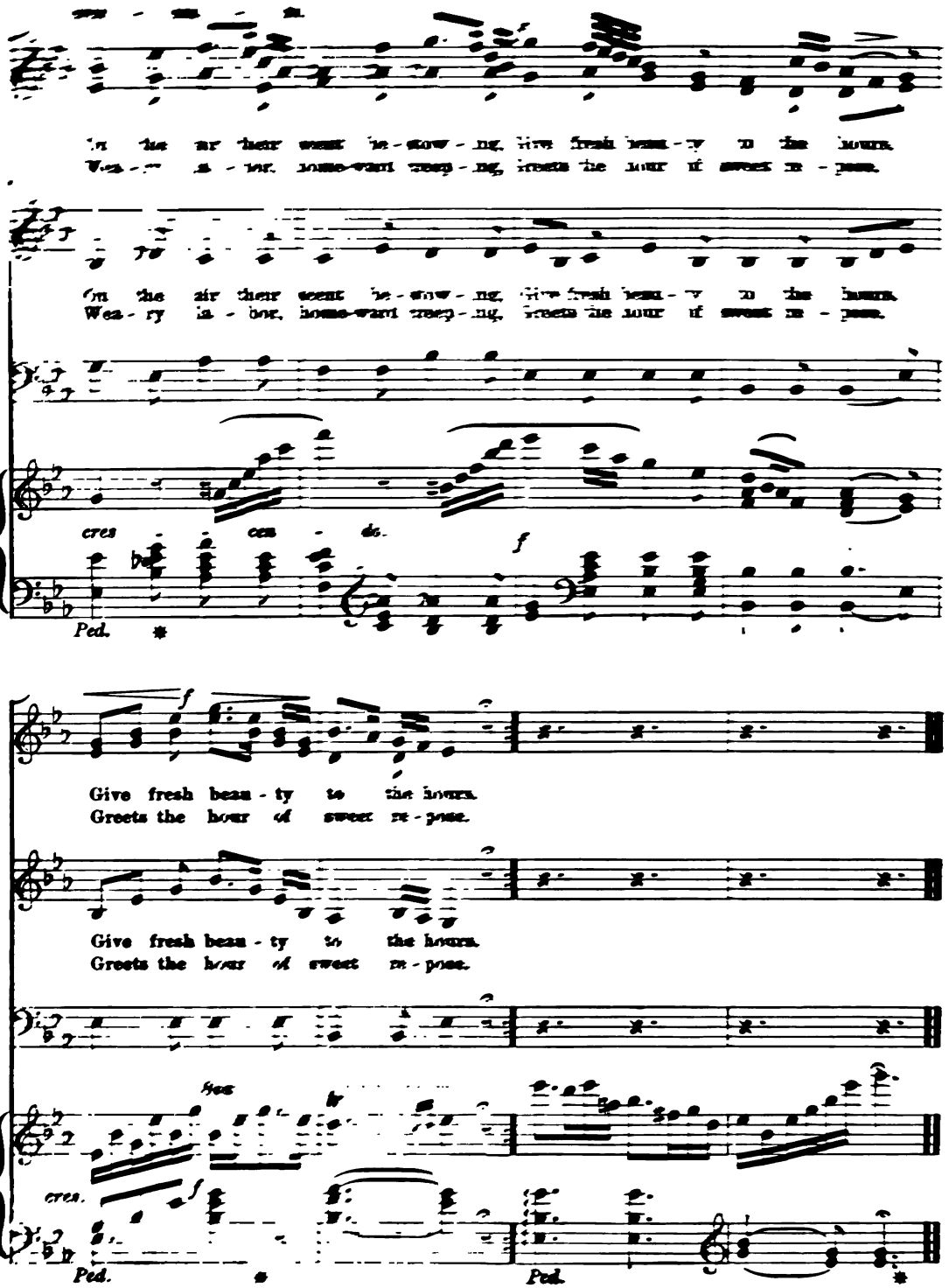
cres - cen - do. *f*

Voic - es, new - found life re - veal - ing, Ev - ery - where a - round are heard,

Voic - es, new - found life re - veal - ing, Ev - ery - where a - round are heard,

cres - cen - do. *f*


f
Ev - ery - where a round is heard.
Ev - ery - where a - round is heard.
8va.
a piacere.
p
2. In the mid - day sun-light glow - ing, Ripening fruit and gau - dy flowers,
3. In the broad moon's splendor sleep - ing, Birds are si - lent, flow - ers close;
2. In the mid - day sun-light glow - ing, Ripening fruit and gau - dy flowers,
3. In the broad moon's splendor sleep - ing, Birds are si - lent, flow - ers close;
8va
loco.
8va
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.


In the air their scent be - stow - ing, Give fresh beau - ty to the hours,
Wea - ry la - bor, home-ward trep - ing, Greets the hour of sweet re - pose.
In the air their scent be - stow - ing, Give fresh beau - ty to the hours,
Wea - ry la - bor, home-ward trep - ing, Greets the hour of sweet re - pose.
cres - cen - do.
f
Ped.
f
Give fresh beau - ty to the hours,
Greets the hour of sweet re - pose.
Give fresh beau - ty to the hours,
Greets the hour of sweet re - pose.
cres.
f
Ped.
Ped.

NO. 58. THEIR NATIVE LAND.

Allegretto moderato con grazia. F. MASINI, arr.

SOPRANO.

mf

1,2. Swal-lows in . . . yon-der blue, Glanc-ing on rap - id wing,

SOPRANO.

Swallows in yon-der blue, Glanc-ing on rap - id wing,

1ST & 2ND ALTO.

p

1,2. Swal - lows in yon-der blue, Glanc-ing on rap - id wing,

TENOR & BASS.

dolce.

Sweet to us your mes - sage, Soon will re - turn the Spring!

Sweet to us your mes - sage, Soon will re - turn the Spring!

p

Sweet is your mes - sage, Soon will re - turn the Spring!

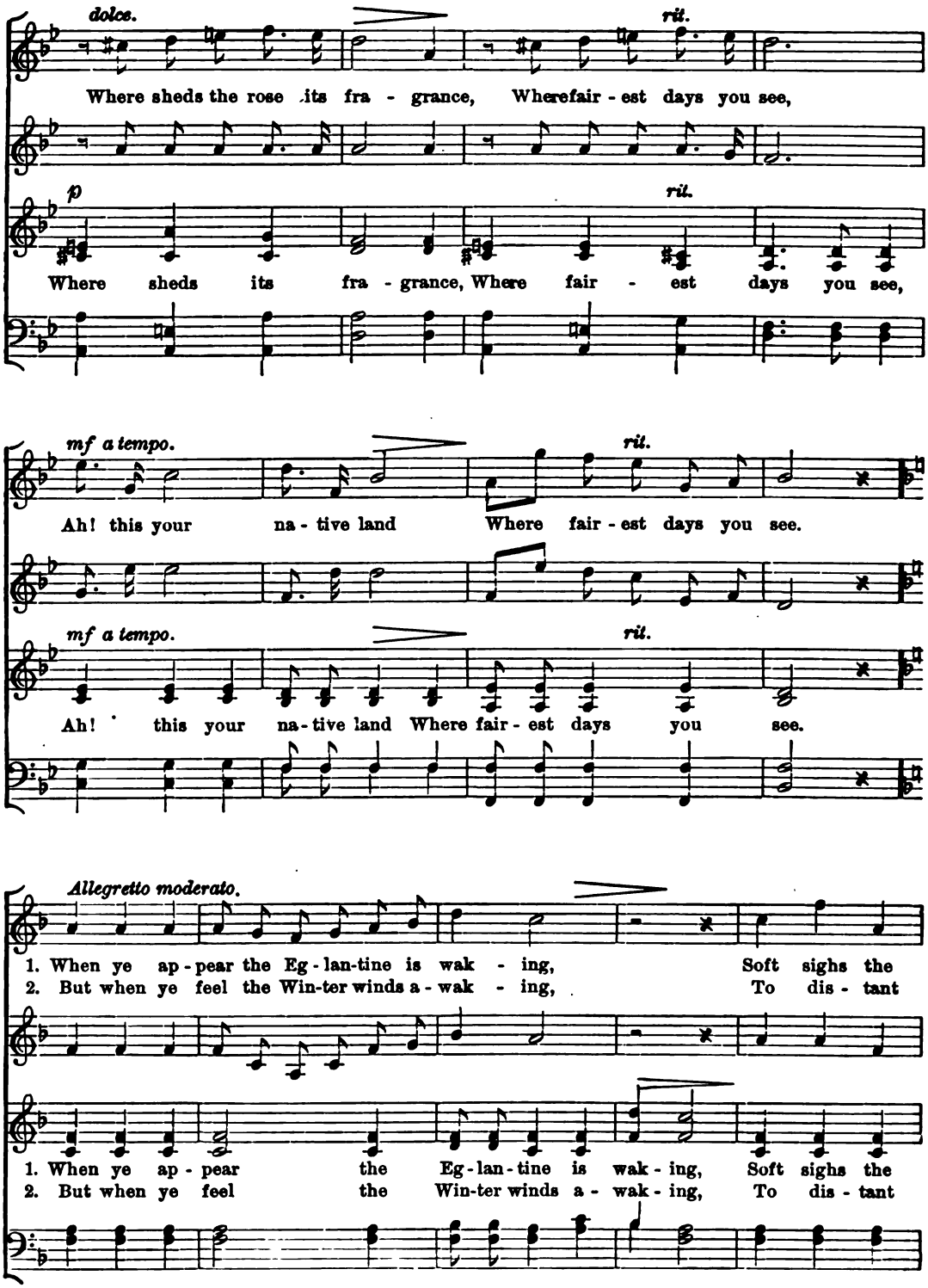
mf

Ah! this your . . na-tive land Ev - er must be, must be,

Ah! this your na - tive land Ev - er must be, must be,

p

Ah! this your na - tive land Ev - er must be, must be,


dolce.
rit.
Where sheds the rose its fra - grance, Wherefair - est days you see,
p
rit.
Where sheds its fra - grance, Where fair - est days you see,
mf a tempo.
rit.
Ah! this your na - tive land Where fair - est days you see.
mf a tempo.
rit.
Ah! this your na - tive land Where fair - est days you see.
Allegretto moderato.
1. When ye ap - pear the Eg - lan-tine is wak - ing, Soft sighs the
2. But when ye feel the Win-ter winds a - wak - ing, To dis - tant
1. When ye ap - pear the Eg - lan - tine is wak - ing, Soft sighs the
2. But when ye feel the Win-ter winds a - wak - ing, To dis - tant

wind, the light waves are at rest, Sweets from each flower the hon - ey - bees are
shores, and oth-er scenes a - mong, Quick - ly ye fly, the flowers and soft winds

wind, the light waves are at rest, . . Sweets from each flower the
shores, and oth - er scenes a - mong, Quick - ly ye fly, the

dim.

tak - ing, And 'neath the leaves the wild-bird builds its nest.
tak - ing, And the sweet songs the Nightin - gale hath sung.

dim.

hon - ey - bees are tak - ing, And 'neath the leaves the wild-bird builds its nest.
flowers and soft winds tak - ing, And the sweet songs the Nightin - gale hath sung.

Con grazia. *mf*

1,2. Swal-lows in . . . yon-der blue, Glanc-ing on rap - id wing,

Swal-lows in yon-der blue, Glanc-ing on rap - id wing,

p

1,2. Swal - lows in yon-der blue, Glanc-ing on rap - id wing,

dolce.

Sweet to us your mes - sage, Soon will re - turn the Spring!

Sweet to us your mes - sage, Soon will re - turn the Spring!

p *dolce.*

Sweet is your mes - sage, Soon will re - turn the Spring!

mf

Ah! this your . . na-tive land Ev - er must be, must be.

Ah! this your na - tive land Ev - er must be, must be.

p

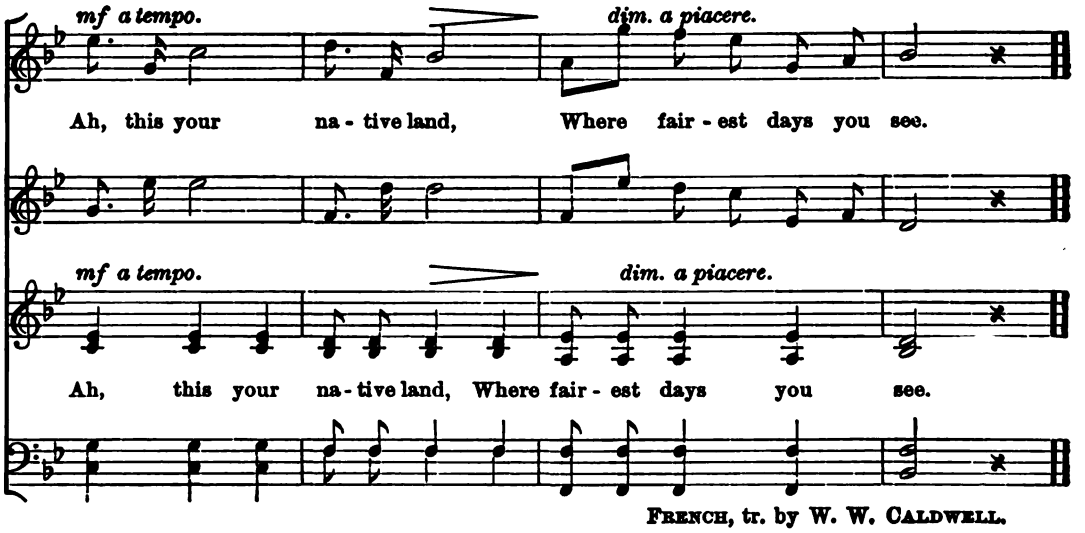
Ah! this your na - tive land Ev - er must be, must be.

dolce. *rit.*

Where sheds the rose its fra - grance, Wherefair - est days you see,

p *rit.*

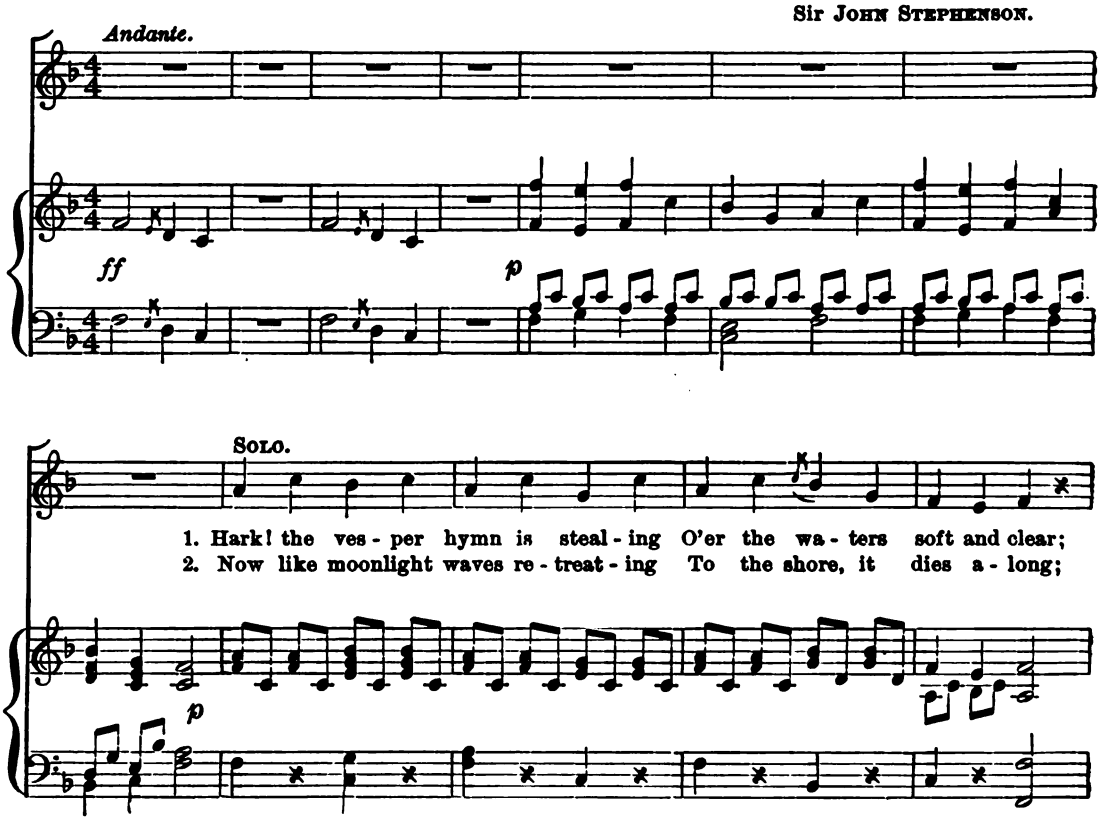
Where sheds its fra - grance, Where fair - est days you see,

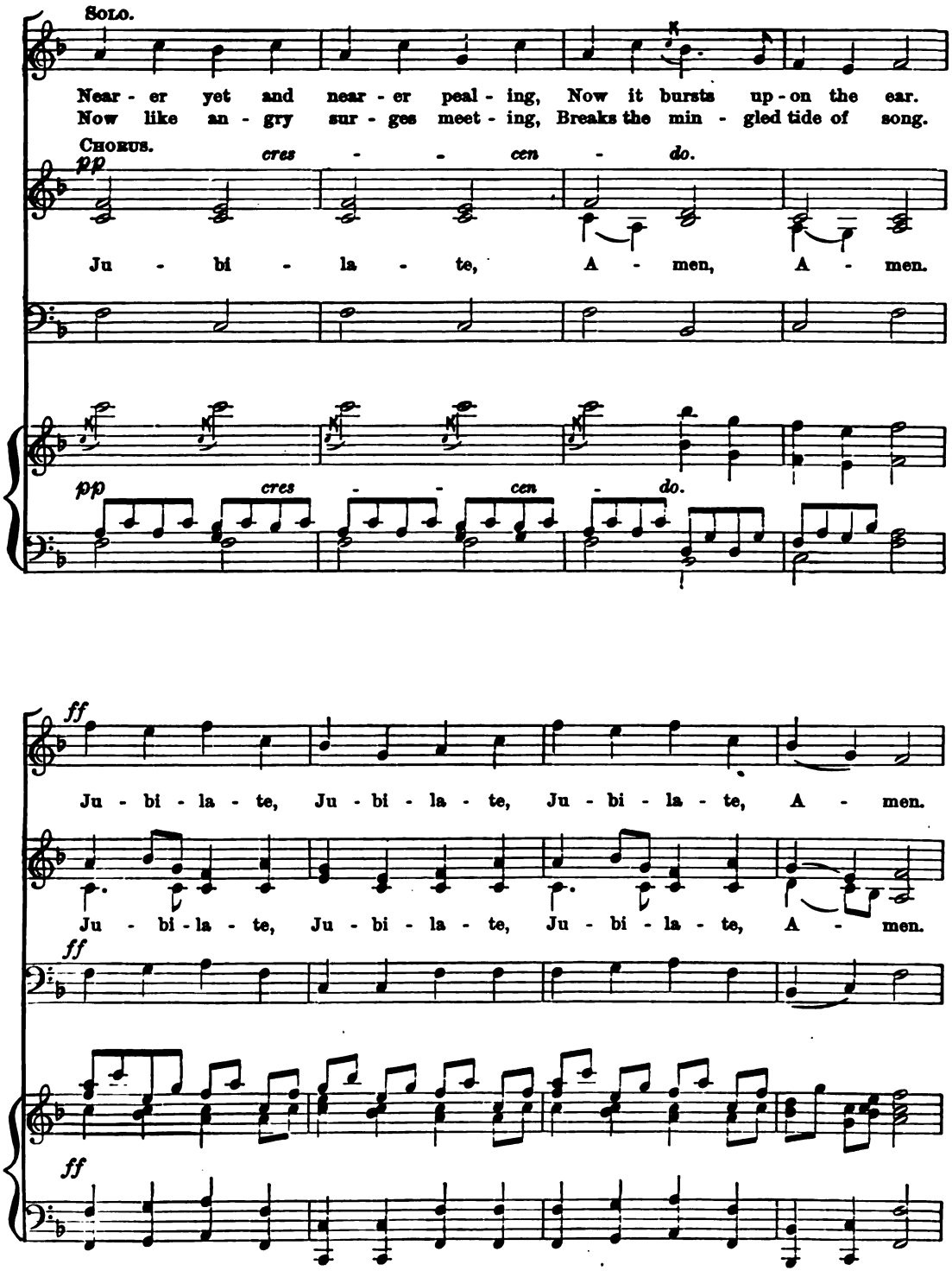


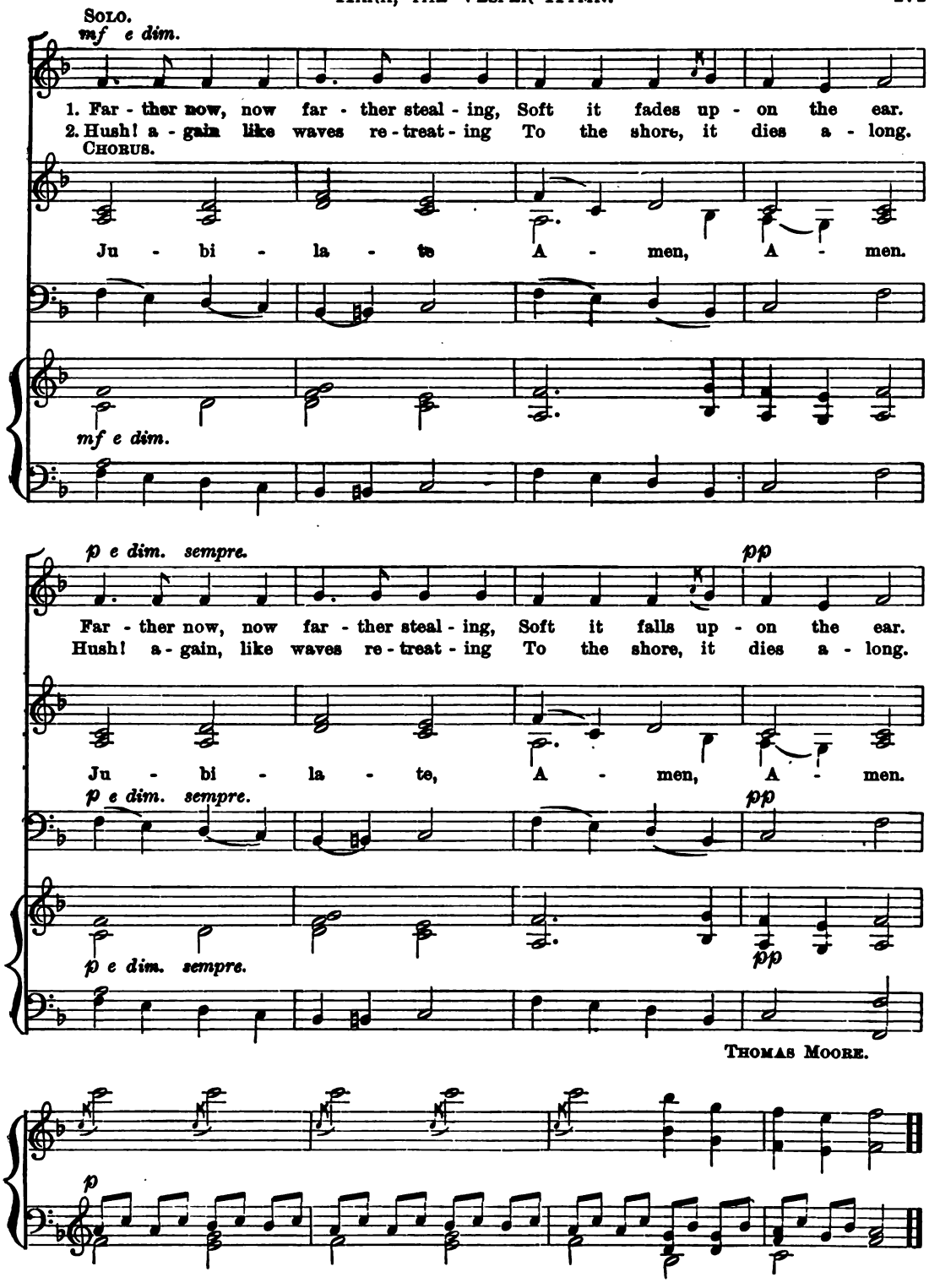
FRENCH, tr. by W. W. CALDWELL.

NO. 59. HARK! THE VESPER HYMN.

Sir JOHN STEPHENSON.




SOLO.
Near - er yet and near - er peal - ing, Now it bursts up - on the ear.
Now like an - gry sur - ges meet - ing, Breaks the min - gled tide of song.
CHORUS.
pp cres - - cen - do.
Ju - bi - la - te, A - men, A - men.
pp cres - - cen - do.
ff
Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, A - men.
Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, A - men.
ff
ff


SOLO.
mf e dim.
1. Far - ther now, now far - ther steal - ing, Soft it fades up - on the ear.
2. Hush! a - gain like waves re - treat - ing To the shore, it dies a - long.
CHORUS.
Ju - bi - la - te A - men, A - men.
mf e dim.
p e dim. sempre.
pp
Far - ther now, now far - ther steal - ing, Soft it falls up - on the ear.
Hush! a - gain, like waves re - treat - ing To the shore, it dies a - long.
Ju - bi - la - te, A - men, A - men.
p e dim. sempre.
pp
p e dim. sempre.
pp
THOMAS MOORE.
p

NO. 60. MORN IS BEGINNING.

Rossini, arr. by Concone.

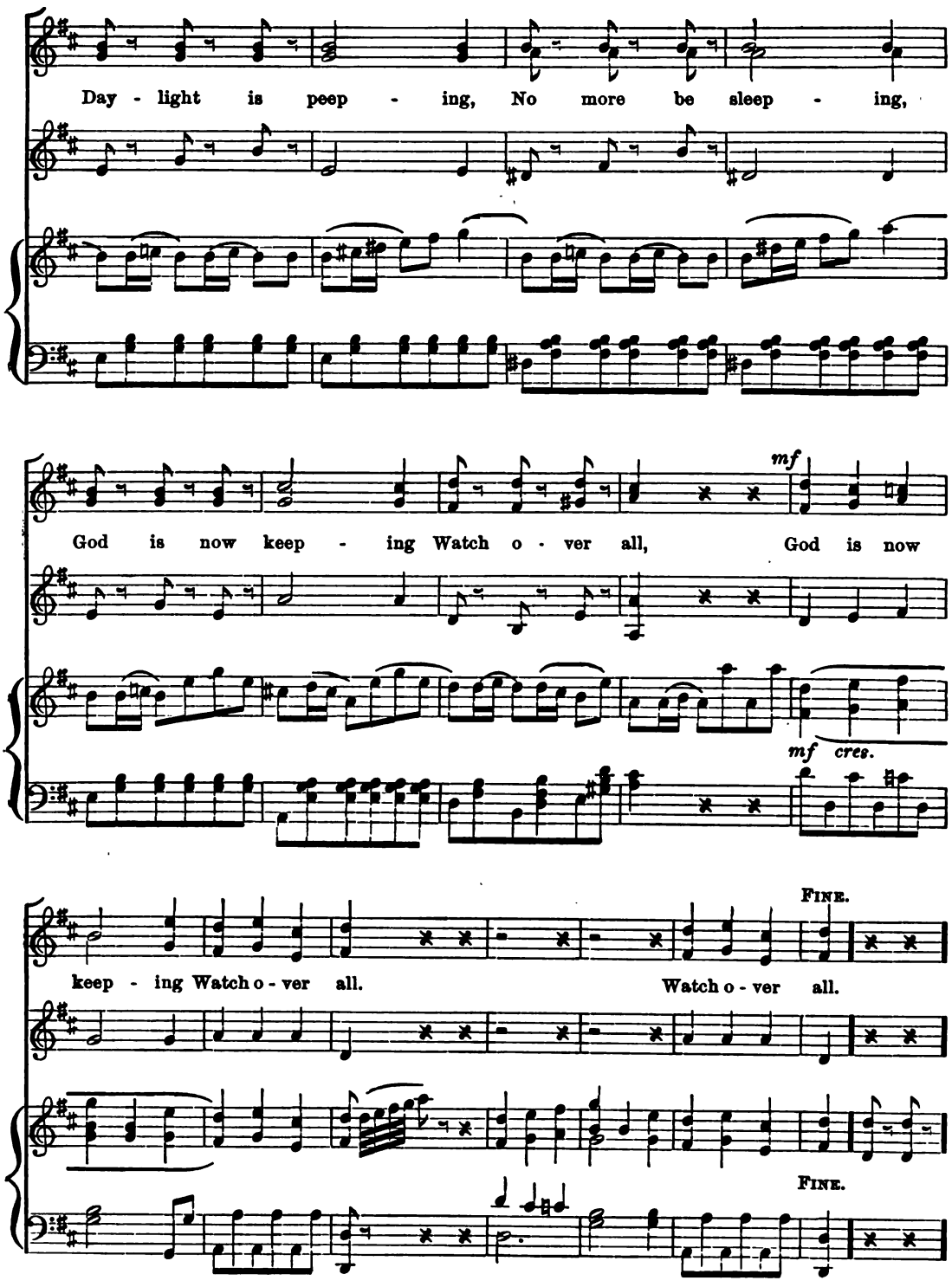
Allegro.

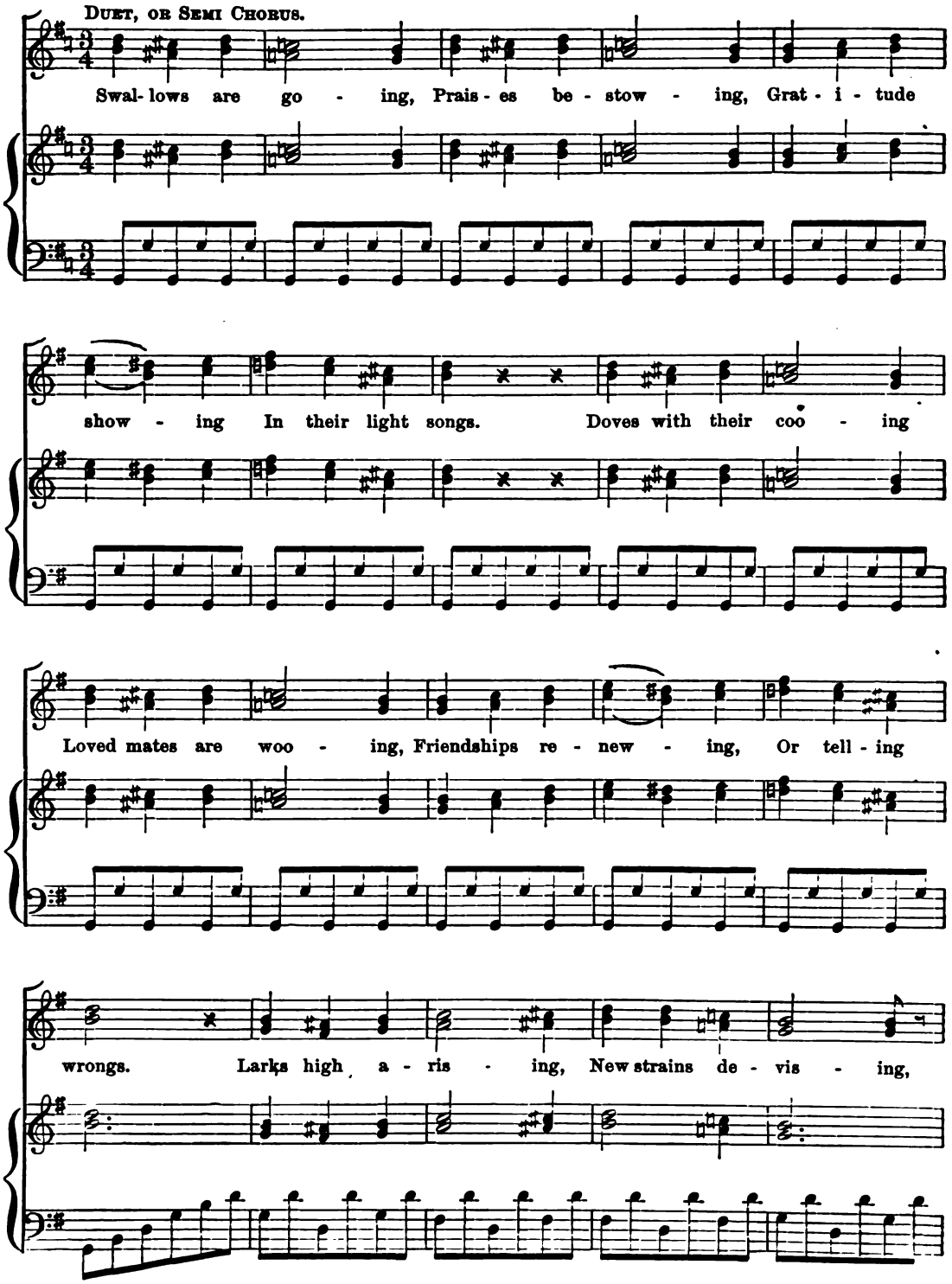
p 1st & 2nd Soprano.

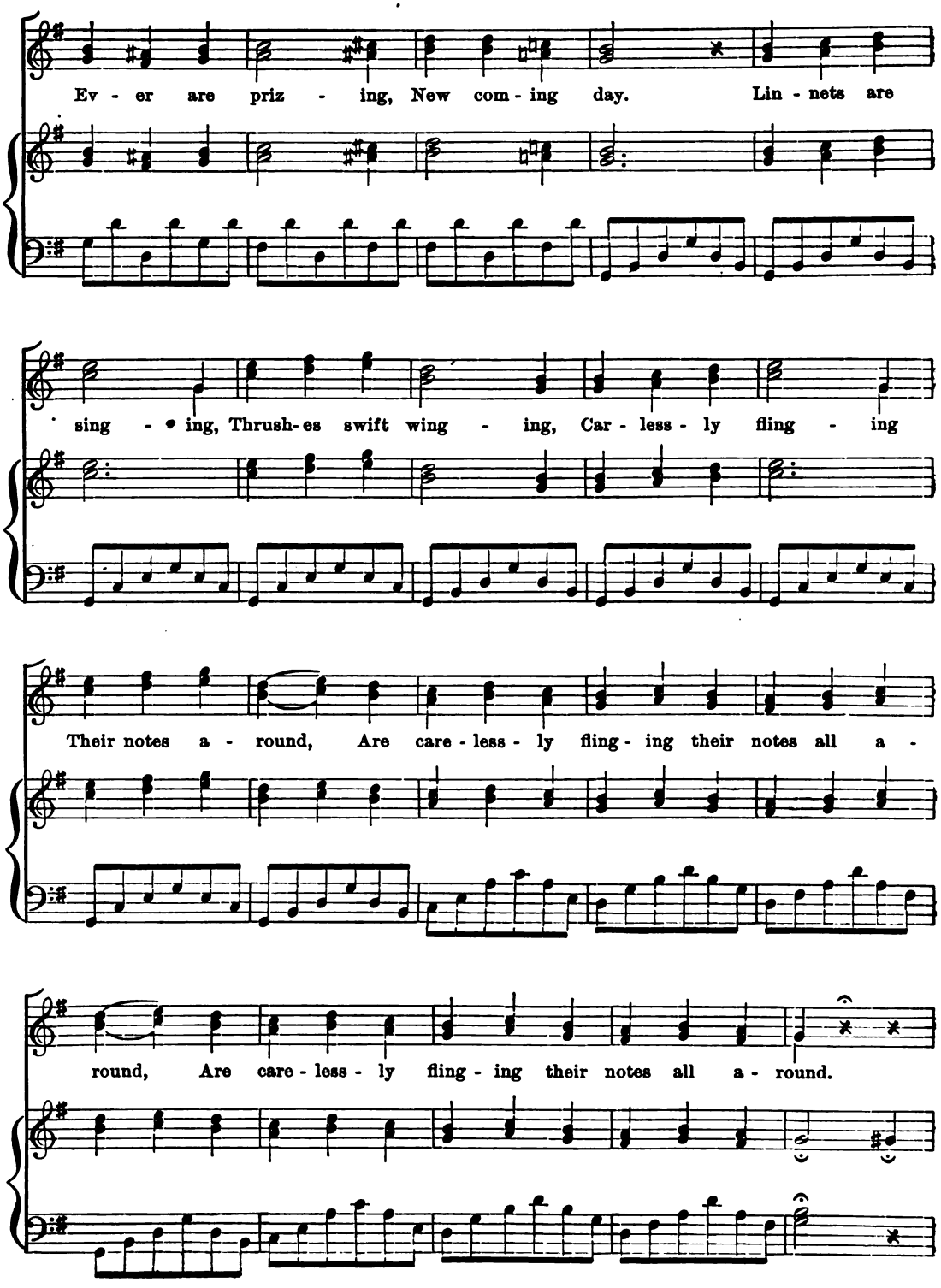
Morn is be - gin - ning Bird's cheer - ful sing - ing

Alto.

Through for - ests ring - ing, 'Mid trees so tall.


Day - light is peep - ing, No more be sleep - ing,
God is now keep - ing Watch o - ver all, God is now
mf
mf cres.
keep - ing Watch o - ver all. Watch o - ver all.
FINE.
FINE.


DUET, OR SEMI CHORUS.
Swal- lows are go - ing, Prais - es be - stow - ing, Grat - i - tude
show - ing In their light songs. Doves with their coo - ing
Loved mates are woo - ing, Friendships re - new - ing, Or tell - ing
wrongs. Larks high a - ris - ing, New strains de - vis - ing,


Ev - er are priz - ing, New com - ing day. Lin - nets are
sing - ing, Thrush-es swift wing - ing, Car - less - ly fling - ing
Their notes a - round, Are care - less - ly fling - ing their notes all a -
round, Are care - less - ly fling - ing their notes all a - round.

NO. 60. MORN IS BEGINNING.

ROSSINI, arr. by CONCONE.

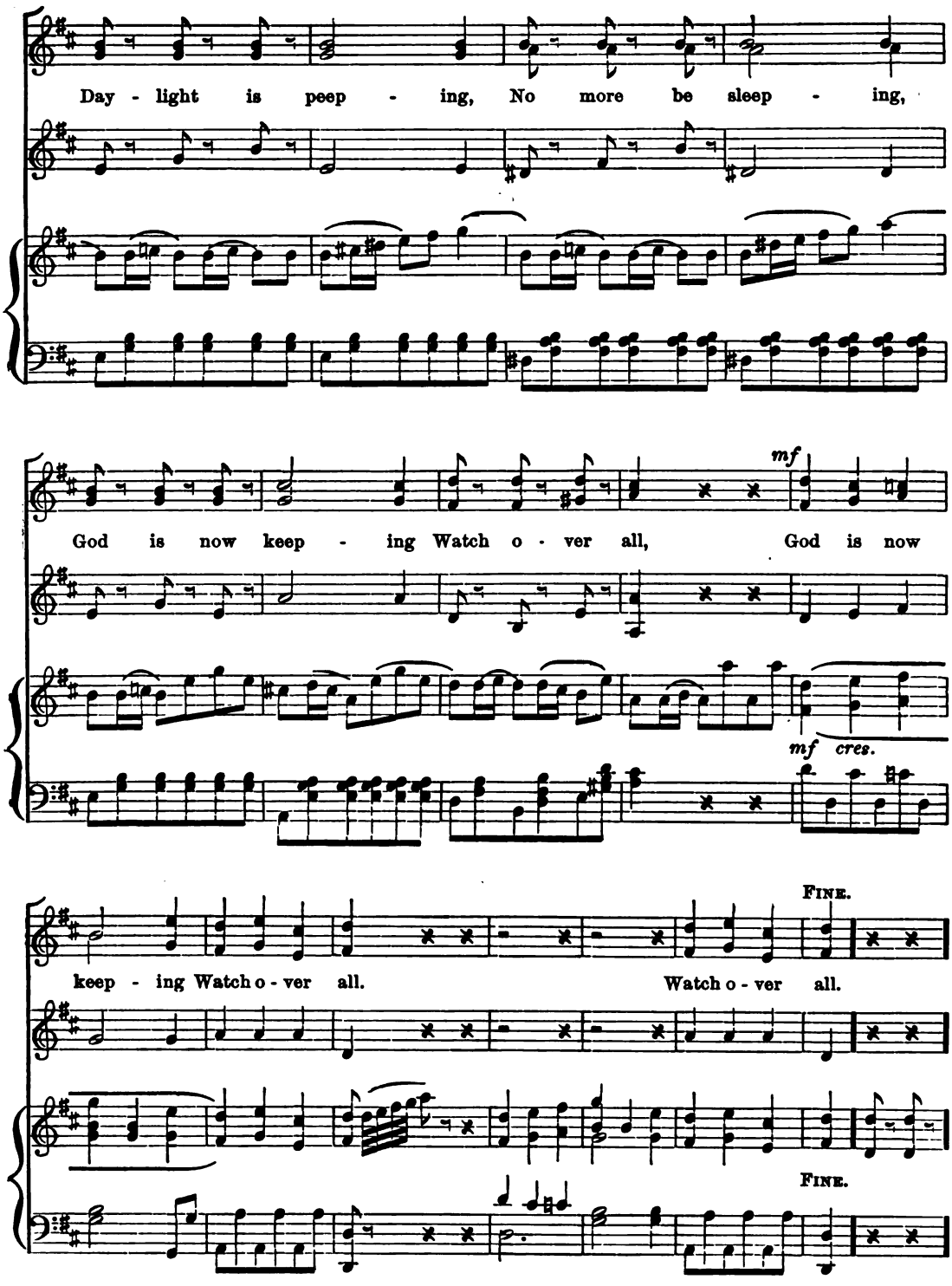
Allegro.

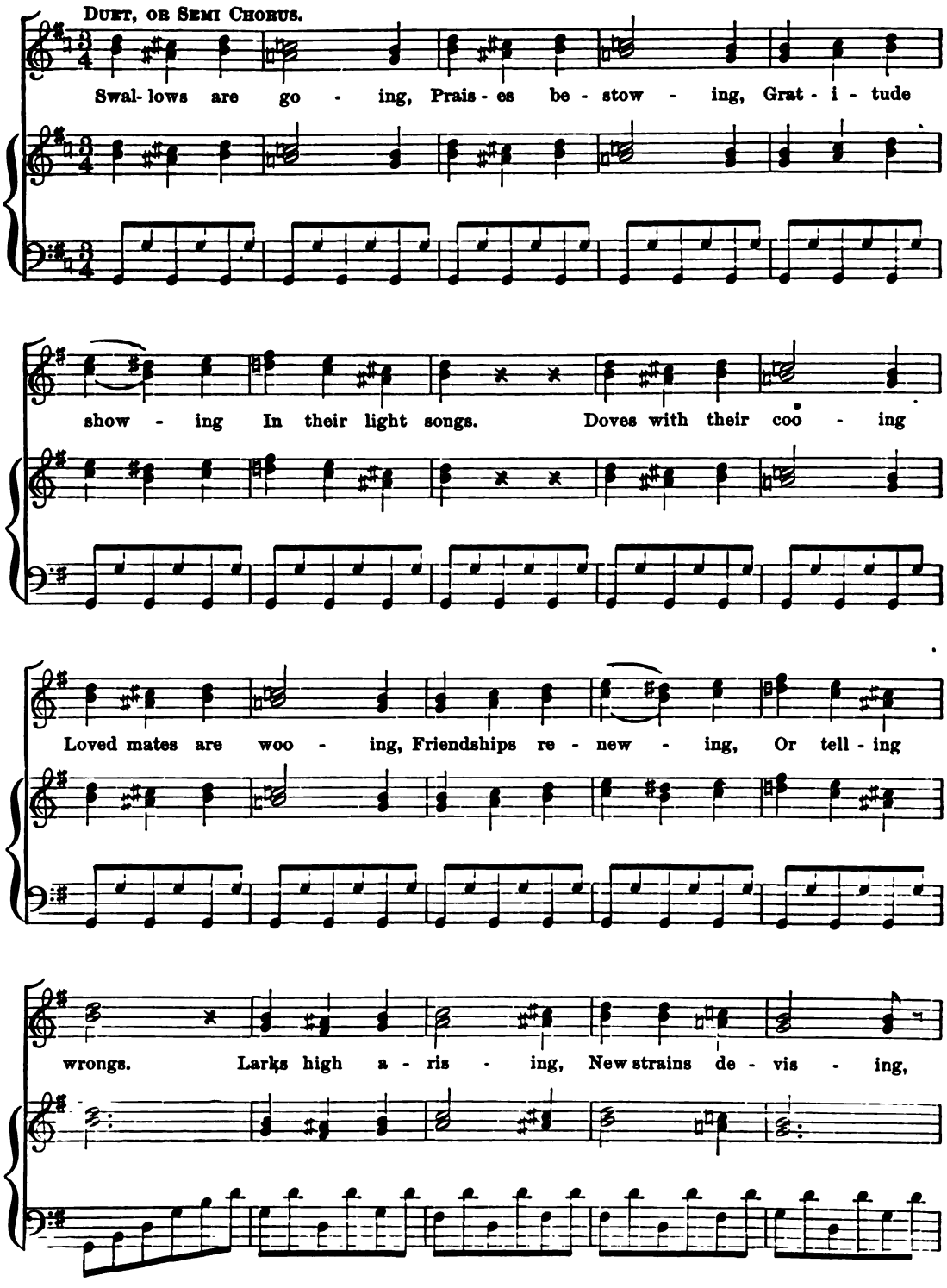
p 1ST & 2ND SOPRANO.

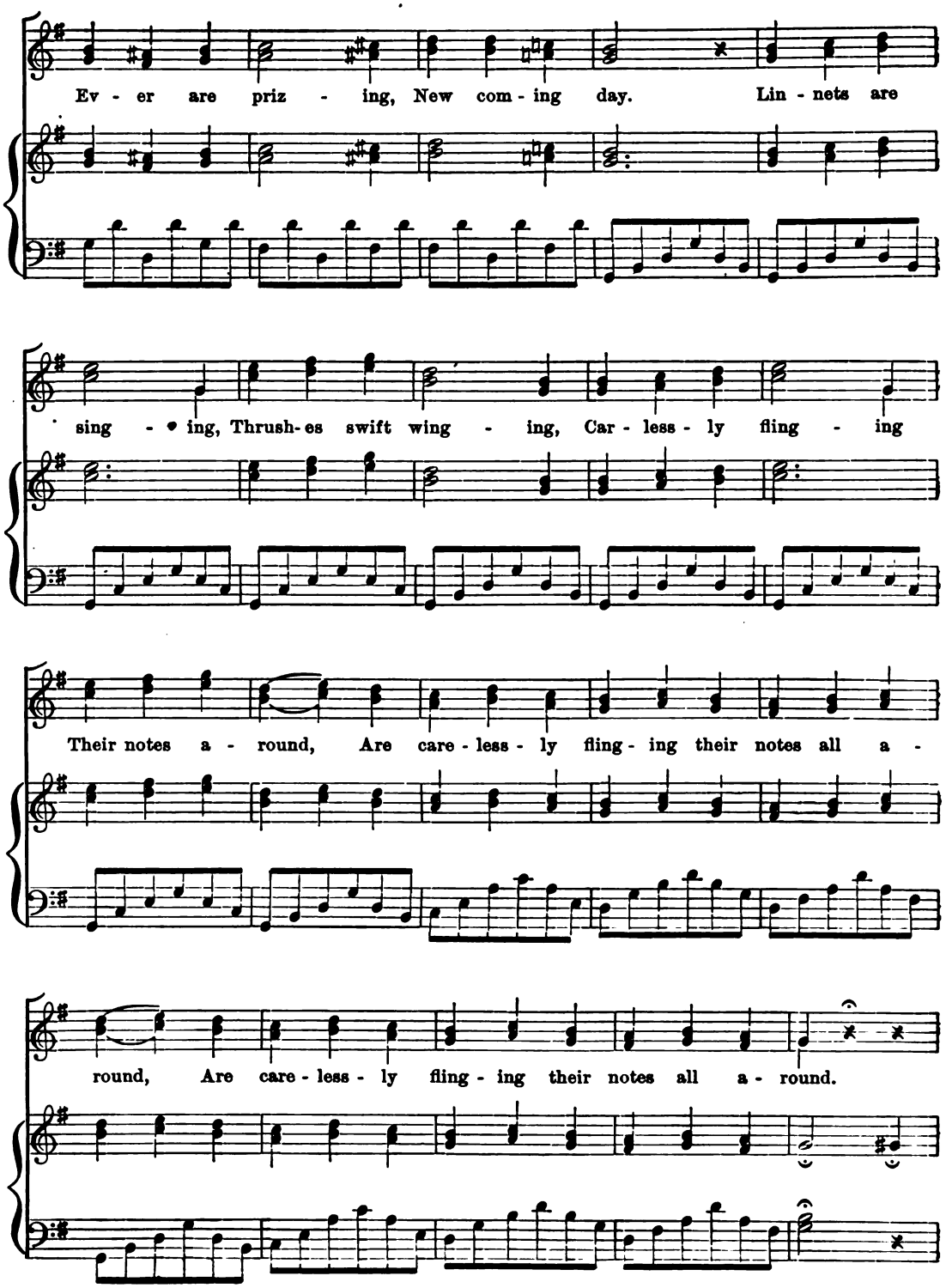
Morn is be - gin - ning Bird's cheer - ful sing - ing

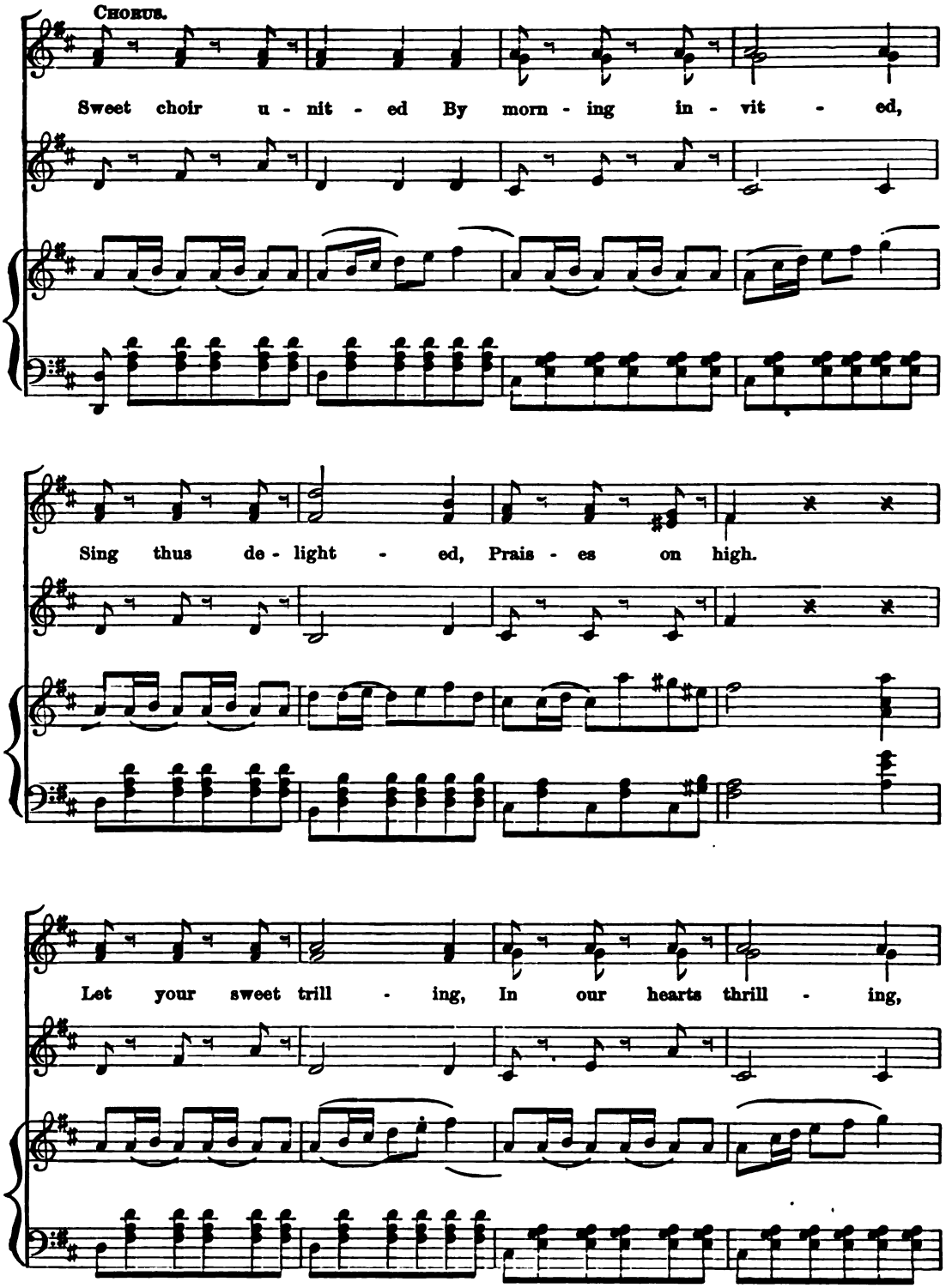
ALTO.

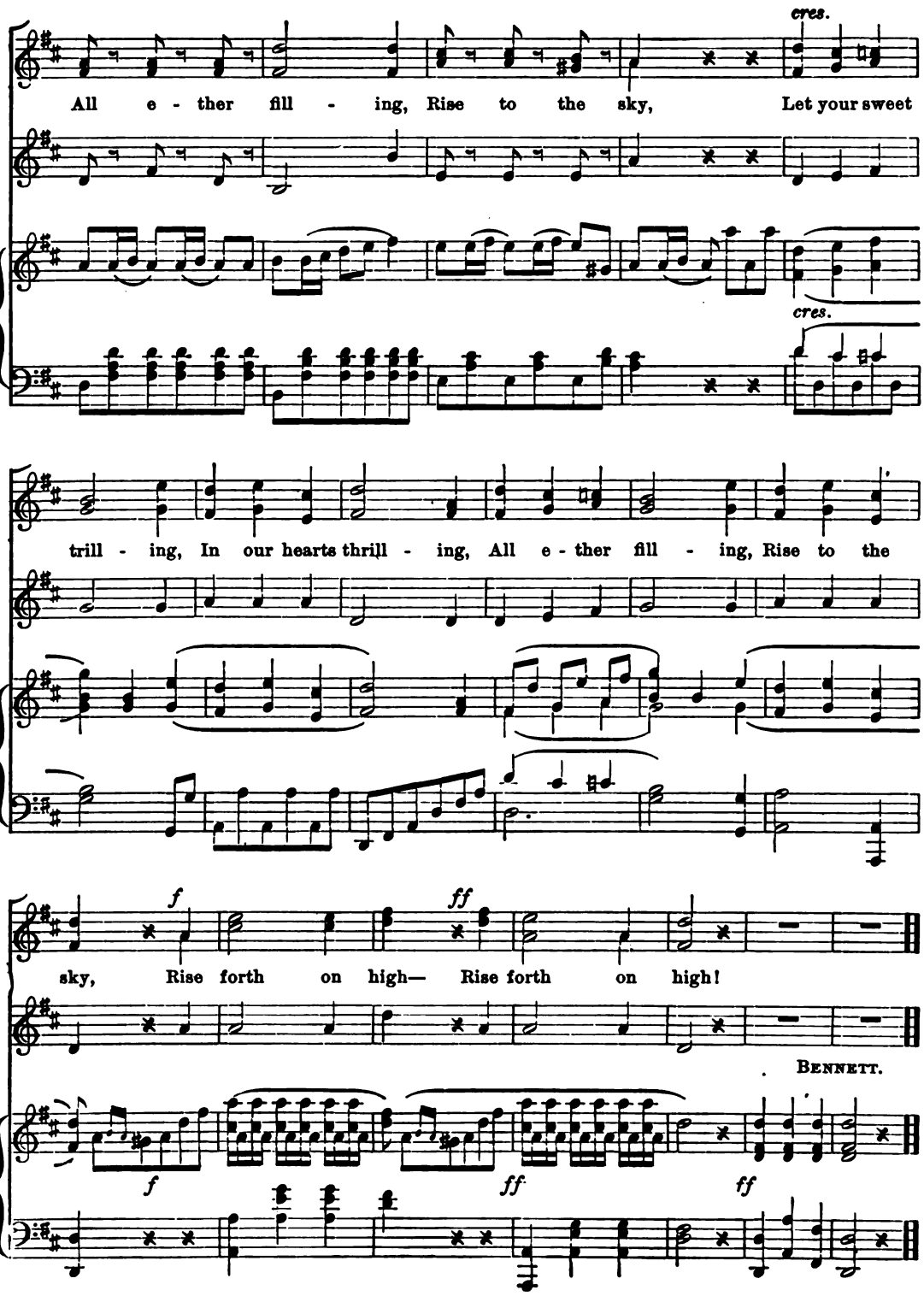
Through for - ests ring - ing, 'Mid trees so tall.


Day - light is peep - ing, No more be sleep - ing,
mf
God is now keep - ing Watch o - ver all, God is now
mf cres.
FINE.
keep - ing Watch o - ver all. Watch o - ver all.
FINE.


DUET, OR SEMI CHORUS.
Swal- lows are go - ing, Prais - es be - stow - ing, Grat - i - tude
show - ing In their light songs. Doves with their coo - ing
Loved mates are woo - ing, Friendships re - new - ing, Or tell - ing
wrongs. Larks high a - ris - ing, New strains de - vis - ing,


Ev - er are priz - ing, New com - ing day. Lin - nets are
sing - ing, Thrush-es swift wing - ing, Car - less - ly fling - ing
Their notes a - round, Are care - less - ly fling - ing their notes all a -
round, Are care - less - ly fling - ing their notes all a - round.


CHORUS.
Sweet choir u - nit - ed By morn - ing in - vit - ed,
Sing thus de - light - ed, Prais - es on high.
Let your sweet trill - ing, In our hearts thrill - ing,


cres.
All e - ther fill - ing, Rise to the sky, Let your sweet
cres.
trill - ing, In our hearts thrill - ing, All e - ther fill - ing, Rise to the
f
ff
sky, Rise forth on high— Rise forth on high!
BENNETT.
f
ff
ff

NO. 61. COME OUT!

Allegro marcato. FRANZ ABT.

f

1. Come out, come out, the mer - ry sound Of tune - ful
2. Come out, come out! in cool - er air The white clouds

f *mf*

poco rit. *a tempo.* *mf*

birds to hear! So gai - ly bloom the flowers around—So gai - ly bloom the
o'er us go; And what a robe of beau - ty there—And what a robe of

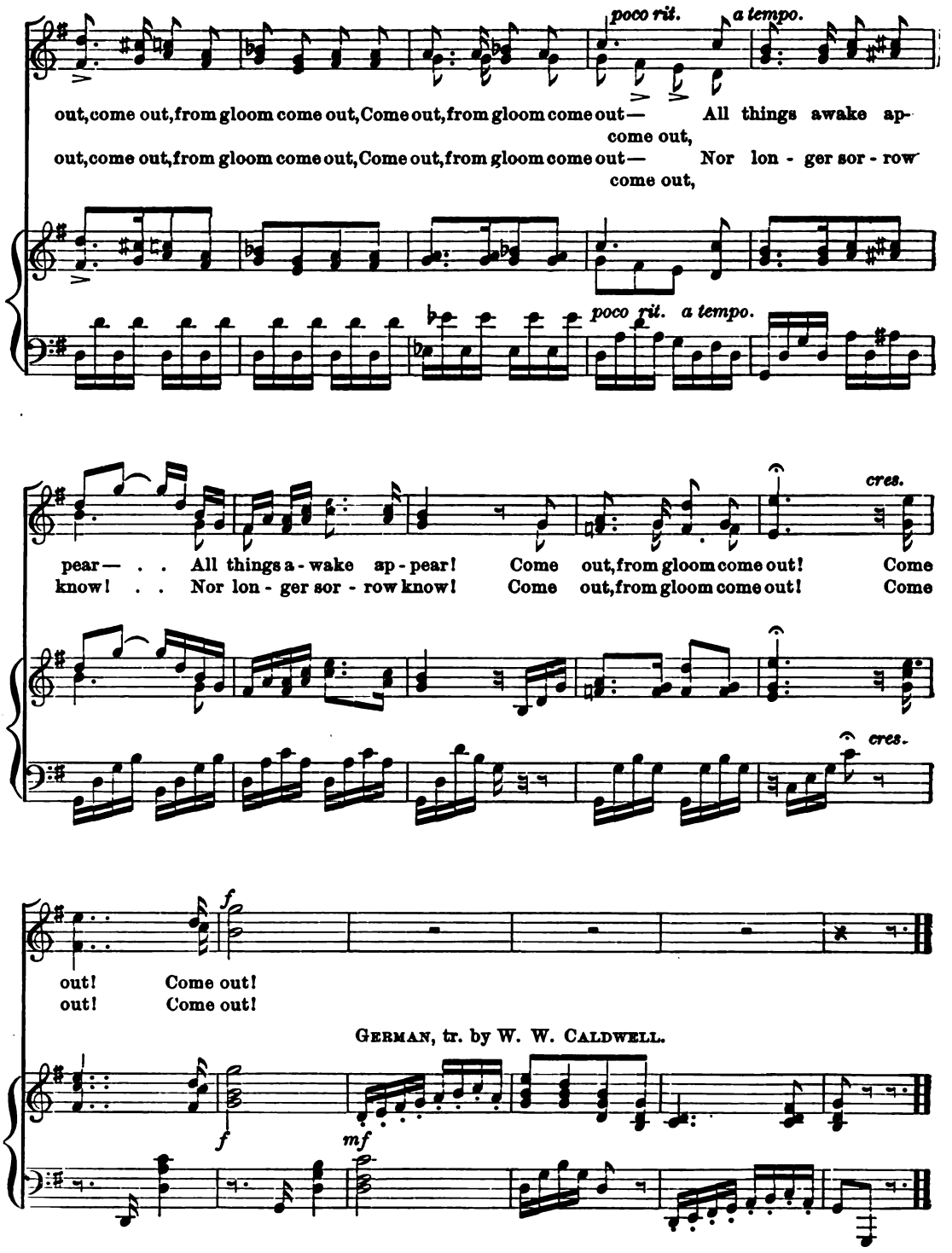
mf

poco rit. *a tempo.*

cres. *f* *mf* *legg.* *f*

flowers around, So loud the brook sings near— So loud the brook sings near. Come
beau-ty there, Doth on the gla-cier glow— Doth on the gla-cier glow! Come

cres. *f* *mf* *f*


poco rit.
a tempo.
out, come out, from gloom come out, Come out, from gloom come out— All things awake ap-
come out,
out, come out, from gloom come out, Come out, from gloom come out— Nor lon - ger sor - row
come out,
poco rit. a tempo.
cres.
pear— . . All things a - wake ap - pear! Come out, from gloom come out! Come
know! . . Nor lon - ger sor - row know! Come out, from gloom come out! Come
cres.
f
out! Come out!
out! Come out!
GERMAN, tr. by W. W. CALDWELL.
f
mf

NO. 62. SINTRAM'S SONG.

C. A. MACIRONE.

Allegro brillante, con fuoco e non legato.

mf *cres - - - - cen - - - - - do.*

SOPRANO.

mf

1. "Sir Knight, Sir Knight, Oh whith-er a - way With thy snow - white sail o'er the
2. He steer'd on his course by night and day, Till he cast his an - chor in

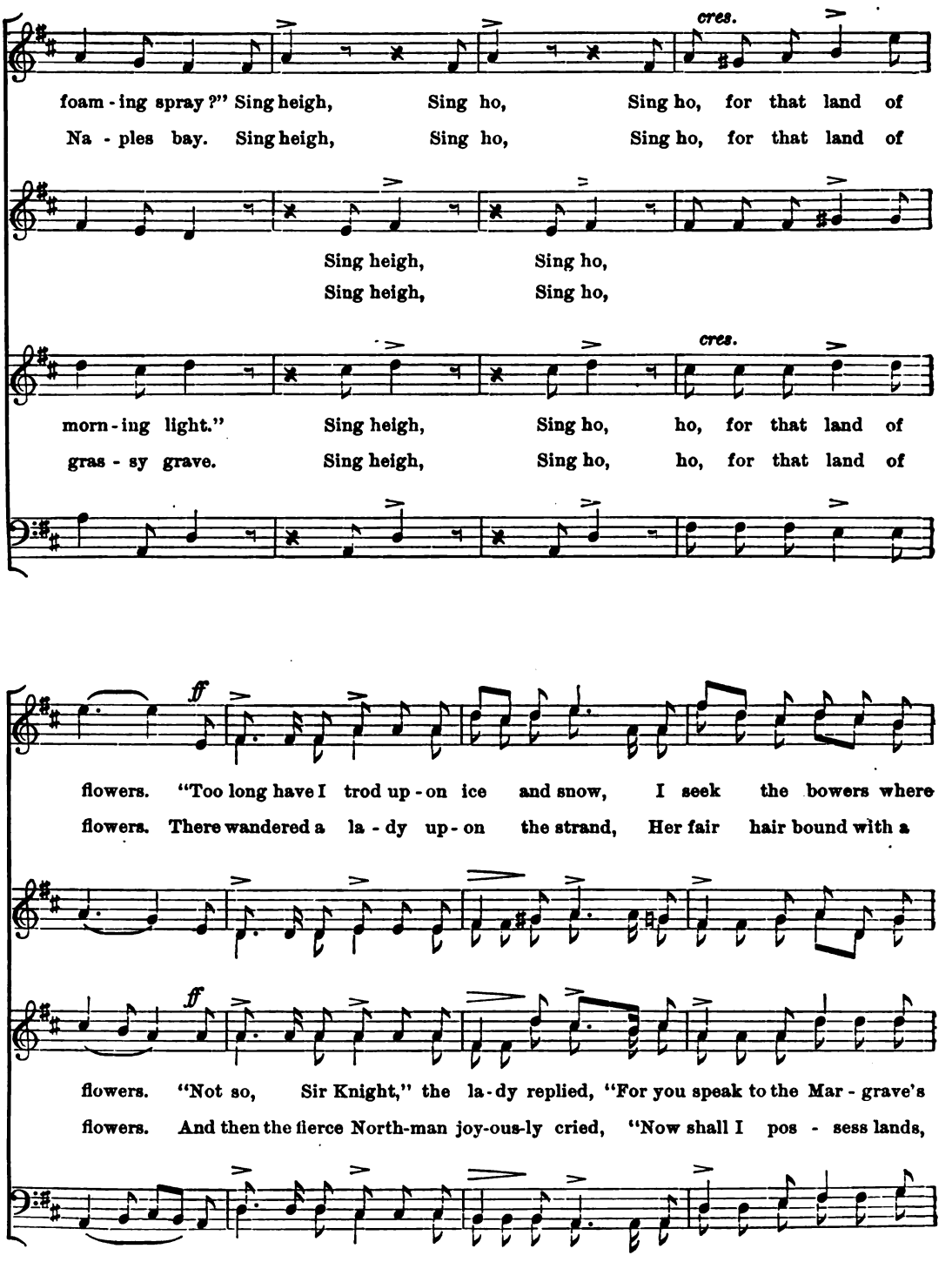
ALTO.

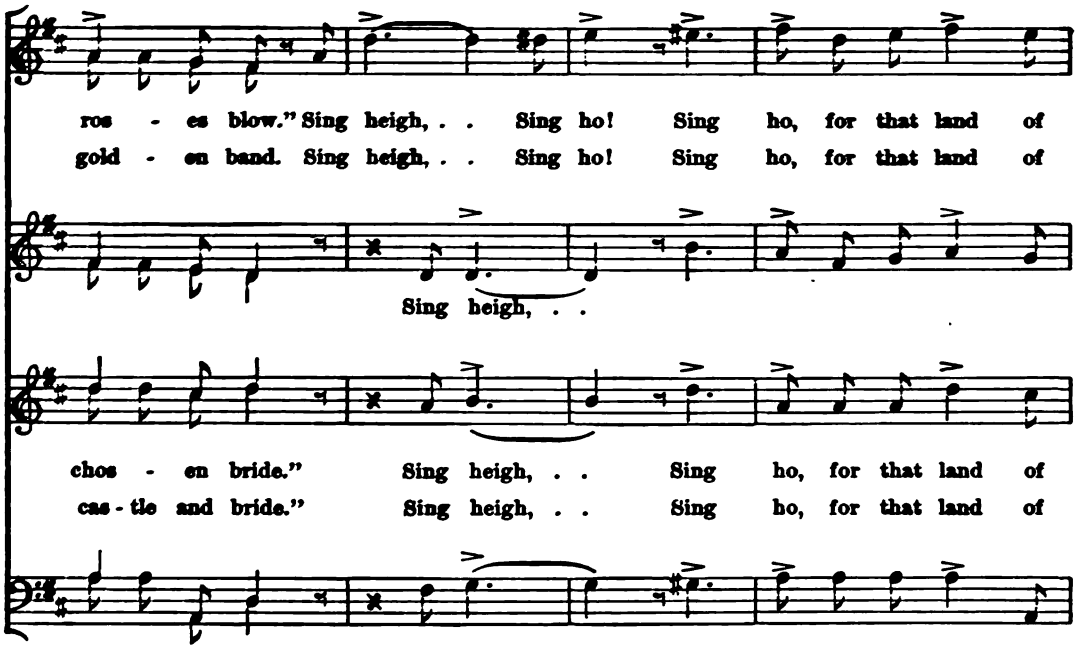
TENOR.

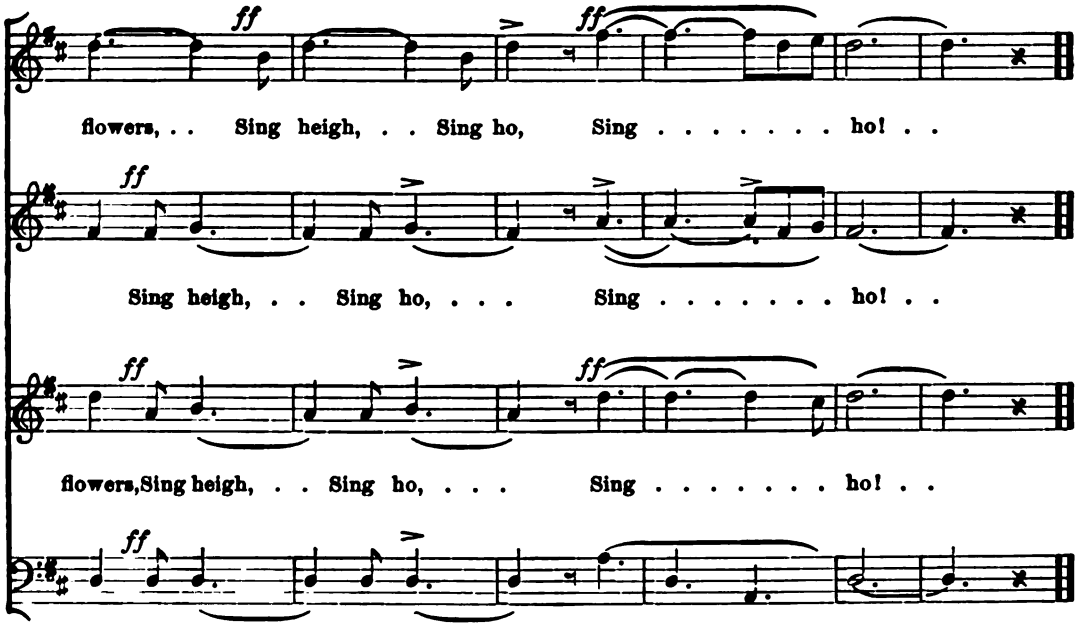
mf

3. "Hail to thee! Hail to thee! La - dy bright, Mine own shalt thou be ere
4. Then came the young Mar - grave bold and brave, But low was he laid in a

BASS.


cres.
foam - ing spray?" Sing heigh, Sing ho, Sing ho, for that land of
Na - ples bay. Sing heigh, Sing ho, Sing ho, for that land of
Sing heigh, Sing ho,
Sing heigh, Sing ho,
cres.
morn - ing light." Sing heigh, Sing ho, ho, for that land of
gras - sy grave. Sing heigh, Sing ho, ho, for that land of
ff
flowers. "Too long have I trod up - on ice and snow, I seek the bowers where
flowers. There wandered a la - dy up - on the strand, Her fair hair bound with a
ff
flowers. "Not so, Sir Knight," the la - dy replied, "For you speak to the Mar - grave's
flowers. And then the fierce North-man joy-ous-ly cried, "Now shall I pos - sess lands,


ros - es blow." Sing heigh, . . Sing ho! Sing ho, for that land of
gold - en band. Sing heigh, . . Sing ho! Sing ho, for that land of
Sing heigh, . .
chos - en bride." Sing heigh, . . Sing ho, for that land of
cas - tle and bride." Sing heigh, . . Sing ho, for that land of


ff
flowers, . . Sing heigh, . . Sing ho, Sing . . . . . ho! . .
Sing heigh, . . Sing ho, . . . Sing . . . . . ho! . .
flowers, Sing heigh, . . Sing ho, . . . Sing . . . . . ho! . .

No. 63. Over the Waves we Float.

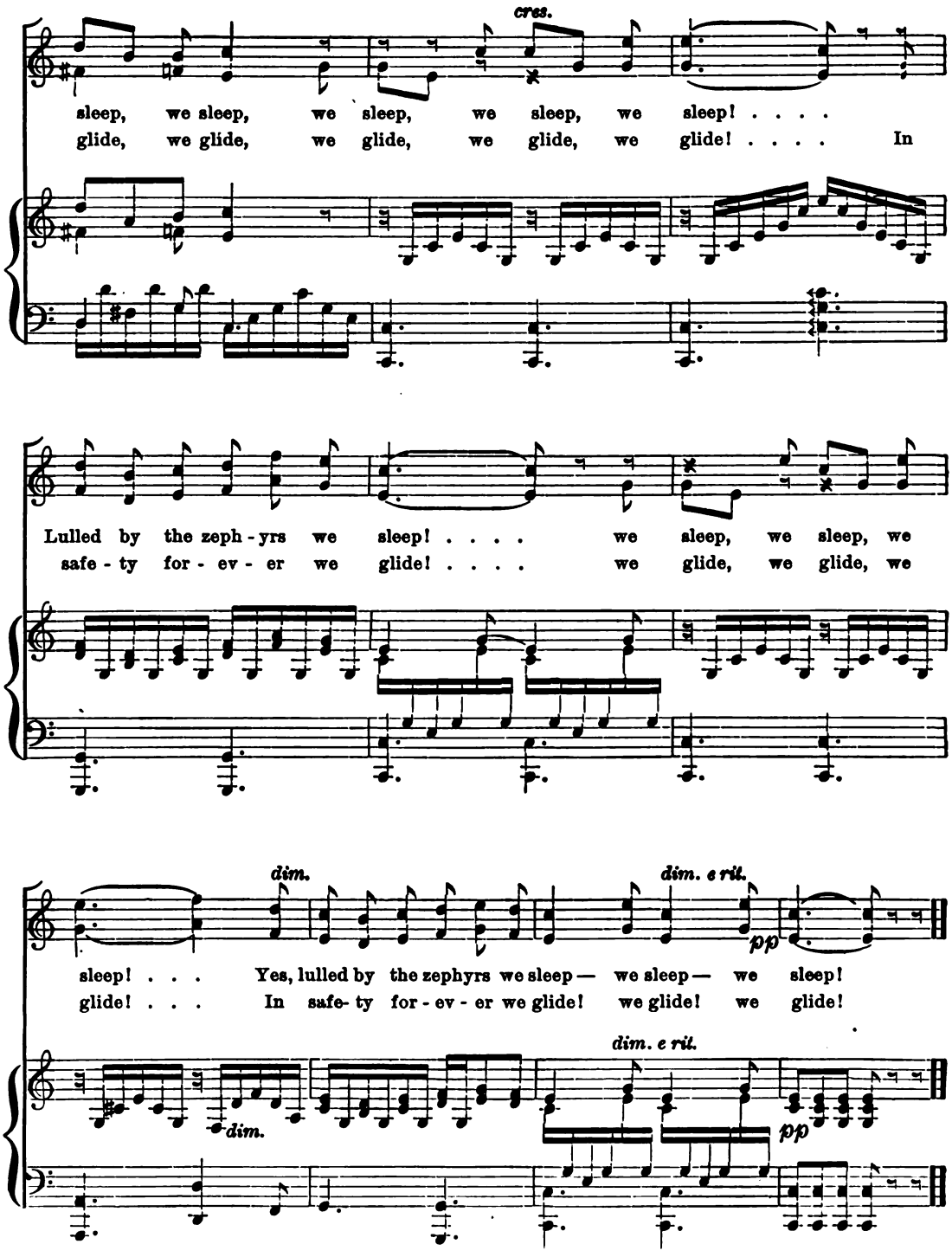
Stephen Glover.

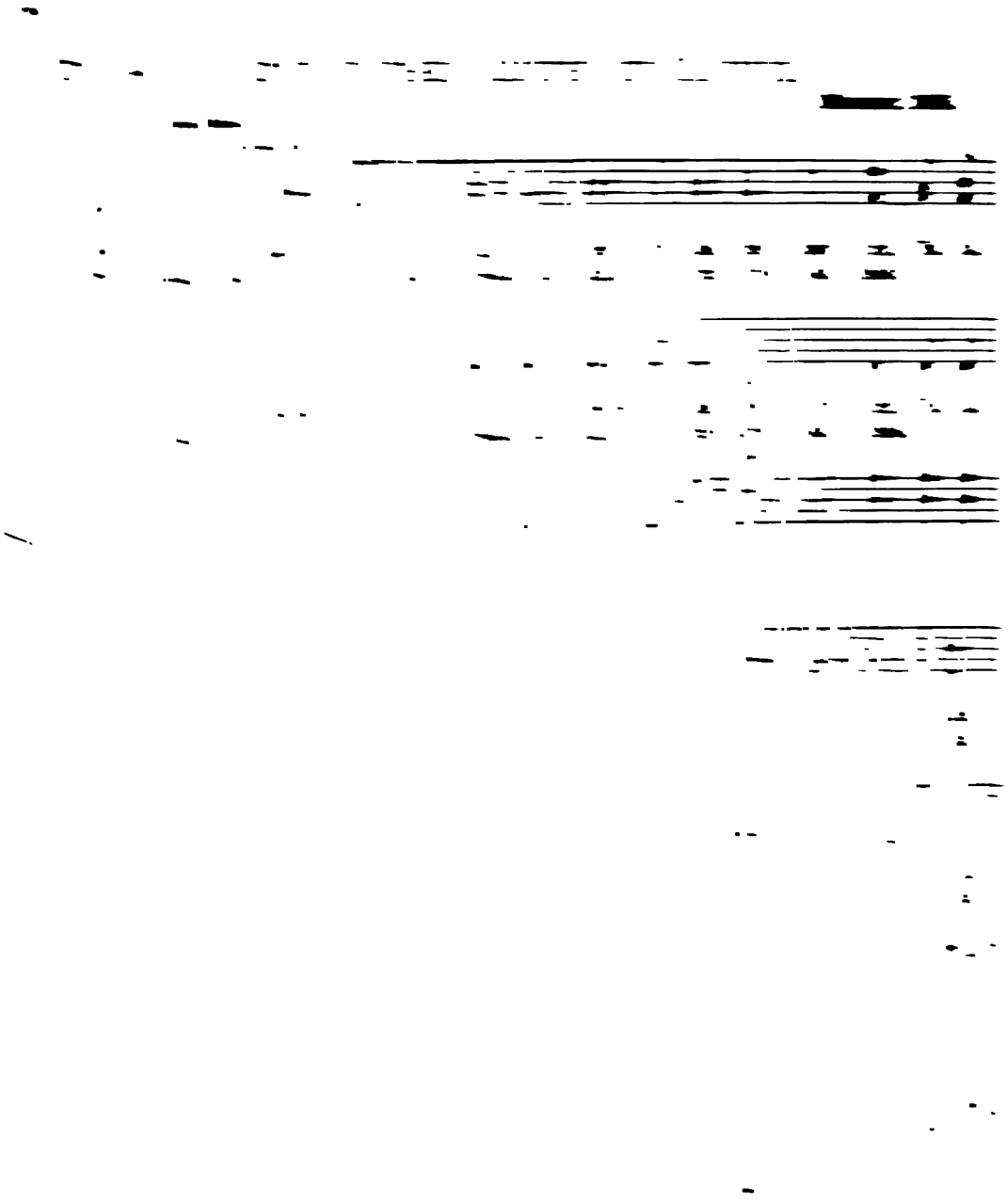
Moderato, grazioso.

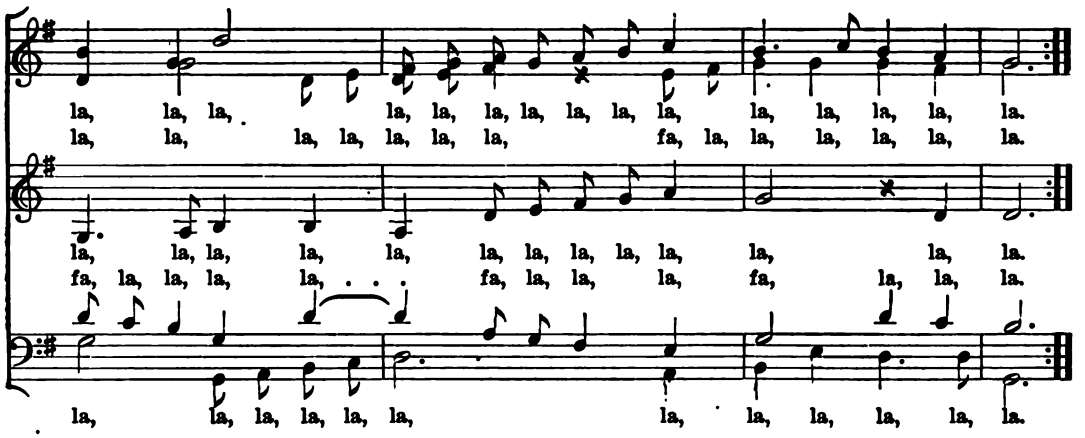
mf

1. O - ver the waves we float, we float, ...
2. Cast by the winds from shore to shore, . . A

Fair - ies two in our fair - y boat Fanned by the breez - es
mo - ment ye view us and then no more, The nau - ti - lus shell by

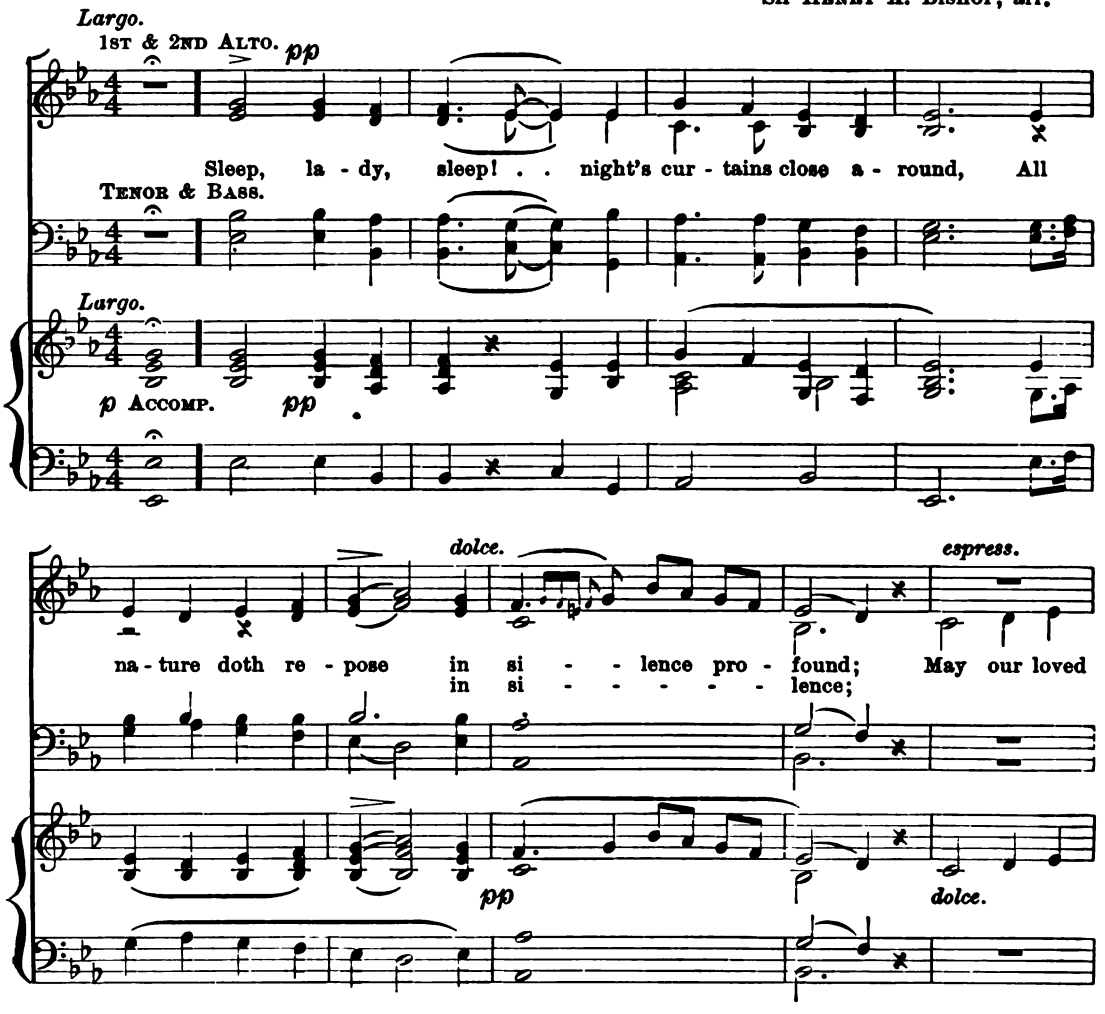

cres.
sleep, we sleep, we sleep, we sleep, we sleep! . . . .
glide, we glide, we glide, we glide, we glide! . . . . In
Lulled by the zeph - yrs we sleep! . . . . we sleep, we sleep, we
safe - ty for - ev - er we glide! . . . . we glide, we glide, we
dim.
dim. e rit.
pp
sleep! . . . Yes, lulled by the zephyrs we sleep — we sleep — we sleep!
glide! . . . In safe- ty for - ev - er we glide! we glide! we glide!
dim.
dim. e rit.
pp

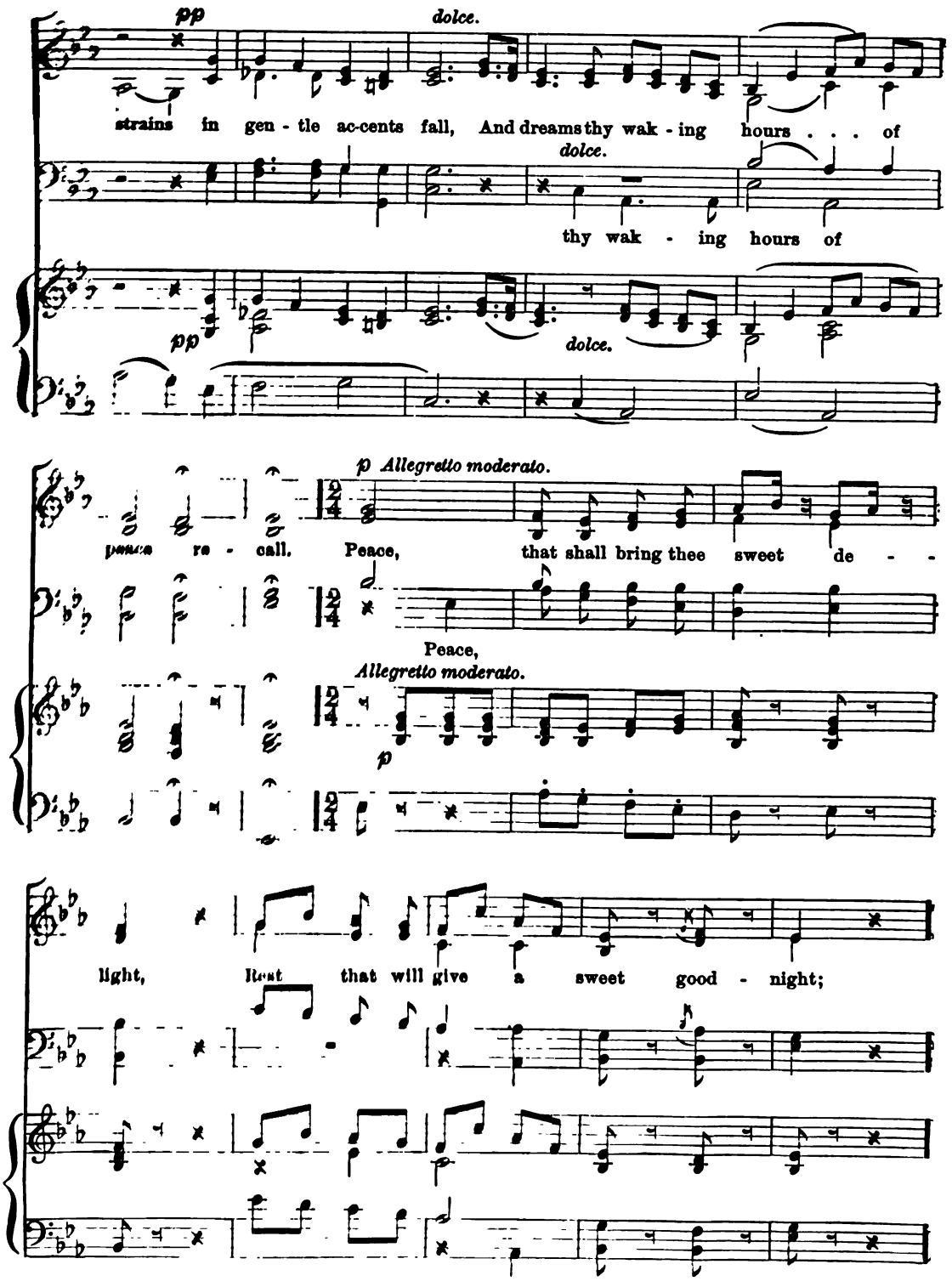


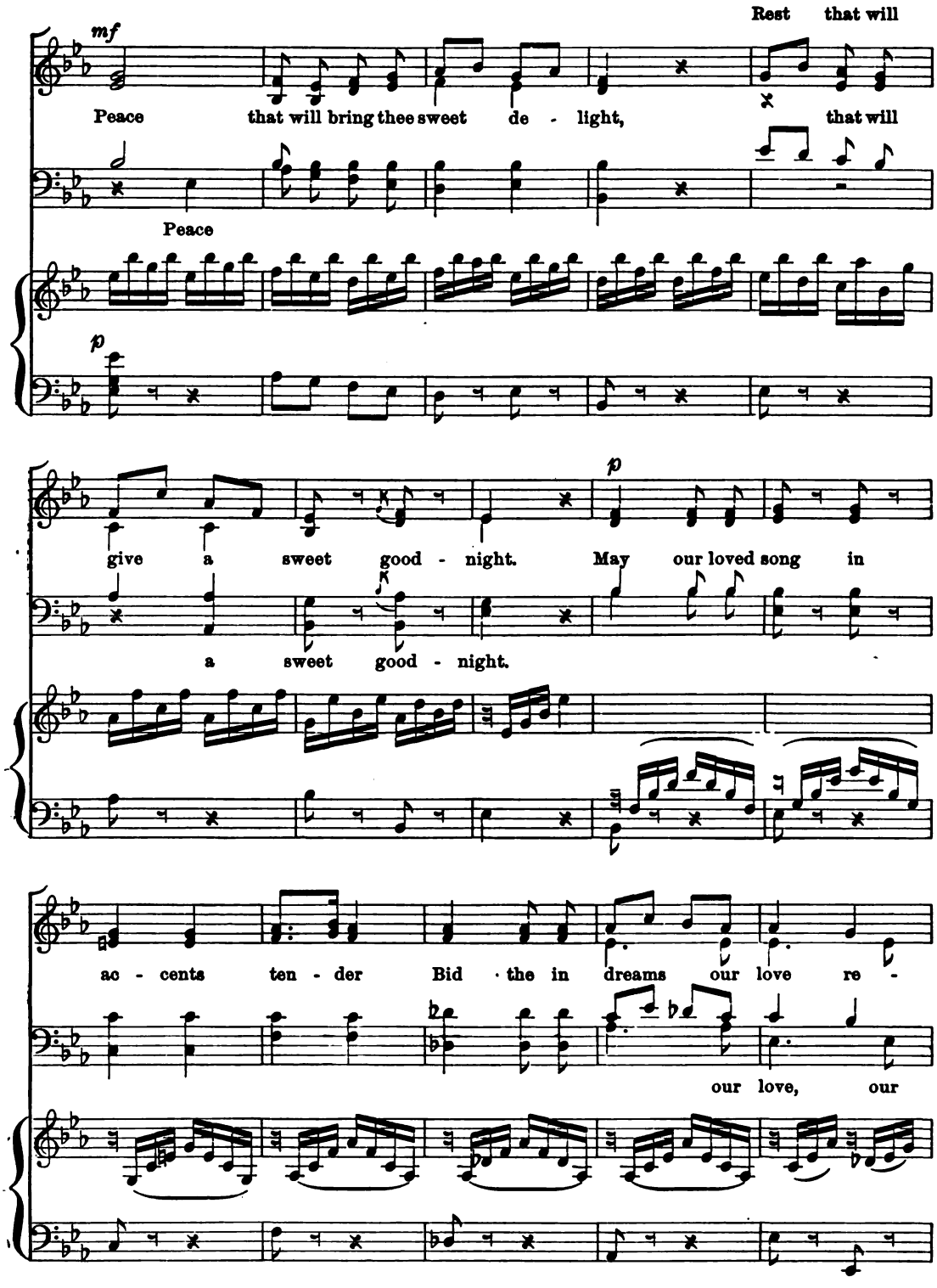


NO. 65. SLEEP, LADY, SLEEP!

Sir HENRY A. BISHOP, arr.




pp
dolce.
strains in gen - tle ac-cents fall, And dreams thy wak - ing hours . . . of
dolce.
thy wak - ing hours of
pp
dolce.
p Allegretto moderato.
peace re - call. Peace, that shall bring thee sweet de - -
Peace,
Allegretto moderato.
p
light, Rest that will give a sweet good - night;


mf
Peace that will bring thee sweet de - light, Rest that will that will
Peace
p
give a sweet good - night. May our loved song in
a sweet good - night.
p
ac - cents ten - der Bid the in dreams our love re -
our love, our

NO. 62. SINTRAM'S SONG.

C. A. MACIRONE.

Allegro brillante, con fuoco e non legato.

mf *cres - - - - cen - - - - - do.*

SOPRANO.

mf

1. "Sir Knight, Sir Knight, Oh whith-er a - way With thy snow - white sail o'er the
2. He steer'd on his course by night and day, Till he cast his an - chor in

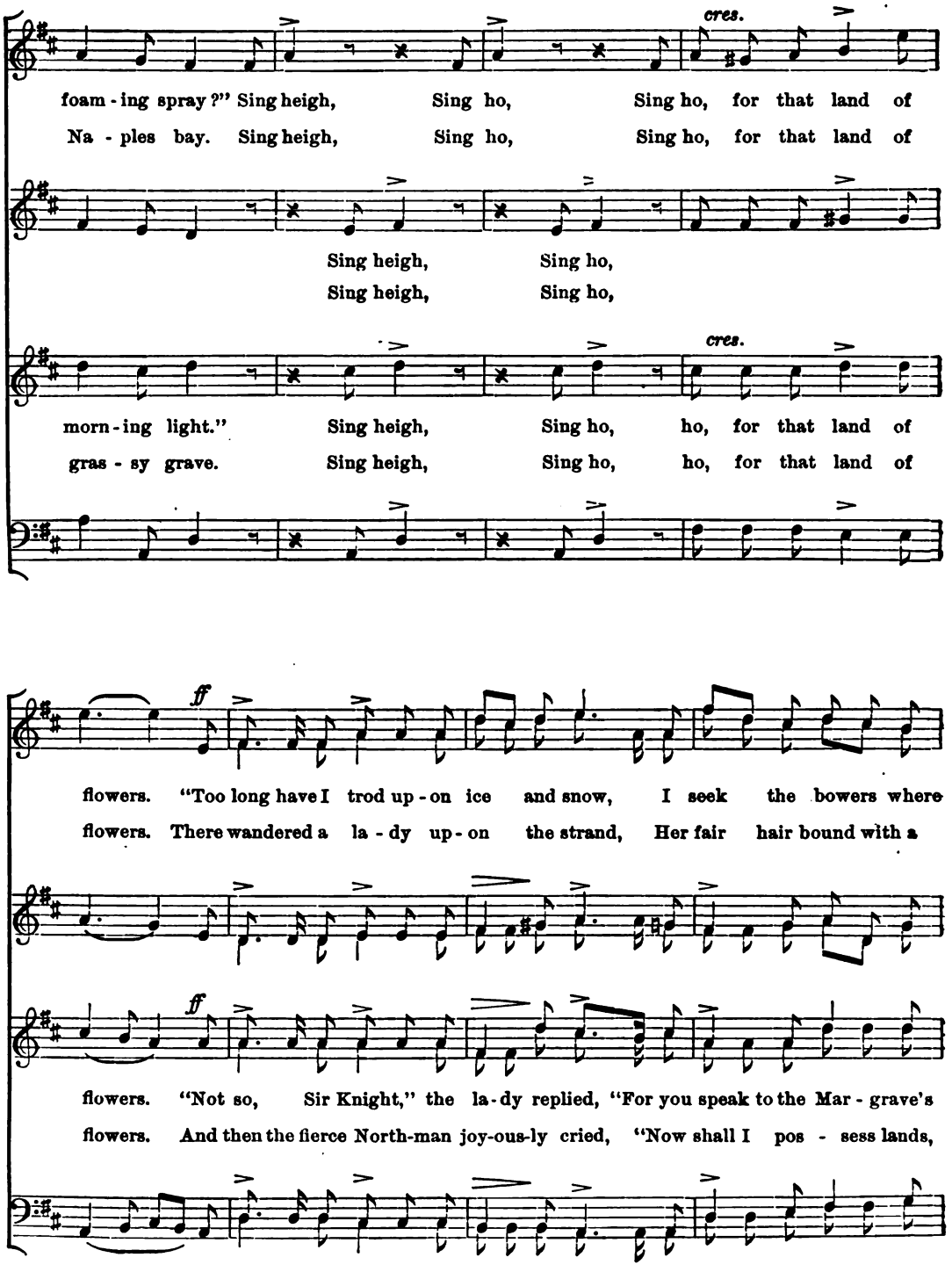
ALTO.

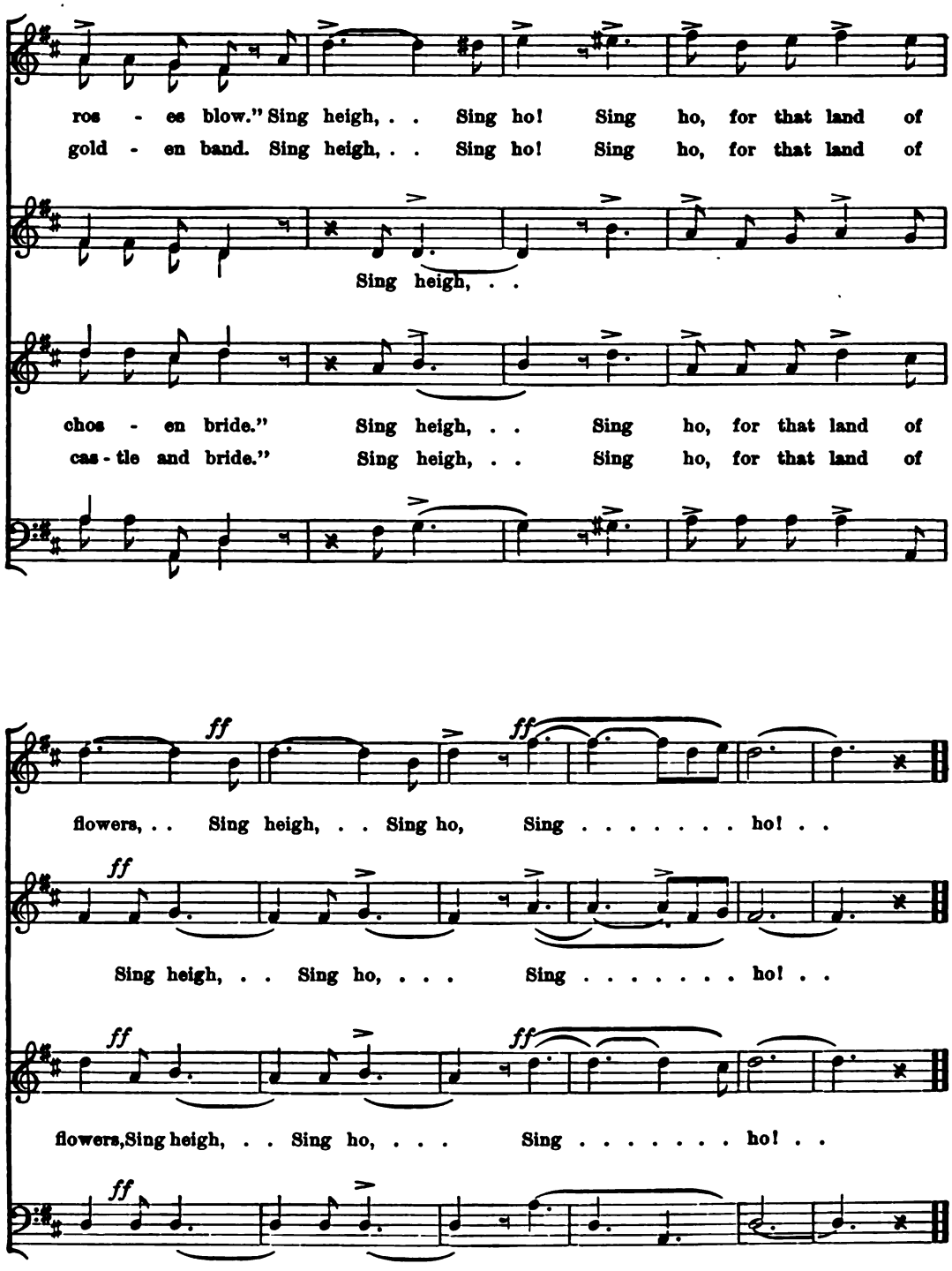
TENOR.

mf

3. "Hail to thee! Hail to thee! La - dy bright, Mine own shalt thou be ere
4. Then came the young Mar - grave bold and brave, But low was he laid in a

BASS.


cres.
foam - ing spray?" Sing heigh, Sing ho, Sing ho, for that land of
Na - ples bay. Sing heigh, Sing ho, Sing ho, for that land of
Sing heigh, Sing ho,
Sing heigh, Sing ho,
cres.
morn - ing light." Sing heigh, Sing ho, ho, for that land of
gras - sy grave. Sing heigh, Sing ho, ho, for that land of
ff
flowers. "Too long have I trod up - on ice and snow, I seek the bowers where
flowers. There wandered a la - dy up - on the strand, Her fair hair bound with a
ff
flowers. "Not so, Sir Knight," the la - dy replied, "For you speak to the Mar - grave's
flowers. And then the fierce North-man joy-ous-ly cried, "Now shall I pos - sess lands,


ros - es blow." Sing heigh, . . Sing ho! Sing ho, for that land of
gold - en band. Sing heigh, . . Sing ho! Sing ho, for that land of
Sing heigh, . .
chos - en bride." Sing heigh, . . Sing ho, for that land of
cas - tle and bride." Sing heigh, . . Sing ho, for that land of
ff
flowers, . . Sing heigh, . . Sing ho, Sing . . . . . ho! . .
Sing heigh, . . Sing ho, . . . Sing . . . . . ho! . .
flowers, Sing heigh, . . Sing ho, . . . Sing . . . . . ho! . .

No. 63. Over the Waves we Float.

Stephen Glover.

Moderato, grazioso.

mf

1. O - ver the waves we float, we float, ...
2. Cast by the winds from shore to shore, . . A

Fair - ies two in our fair - y boat Fanned by the breez - es
mo - ment ye view us and then no more, The nau - ti - lus shell by

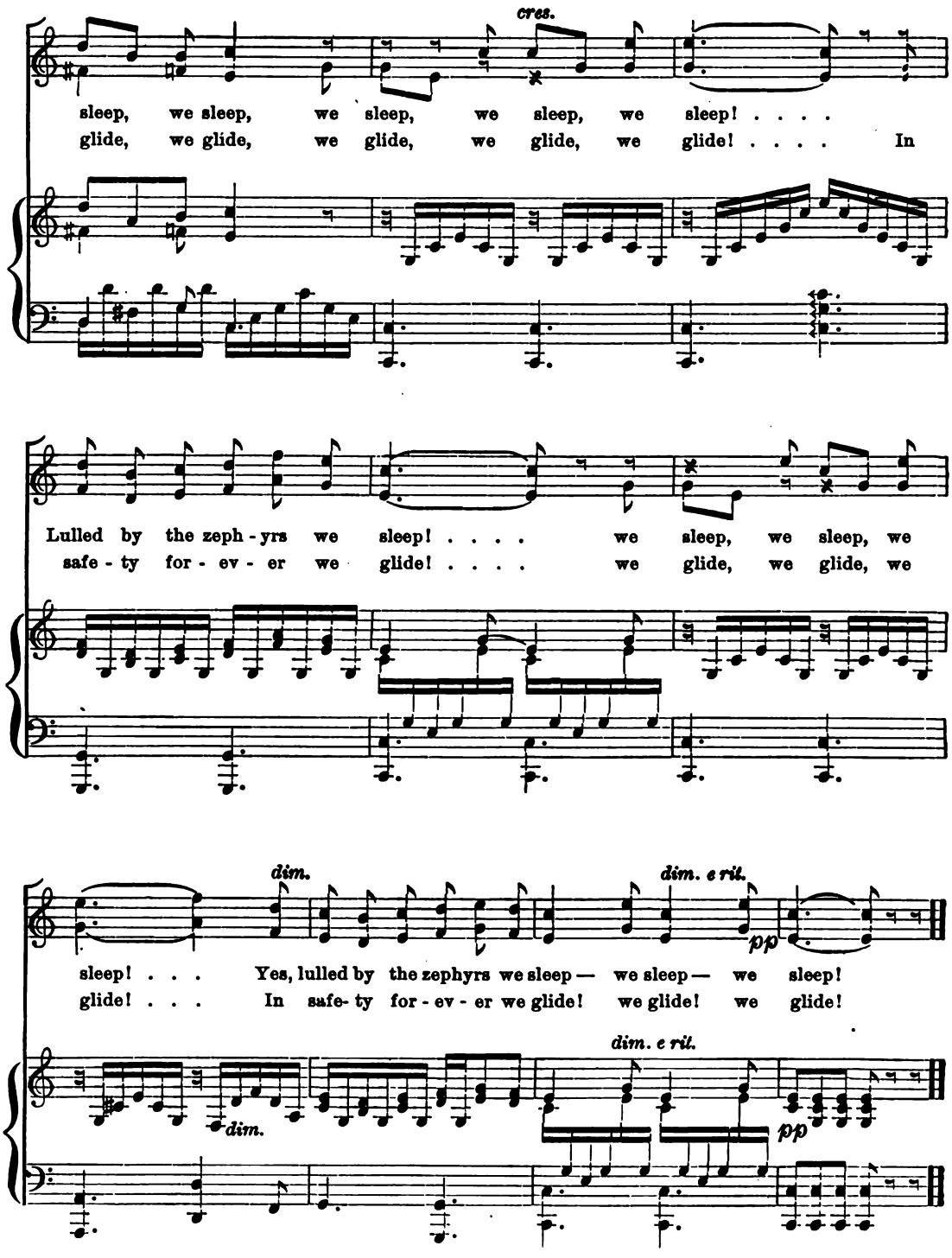
rocked by the tide, In our nau-ti-lus barque we glide, we glide, In our nau-ti-lus barque we
hu - man eyes, Is seen on the waters that sink and rise, Is seen on the waters that

glide, we glide. When the strong cor-dage snaps in the gale, Safe o'er the surges we
sink and rise— O - ver the bil - lows a-way and a way, Ours is the freedom that

il basso marcato.

sail, we sail. In the bright calm we rest on the deep, And lull'd by the zephyrs we
knows no de-cay, Brav- ing the tempest, and stemming the tide, In safe-ty for ev - er we

mf *p*


cres.
sleep, we sleep, we sleep, we sleep, we sleep! . . . .
glide, we glide, we glide, we glide, we glide! . . . . In
Lulled by the zeph - yrs we sleep! . . . . we sleep, we sleep, we
safe - ty for - ev - er we glide! . . . . we glide, we glide, we
dim.
dim. e rit.
pp
sleep! . . . Yes, lulled by the zephyrs we sleep — we sleep — we sleep!
glide! . . . In safe- ty for - ev - er we glide! we glide! we glide!
dim.
dim. e rit.
pp

No. 64. NOW IS THE MONTH OF MAYING.

Morley, 1595.

Allegro moderato.

1st & 2nd Soprano.

1. Now is the month of May - ing, When mer - ry lads are play - ing, Fa, la,
2. The spring, clad all in glad - ness, Doth laugh at win - ter's sad - ness;

Alto.

1. Now is the month of May - ing, When mer - ry lads are play - ing, Fa, la,
2. The spring, clad all in glad - ness, Doth laugh at win - ter's sad - ness;

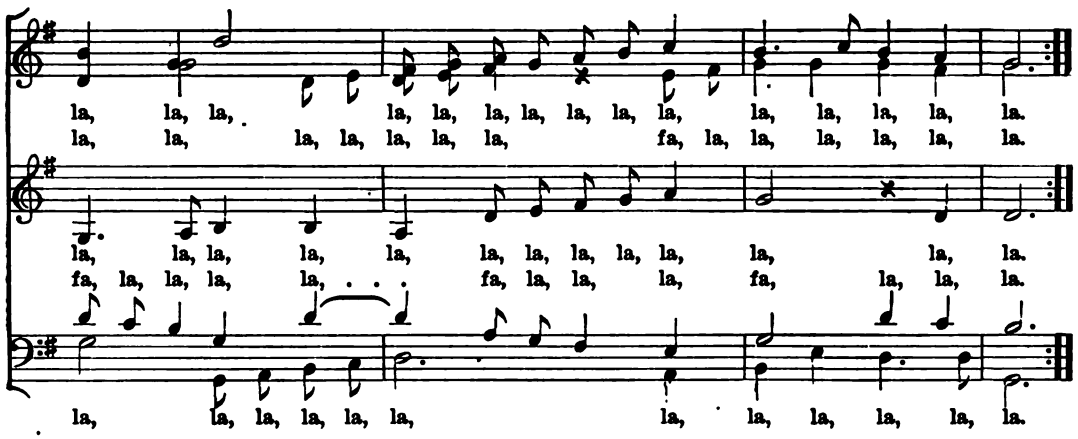
1st & 2nd Bass.

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. Each
la, la, la, la, la, la. And

la, la, la, la, la, fa, la, la, la, la, la, la. Each
And

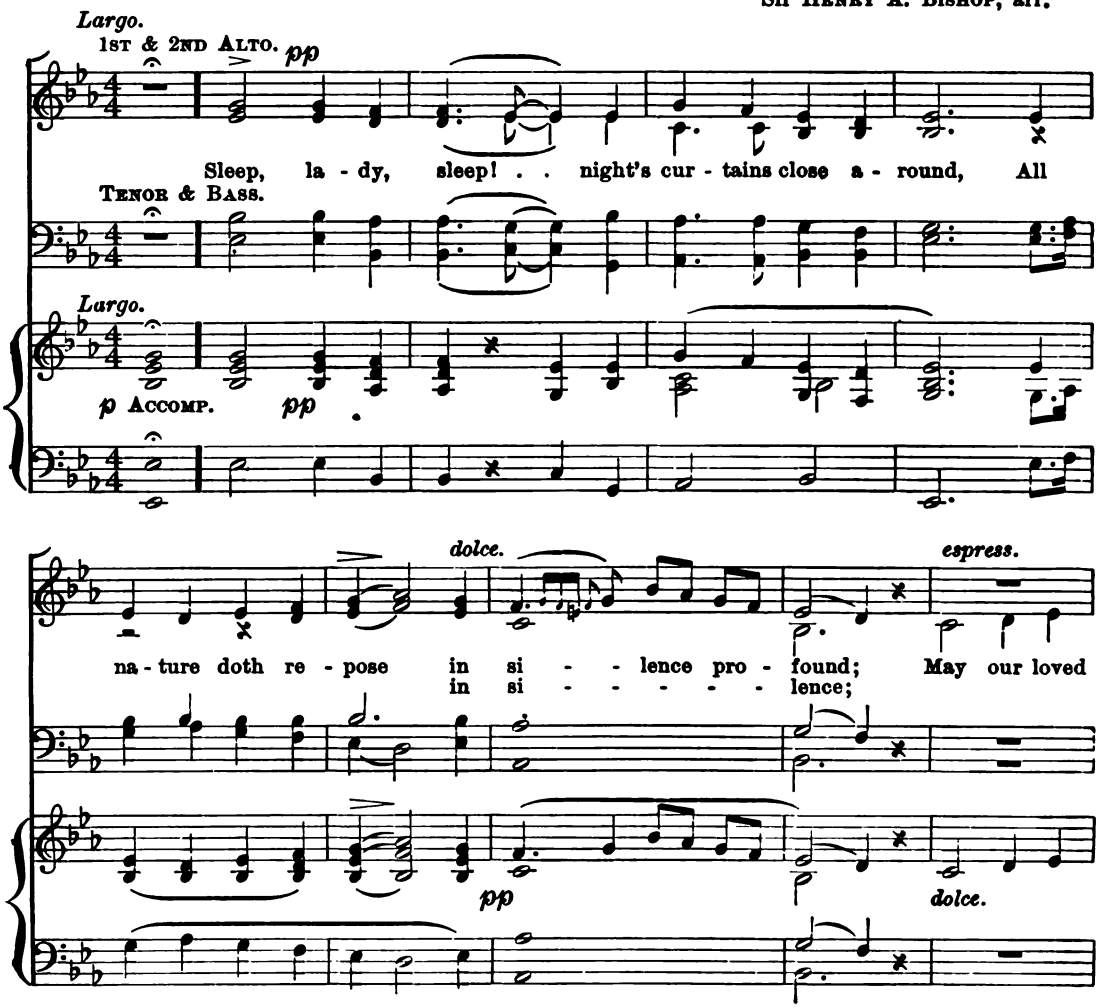
with his bon - ny lass, A danc - ing on the grass, fa, la,
to the bag - pipe's sound, The nymphs tread out their ground, fa, la, la,

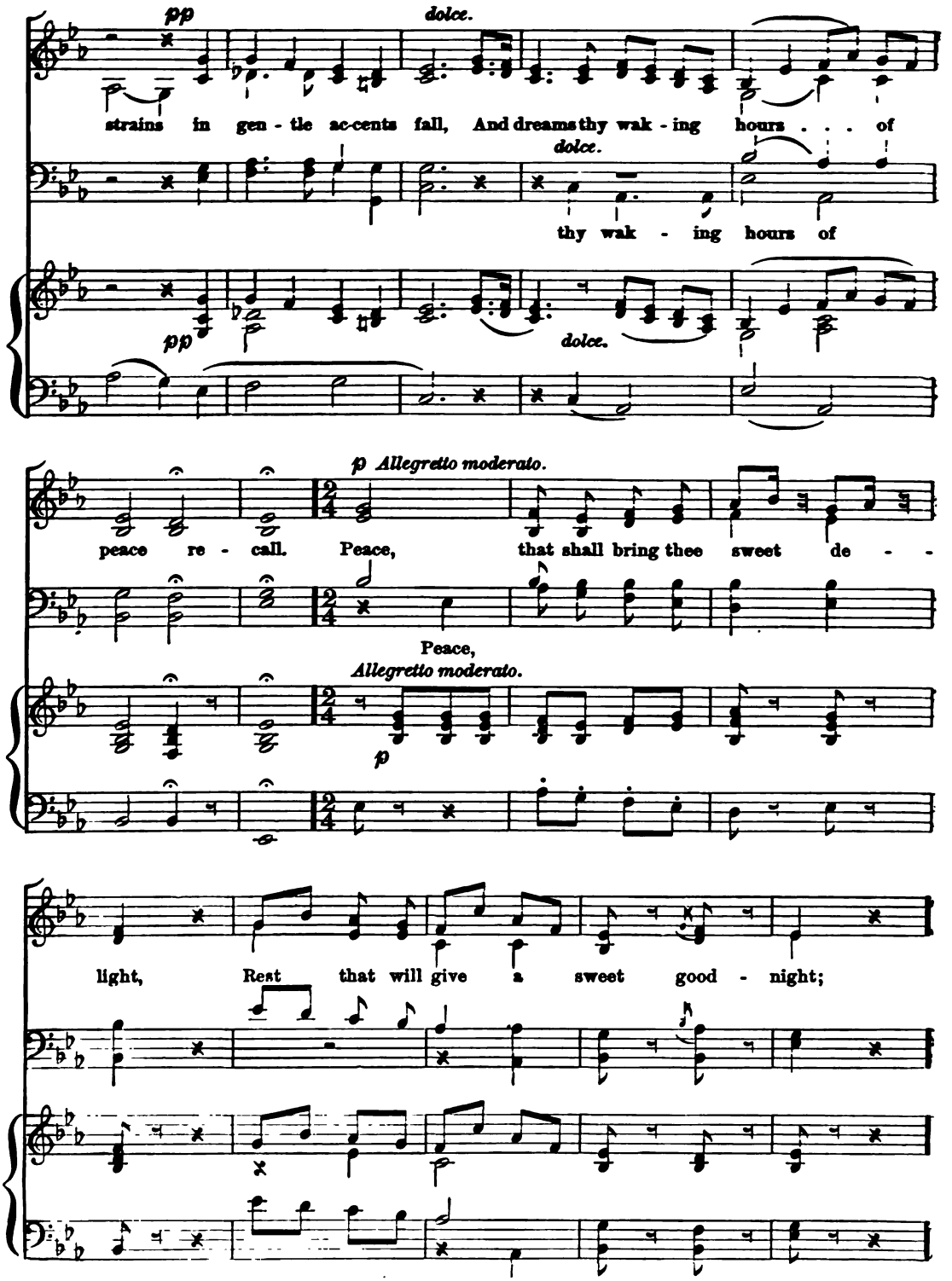
with his bon - ny lass, A danc - ing on the grass, fa, la, la, la,
to the bag - pipe's sound, The nymphs tread out their ground, fa, la, la, la,



NO. 65. SLEEP, LADY, SLEEP!

Sir HENRY A. BISHOP, arr.




pp
dolce.
strains in gen - tle ac-cents fall, And dreams thy wak - ing hours . . . of
dolce.
thy wak - ing hours of
pp
dolce.
p Allegretto moderato.
peace re - call. Peace, that shall bring thee sweet de - -
Peace,
Allegretto moderato.
p
light, Rest that will give a sweet good - night;

mf

Peace that will bring thee sweet de - light, Rest that will that will

Peace

p

give a sweet good - night. May our loved song in

a sweet good - night.

p

ac - cents ten - der Bid the in dreams our love re -

our love, our

cres. f pp

mem - ber Bid thee in dreams re - mem - ber! Peace

mf pp

love, our love . . . . . re - mem - ber! Peace

p cres. al f pp

Rest that will give a

that will bring thee sweet de - light, that will give a

a

sweet good - night; good-night, good-night, good - night. . . . .

cres. f

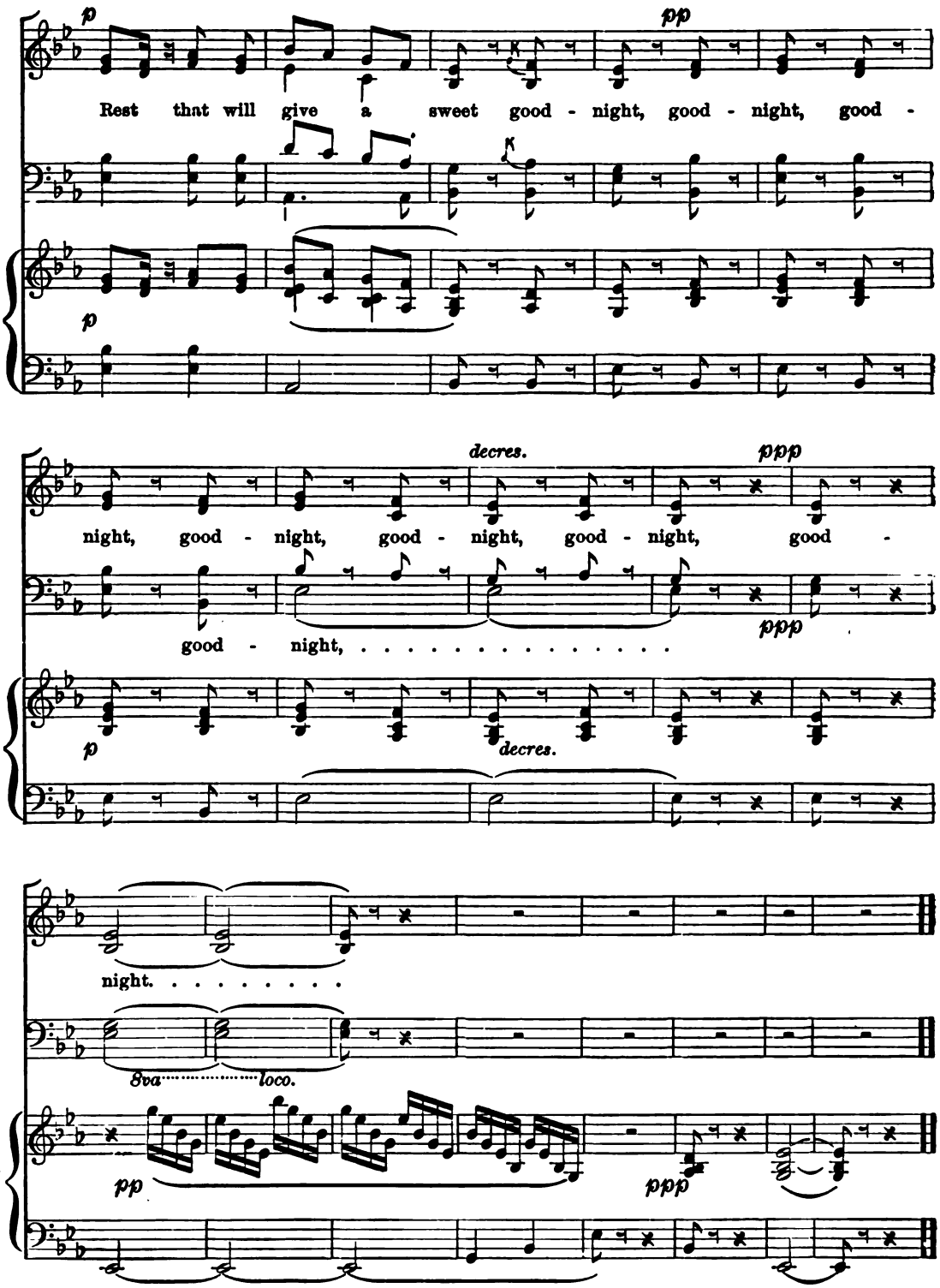
sweet good - night; . . . . . good - night, . good - night, . . . good - night.

f

cres.

sweet good - night, good - night, good-night, good - - night.

cres. f


p
pp
Rest that will give a sweet good - night, good - night, good -
p
decres.
ppp
night, good - night, good - night, good - night, good -
good - night, ...
ppp
p
decres.
night. . . . . .
8va
loco.
pp
ppp

NO. 66. LET US MERRY BE.

ROUND. E. GREGORY.

1. Come, now let us mer - ry be, Cheer your souls with mirth and glee,

2. Those who choose to rave and drink, Call it mis - e - ry to think;

3. Though we're mer - ry, we'll be wise, Free from care, all tears and sighs;

Hearts and voic - es shall a - gree In cheer - ful har - mo - ny. 2.

We'll be mer - ry, yet not sink Our rea - son in our glee. 3.

Dou - ble shall our pleas - ures rise When seen by mem - o - ry. 1.

NO. 67. BRING THY TREASURES.

ROUND. DR. HAYES.

1. Bring thy treas-ures, smil - ing pleas-ures, Love - ly Spring, all joys com -

2. Ev - er smil - ing, care be - guil - ing, With thy joys our pain re -

3. Where can sor - row sad - ness bor - row, When a-round us each re -

p *f* bin - ing, Flowers blooming, gales per - fum-ing, All their va - rious hues en - twin - ing, 2.

p *f* liev-ing, Men be-friend-ing kind aid lend-ing To con - sole the heart that's grieving,

p *f* joic - es, Care and sad - ness yield to glad - ness, With the birds we'll join our voic - es. 1.

NATIONAL AND PATRIOTIC SONGS.

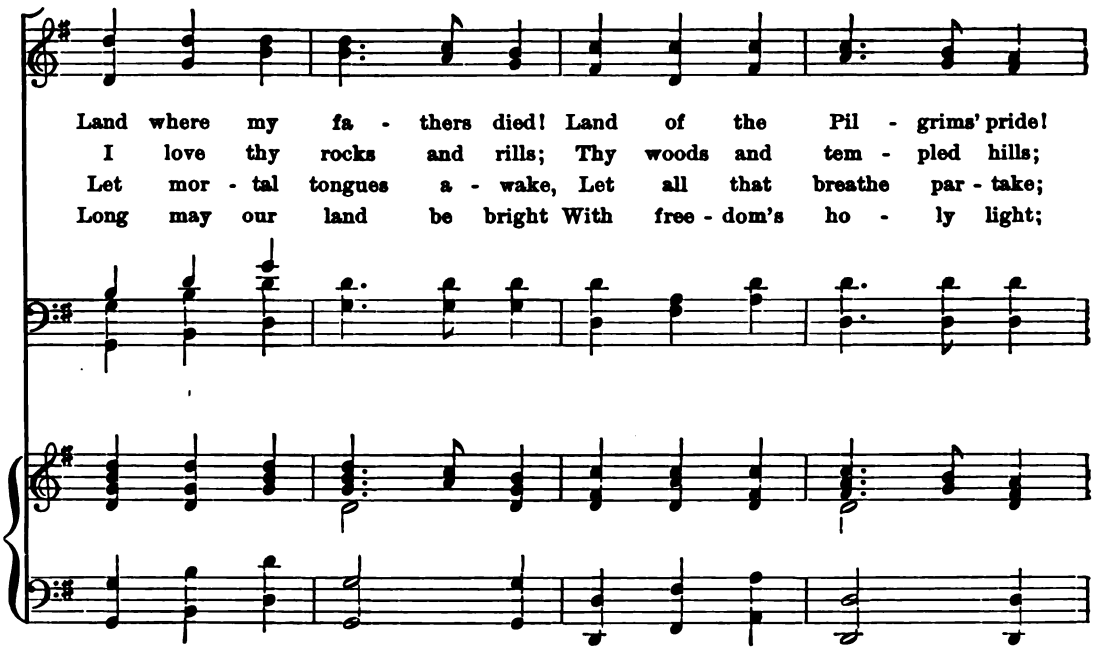
PART II.

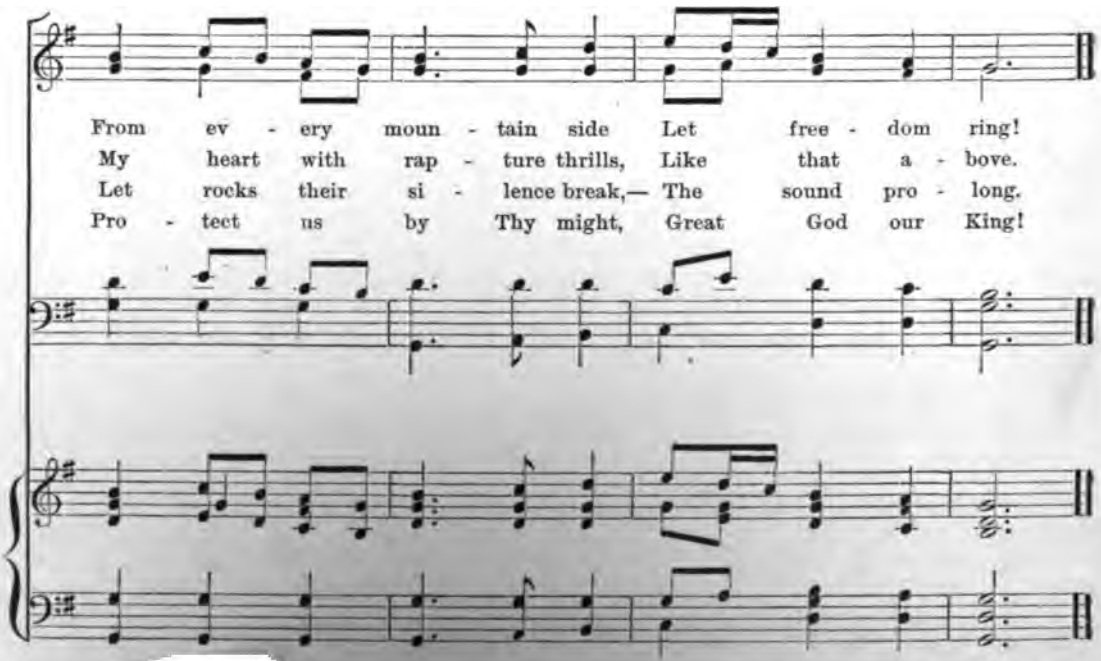
No. 1. MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.

HENRY CAREY. (?)

1. My coun - try!
2. My na - tive
3. Let mu - sic
4. Our fa - thers'

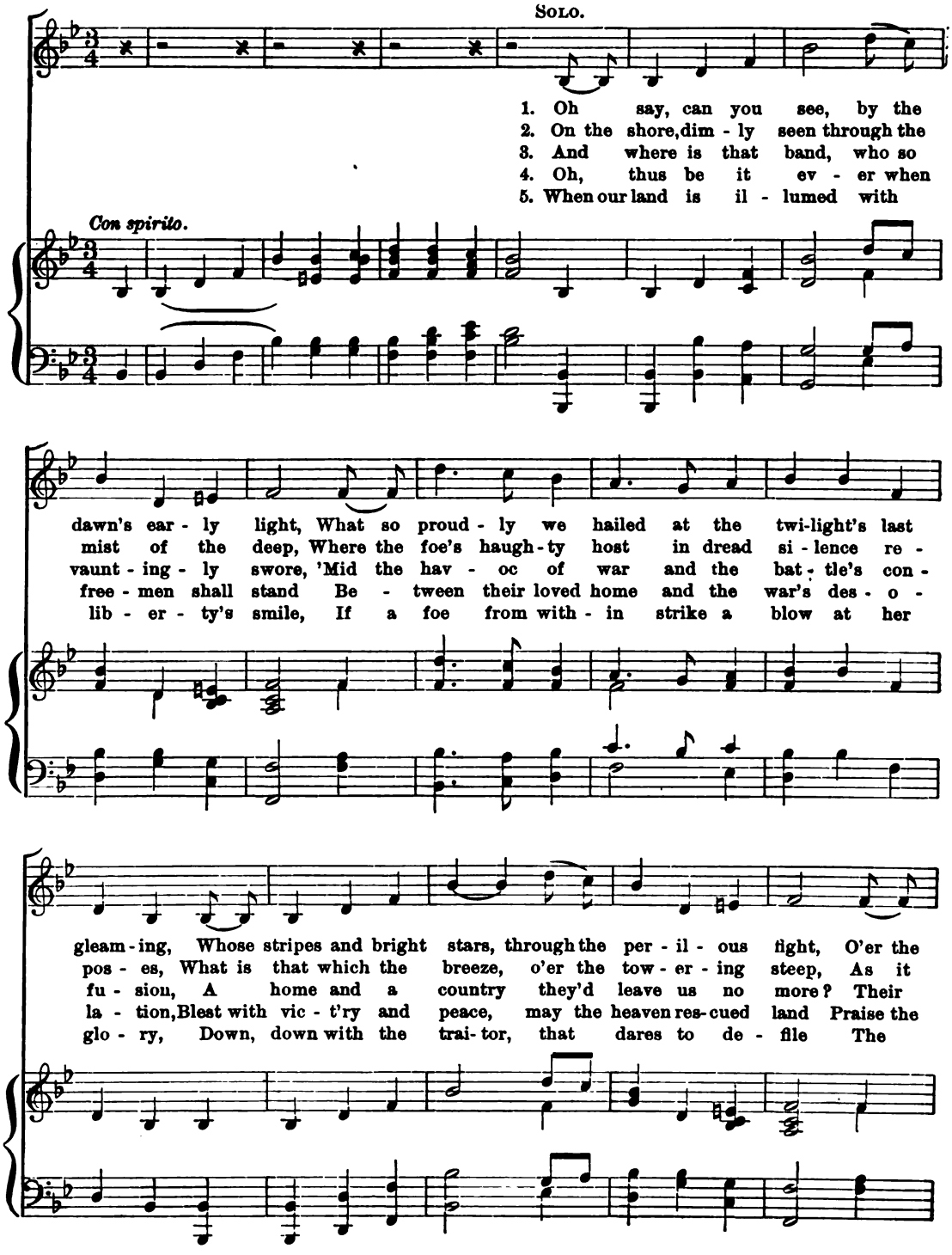
'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing;
coun - try, thee — Land of the no - ble free — Thy name I love;
swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees, Sweet free - dom's song;
God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing;

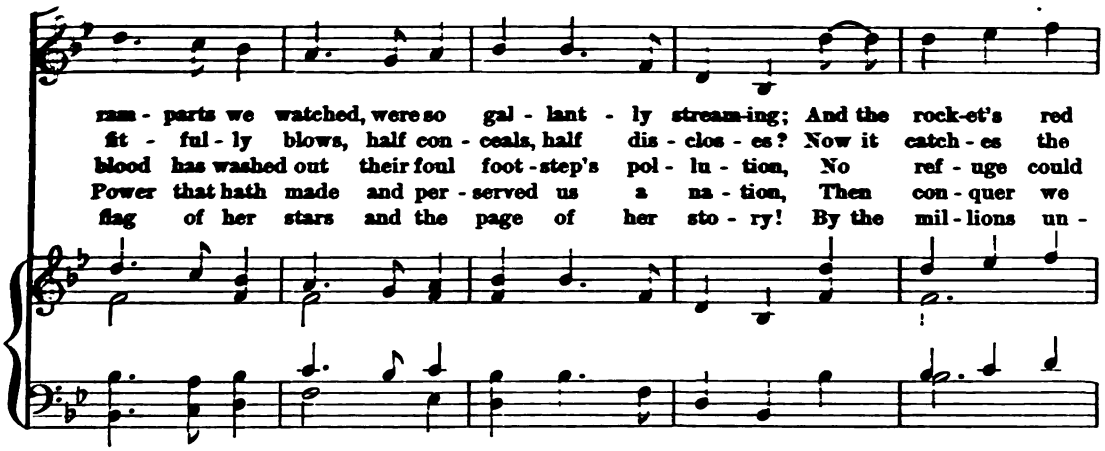


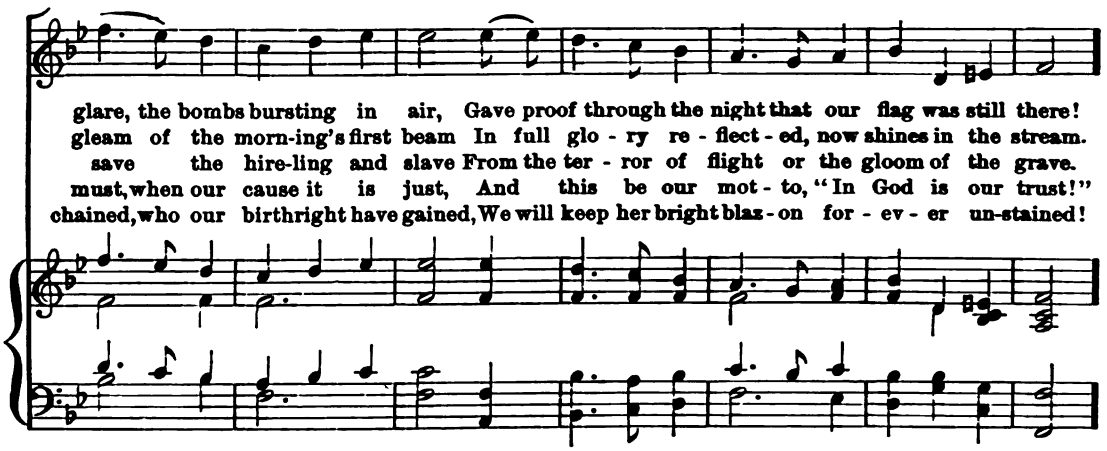


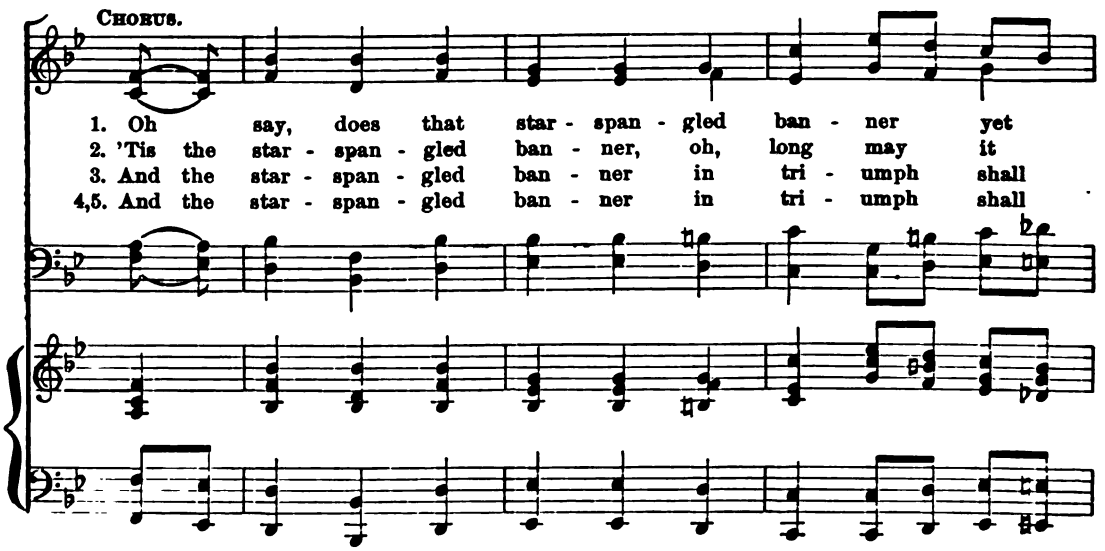
Rev. S. F. SMITH D. D. 1832.

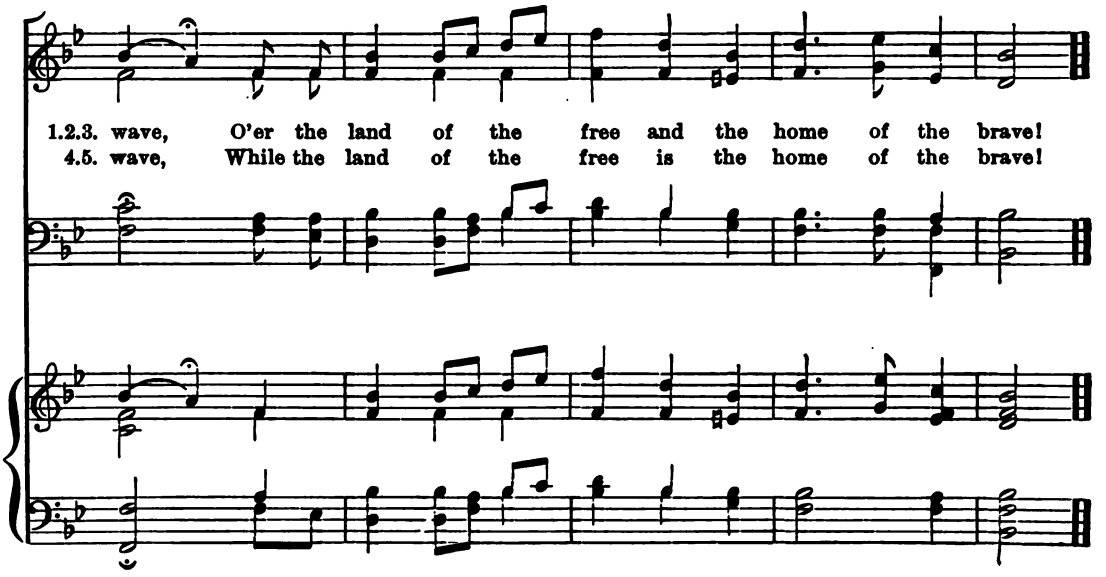
NO. 2. THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.



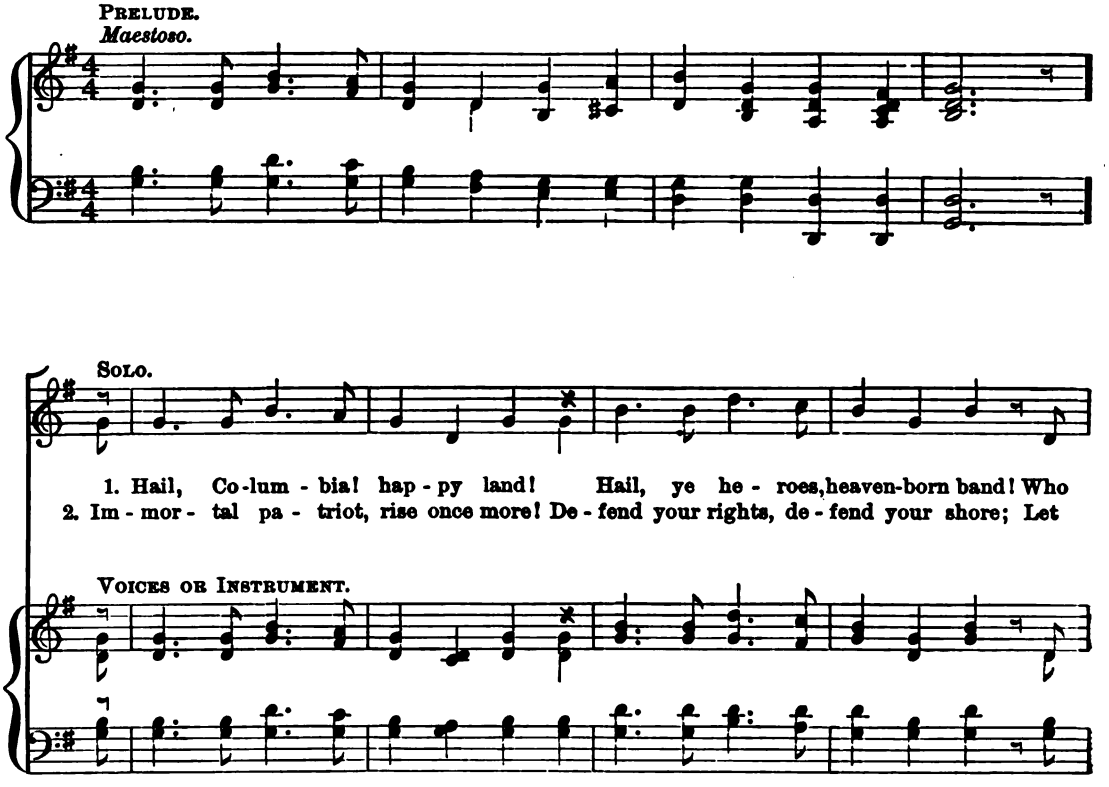

ram - parts we watched, were so gal - lant - ly stream-ing; And the rock-et's red
fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it catch - es the
blood has washed out their foul foot - step's pol - lu - tion, No ref - uge could
Power that hath made and per - served us a na - tion, Then con - quer we
flag of her stars and the page of her sto - ry! By the mil - lions un -

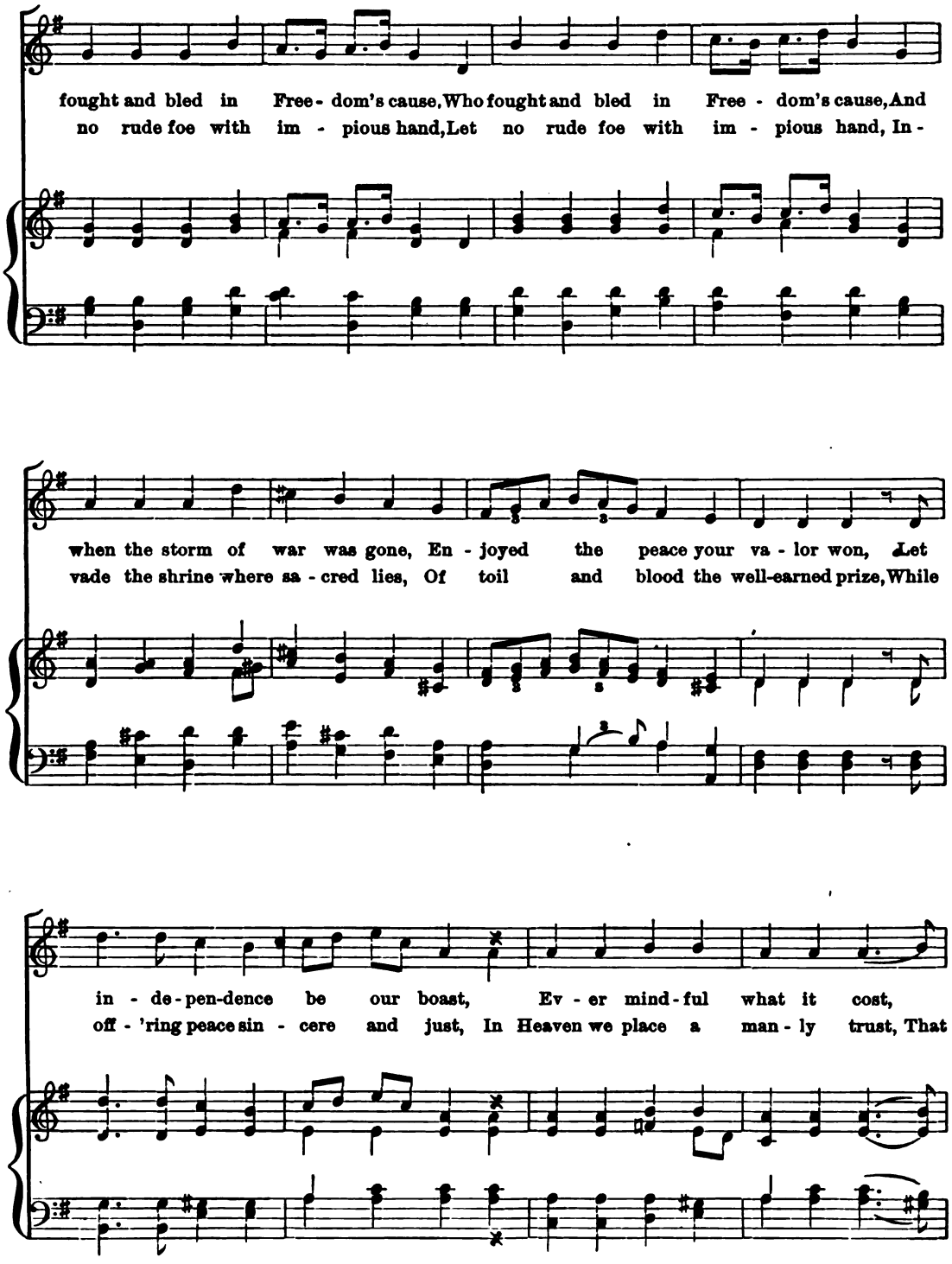

glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there!
gleam of the morn-ing's first beam In full glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines in the stream.
save the hire-ling and slave From the ter - ror of flight or the gloom of the grave.
must, when our cause it is just, And this be our mot - to, "In God is our trust!"
chained, who our birthright have gained, We will keep her bright blaz - on for - ev - er un-stained!

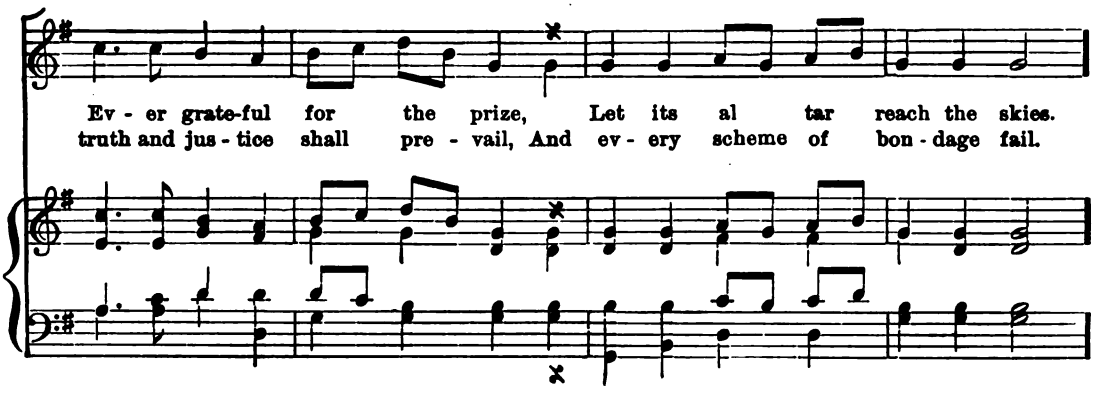

CHORUS.
1. Oh say, does that star - span - gled ban - ner yet
2. 'Tis the star - span - gled ban - ner, oh, long may it
3. And the star - span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph shall
4,5. And the star - span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph shall

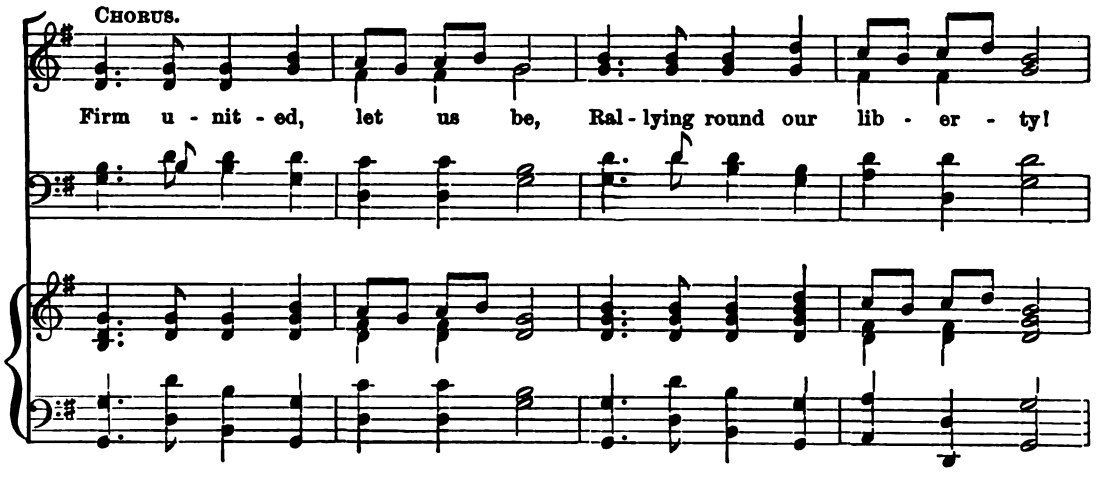


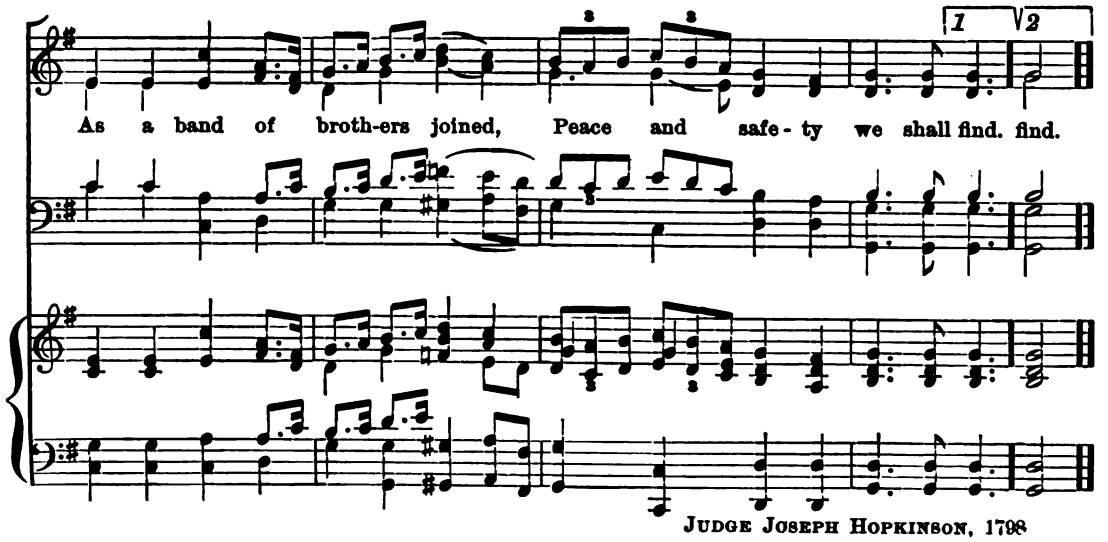
NO. 3. HAIL COLUMBIA!




fought and bled in Free - dom's cause, Who fought and bled in Free - dom's cause, And
no rude foe with im - pious hand, Let no rude foe with im - pious hand, In -
when the storm of war was gone, En - joyed the peace your va - lor won, Let
vade the shrine where sa - cred lies, Of toil and blood the well-earned prize, While
in - de - pen-dence be our boast, Ev - er mind - ful what it cost,
off - 'ring peace sin - cere and just, In Heaven we place a man - ly trust, That



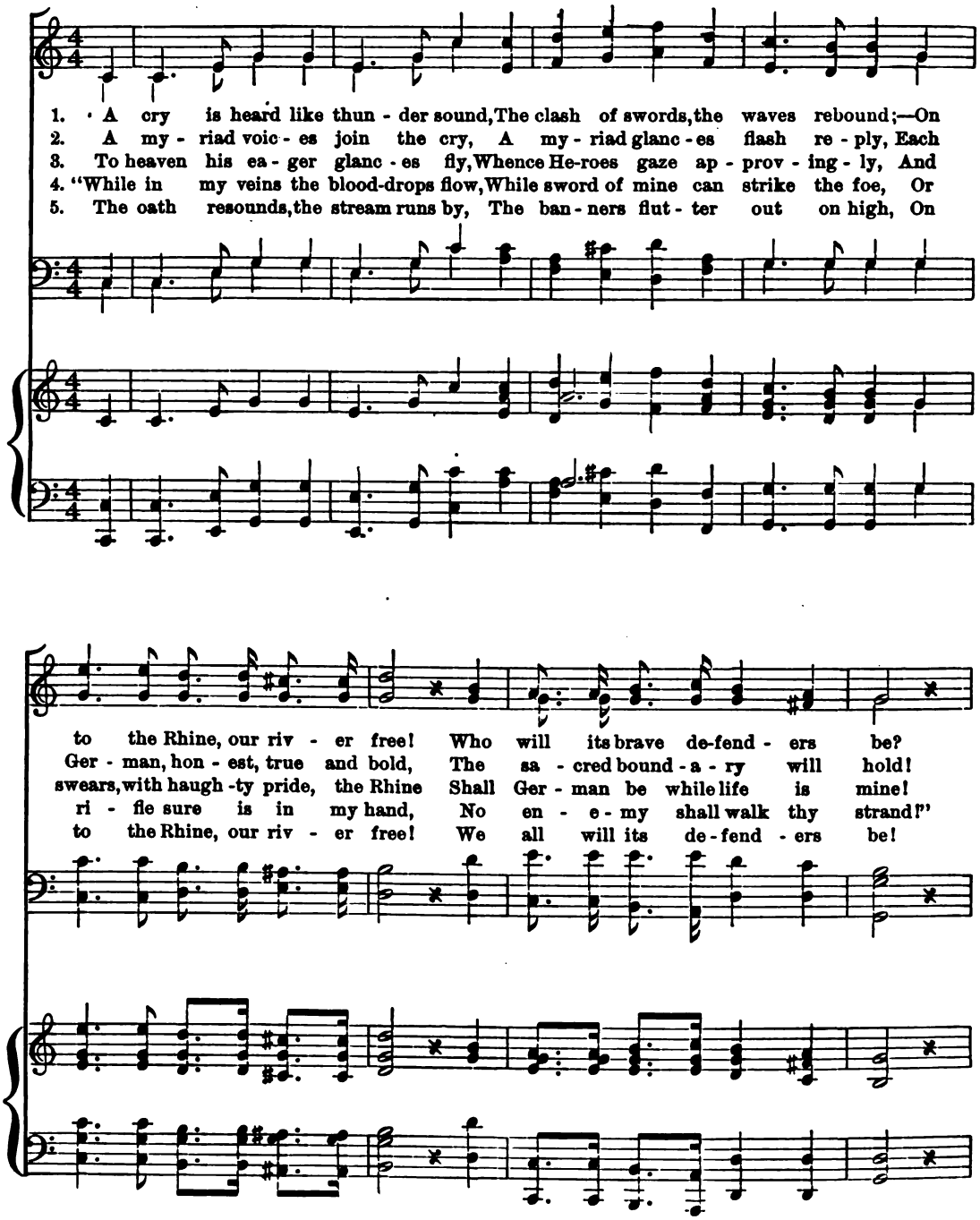


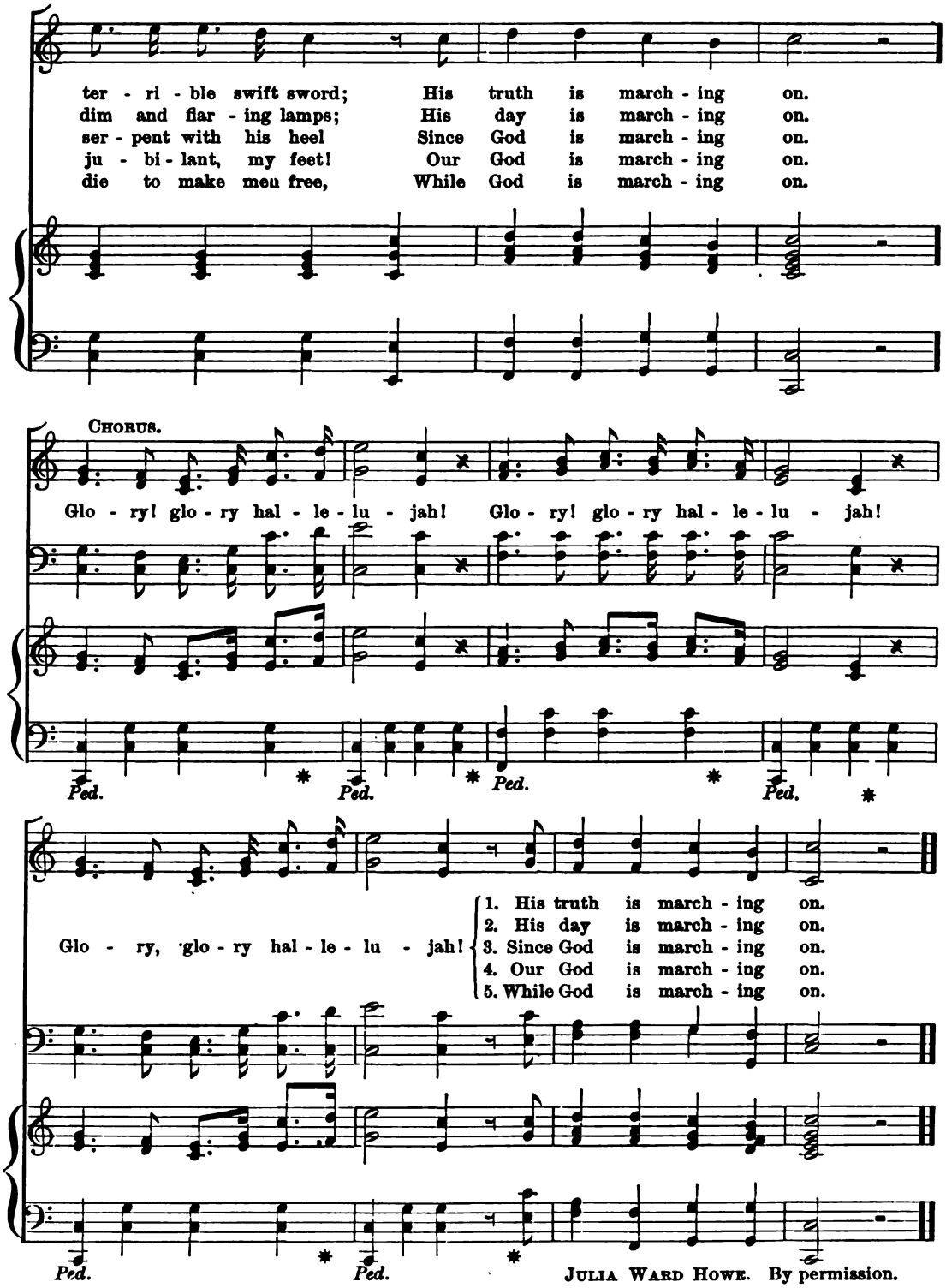


JUDGE JOSEPH HOPKINSON, 1798

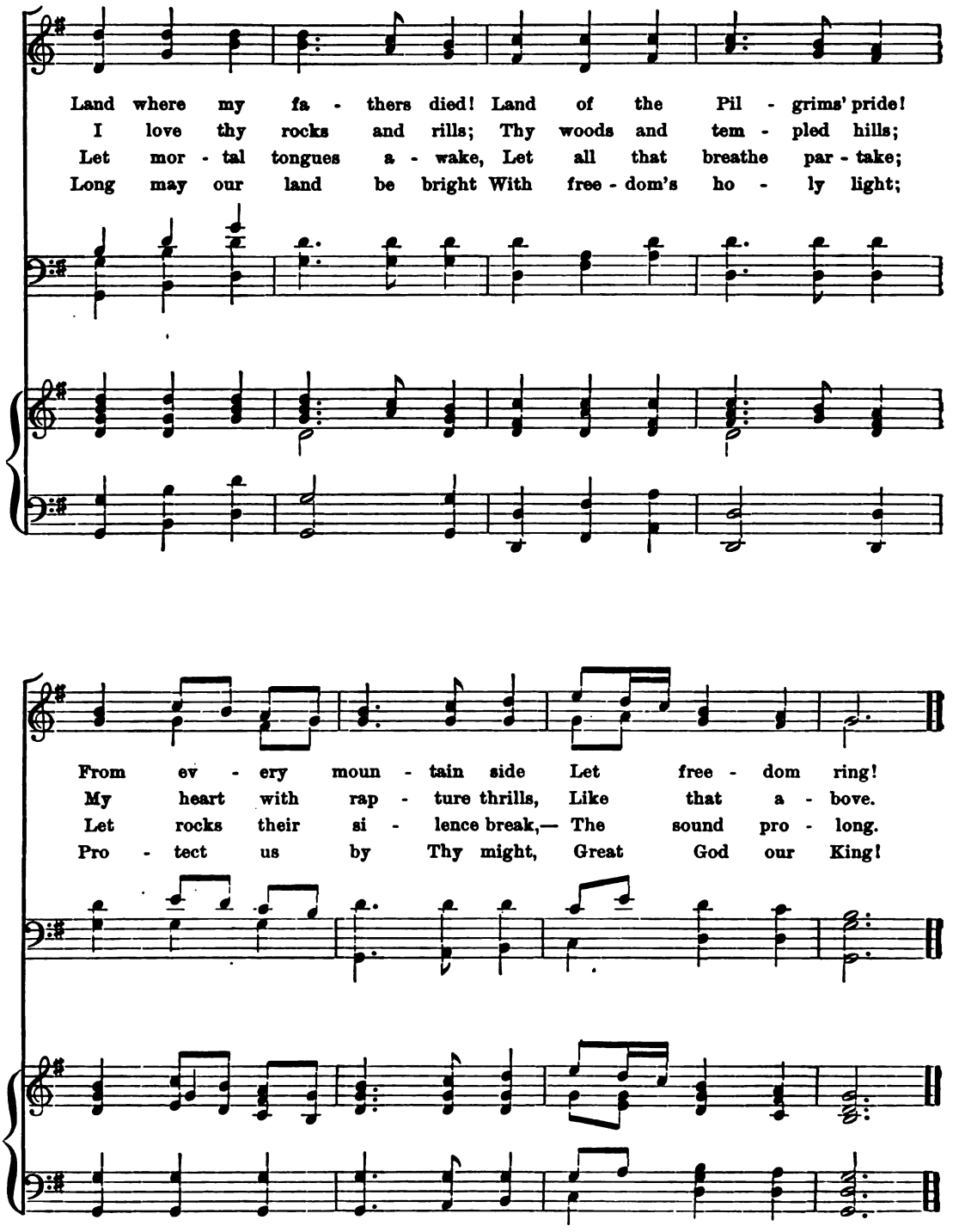
NO. 5. THE WATCH BY THE RHINE.

CARL WILHELM, 1854.



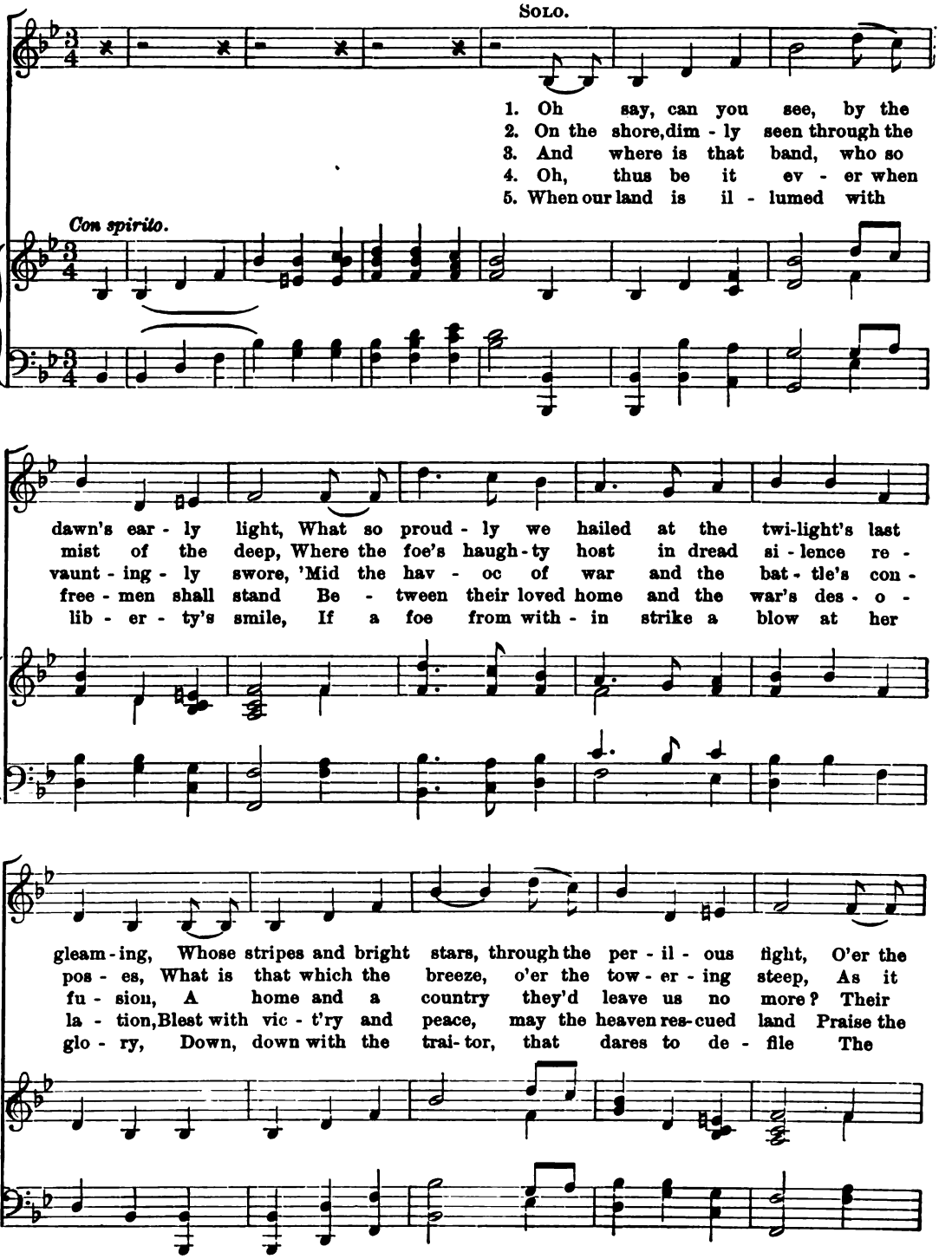


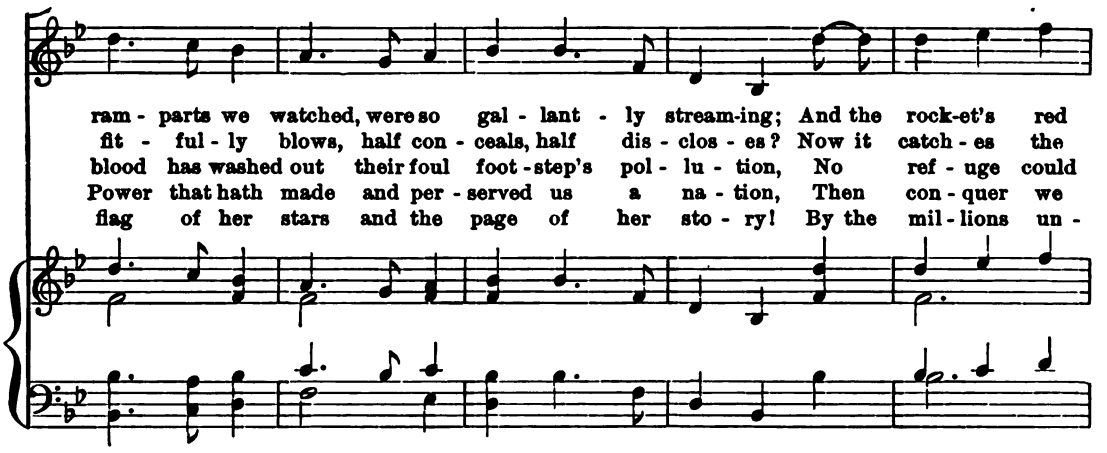
JULIA WARD HOWE. By permission.

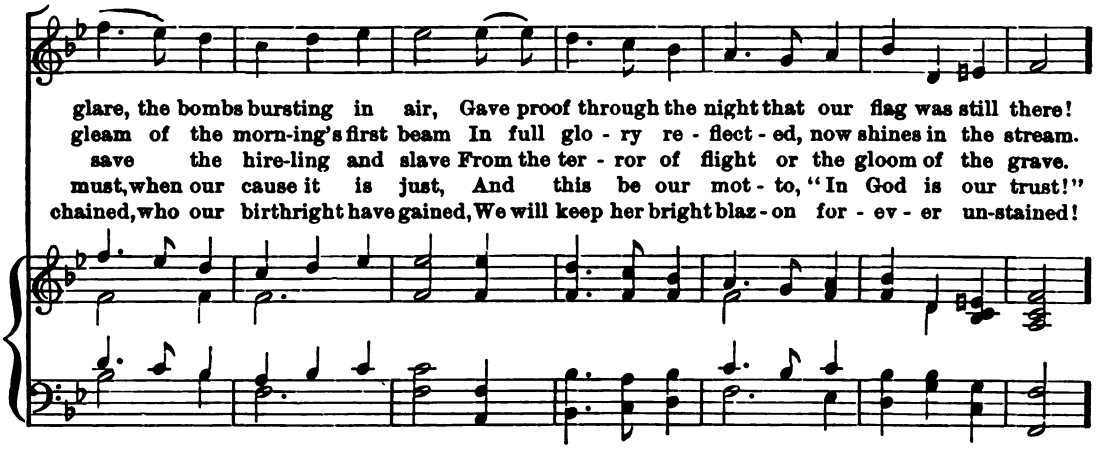


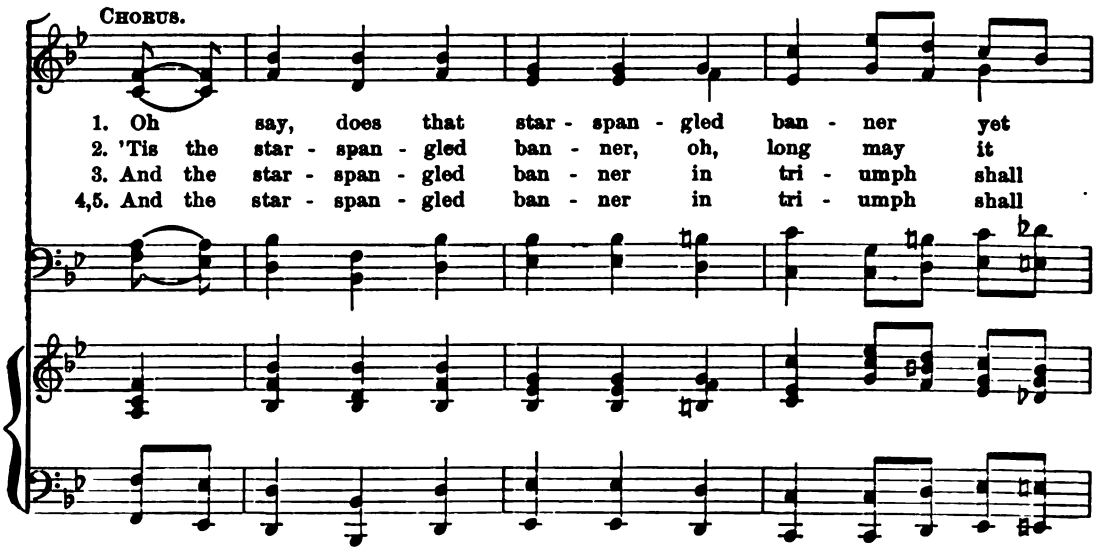
Rev. S. F. SMITH D. D, 1832.

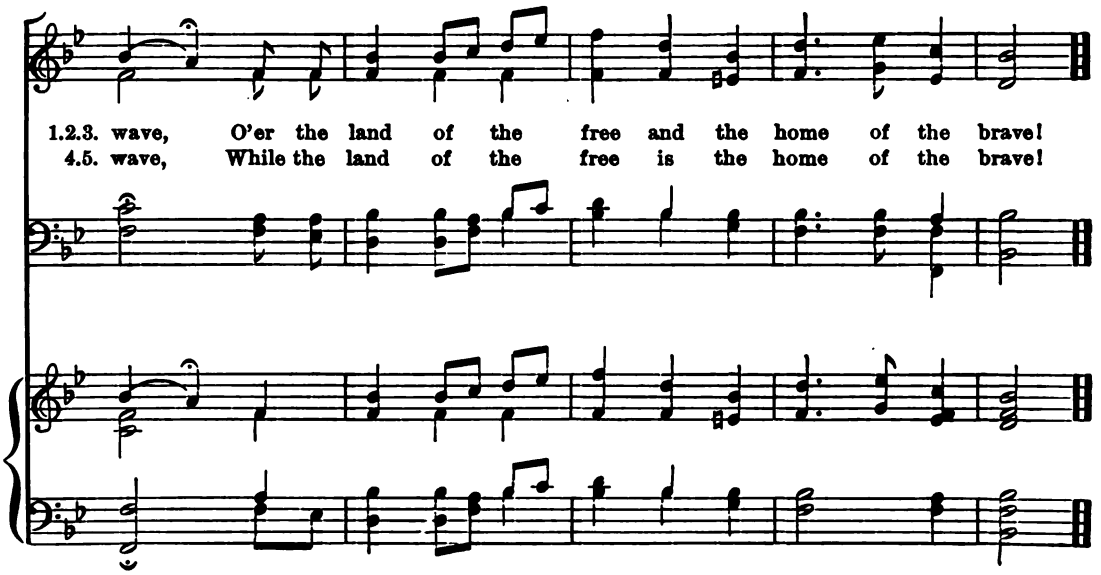
No. 2. The Star-Spangled Banner.



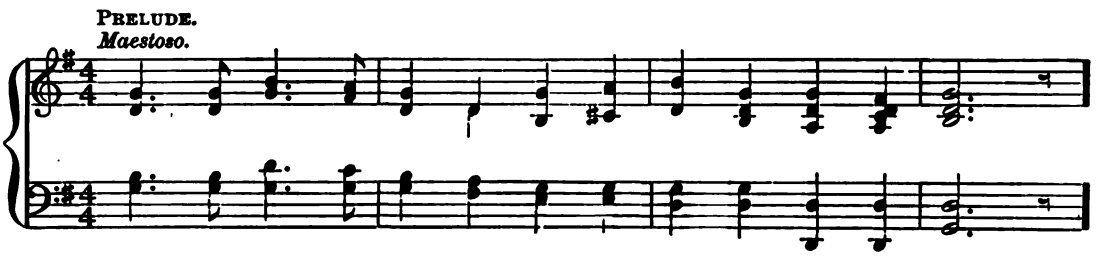

ram - parts we watched, were so gal - lant - ly stream-ing; And the rock-et's red
fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it catch - es the
blood has washed out their foul foot - step's pol - lu - tion, No ref - uge could
Power that hath made and per - served us a na - tion, Then con - quer we
flag of her stars and the page of her sto - ry! By the mil - lions un -

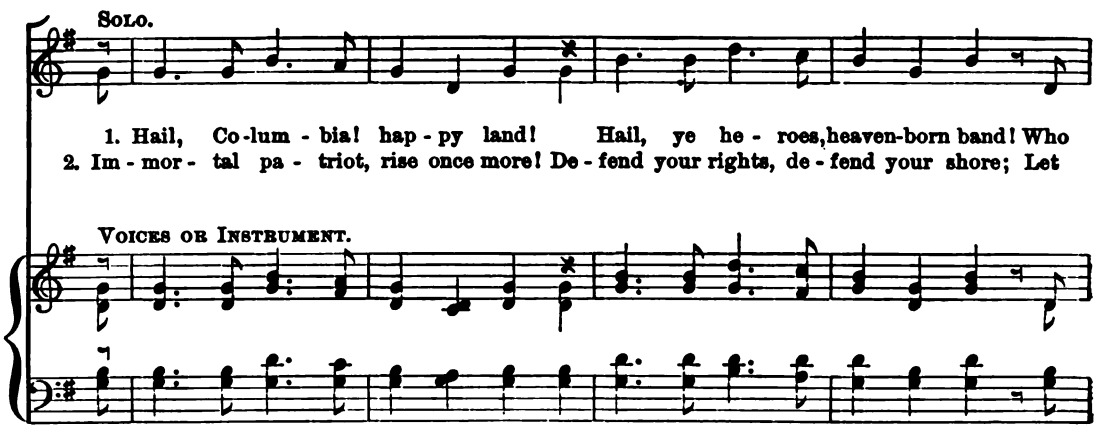

glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there!
gleam of the morn-ing's first beam In full glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines in the stream.
save the hire-ling and slave From the ter - ror of flight or the gloom of the grave.
must, when our cause it is just, And this be our mot - to, "In God is our trust!"
chained, who our birthright have gained, We will keep her bright blaz - on for - ev - er un-stained!

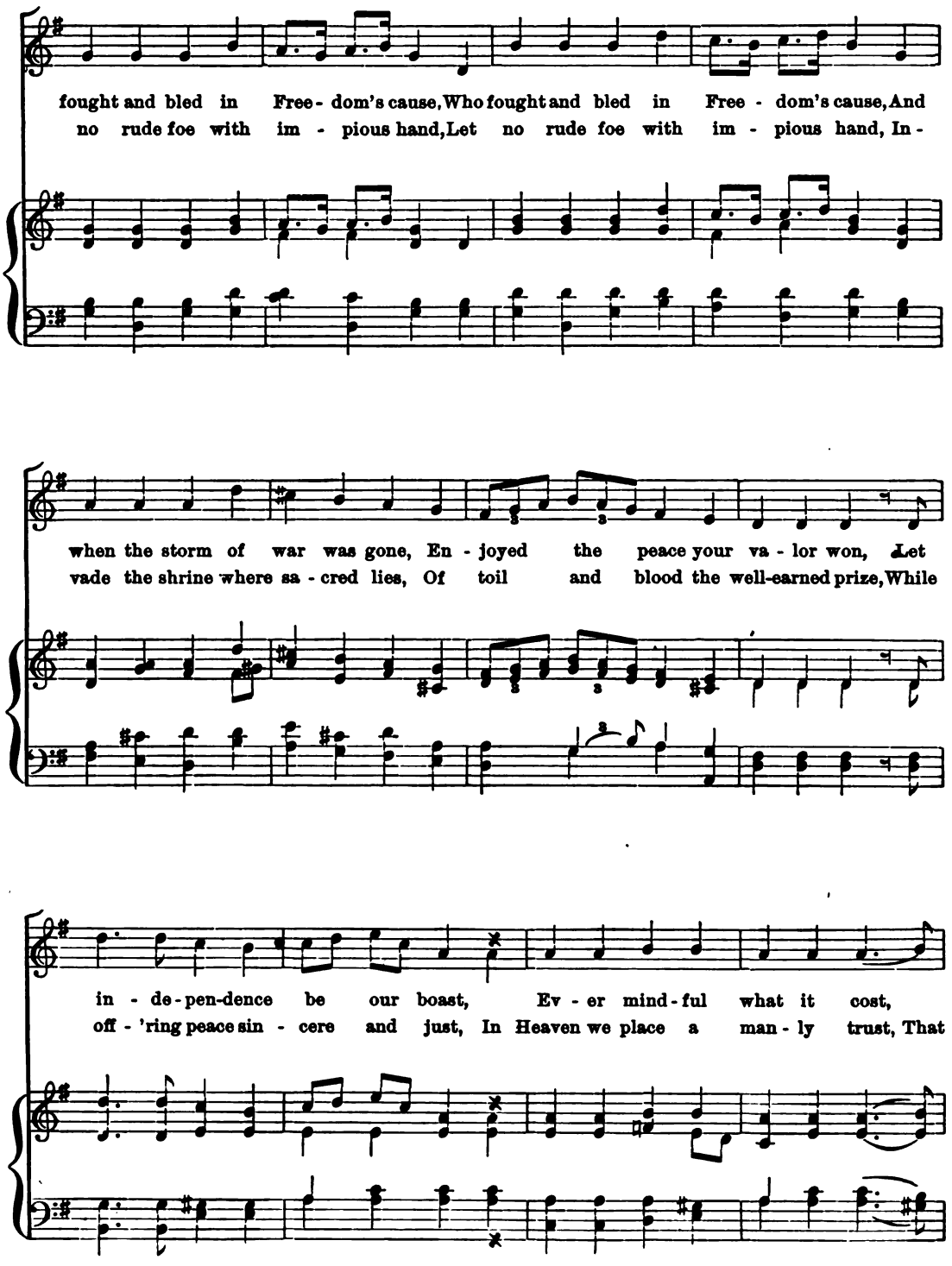

CHORUS.
1. Oh say, does that star - span - gled ban - ner yet
2. 'Tis the star - span - gled ban - ner, oh, long may it
3. And the star - span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph shall
4,5. And the star - span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph shall

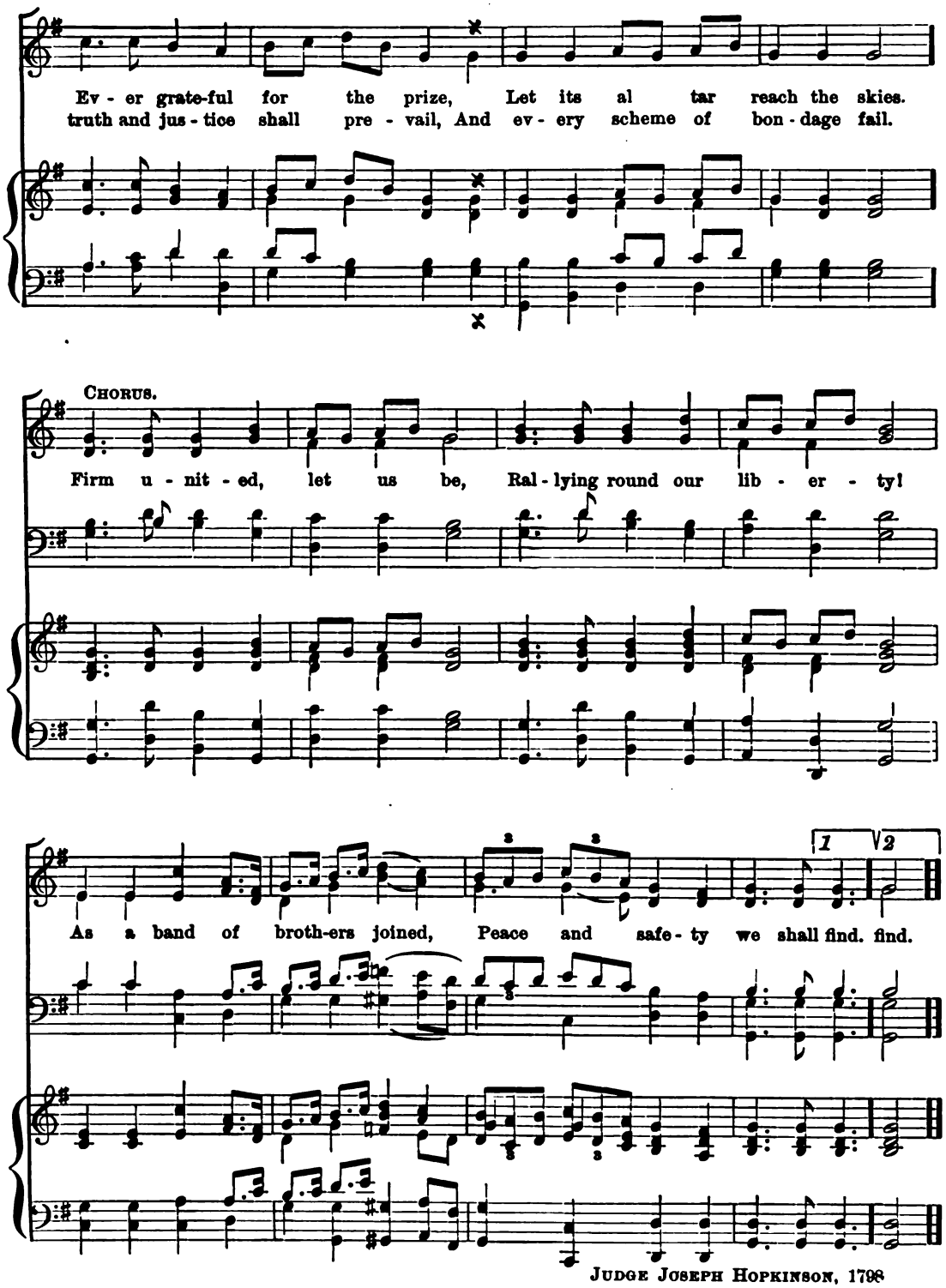


NO. 3. HAIL COLUMBIA!



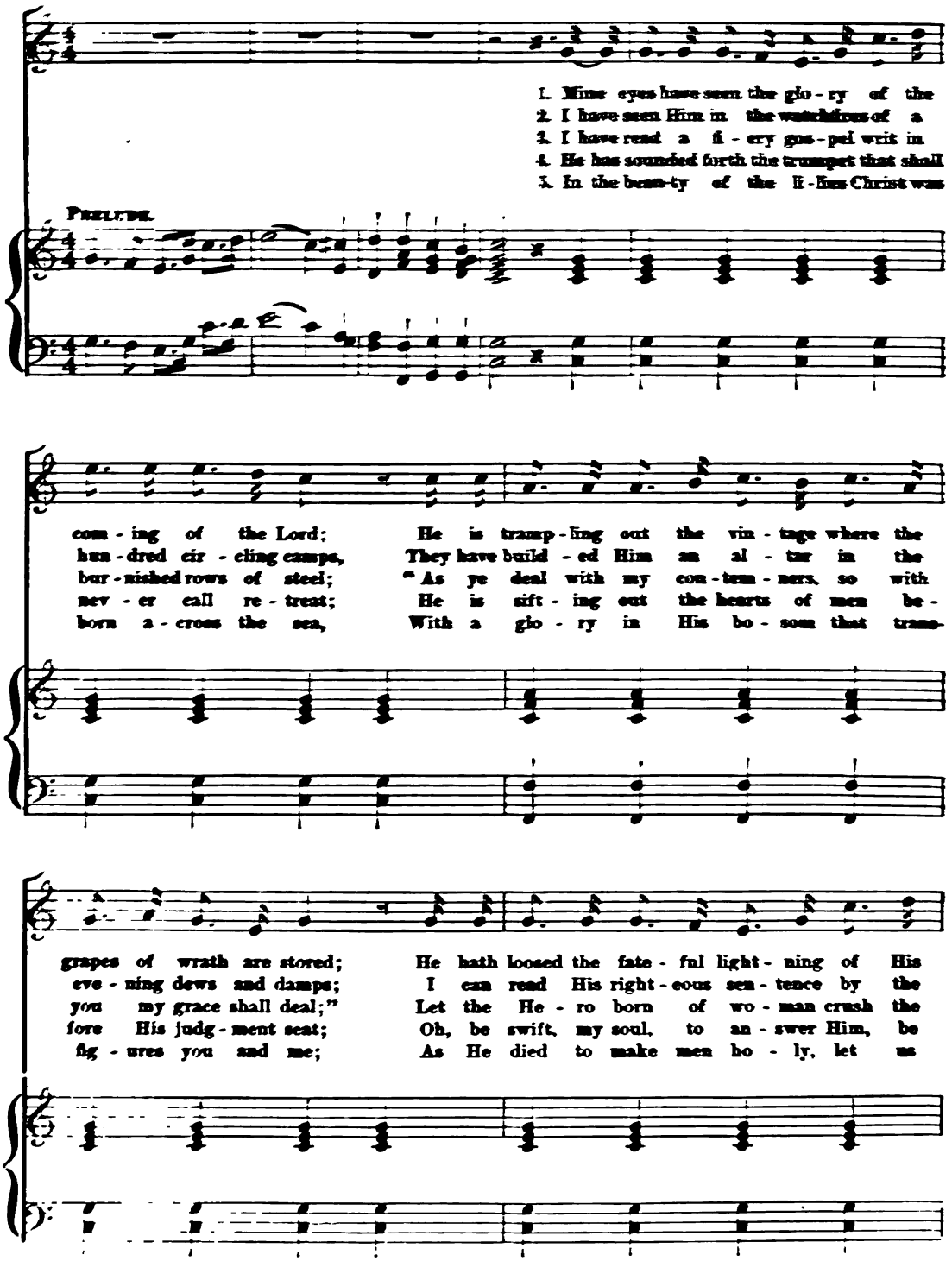


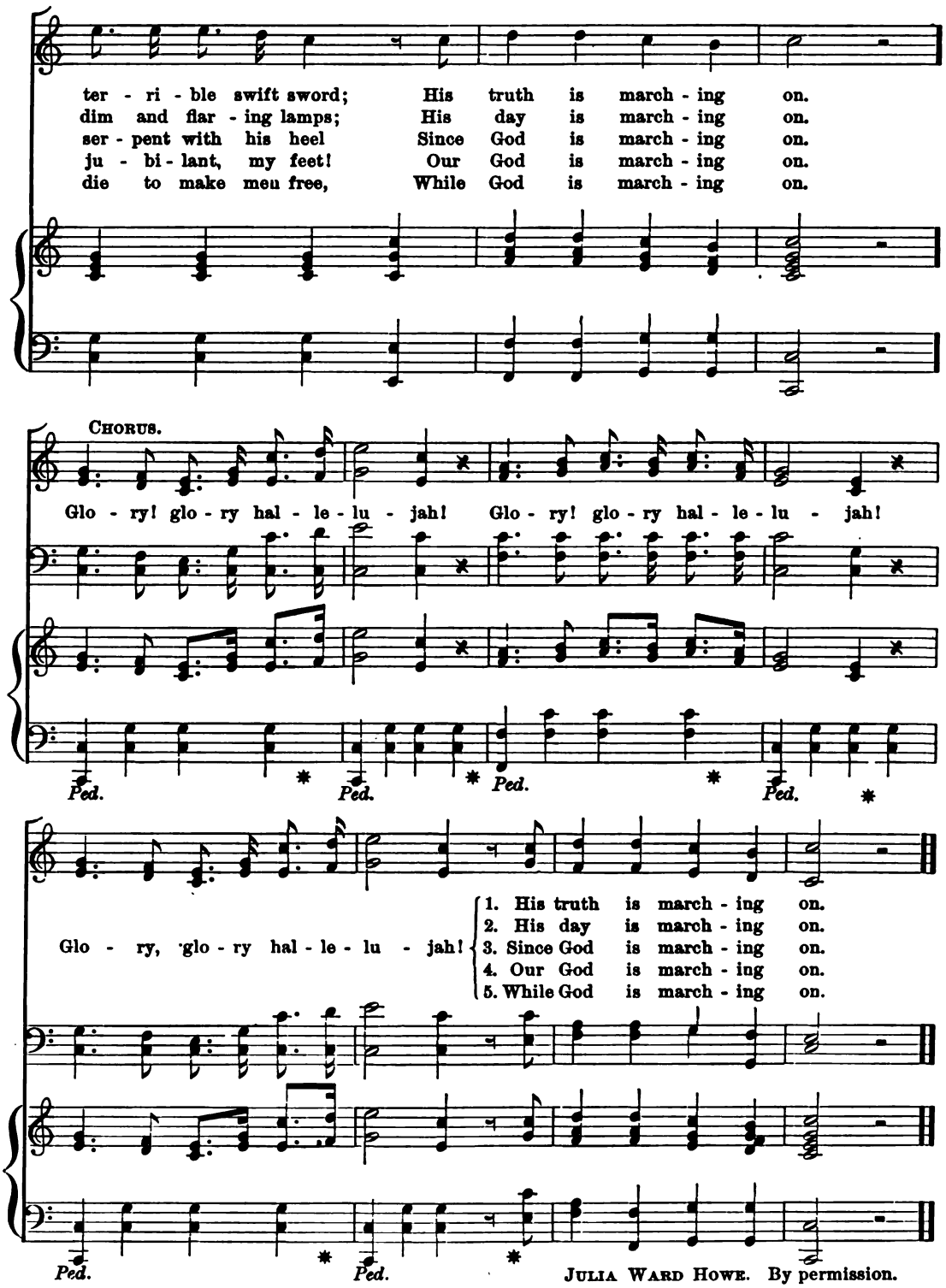

fought and bled in Free - dom's cause, Who fought and bled in Free - dom's cause, And
no rude foe with im - pious hand, Let no rude foe with im - pious hand, In -
when the storm of war was gone, En - joyed the peace your va - lor won, Let
vade the shrine where sa - cred lies, Of toil and blood the well-earned prize, While
in - de - pen - dence be our boast, Ev - er mind - ful what it cost,
off - 'ring peace sin - cere and just, In Heaven we place a man - ly trust, That



JUDGE JOSEPH HOPKINSON, 1798

No. 4. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

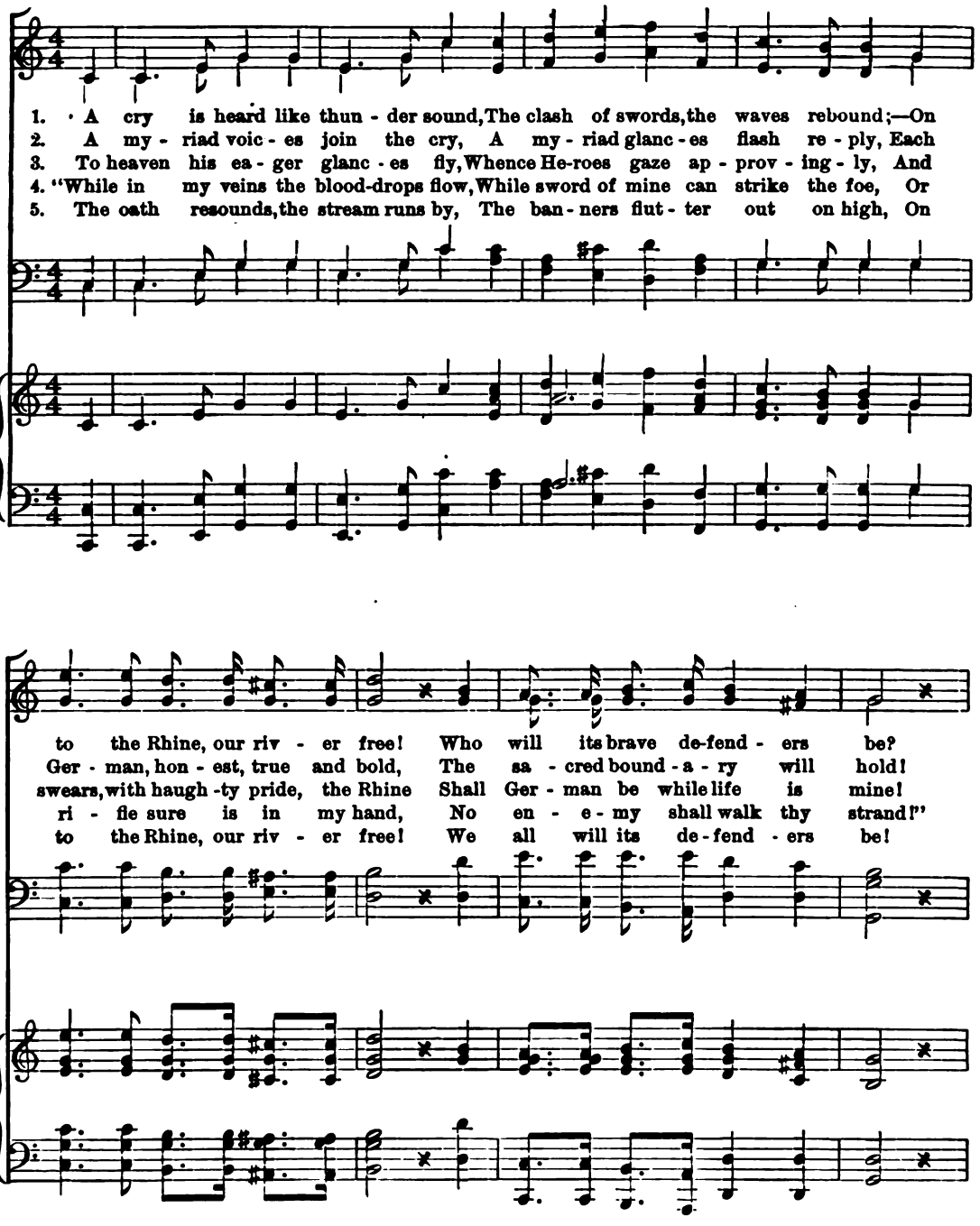


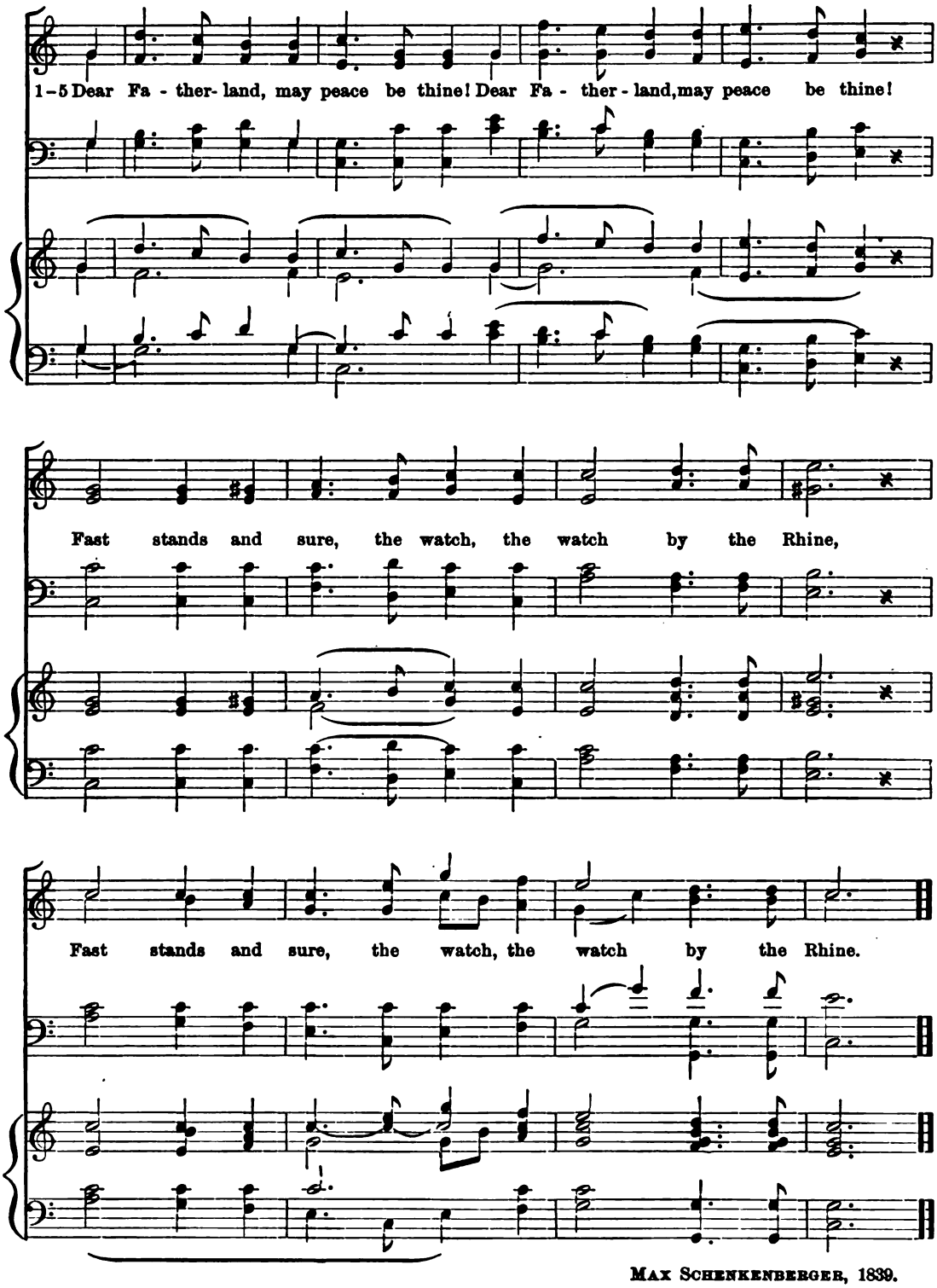


JULIA WARD HOWE. By permission.

No. 5. The Watch by the Rhine.

Carl Wilhelm, 1854.





MAX SCHENKENBERGER, 1839.

No. 6. Prayer for our Country.

John W. Tufts.

Lento. ♩ = 60.

Sopranos and Altos.

1. Lord, while for all man-kind we pray, Of ev-ery clime and coast, Oh,
3. U-nite us in the sa-cred love Of knowledge, truth and Thee, And

hear us for our na-tive land, The land we love the most!
let our hills and val-leys shout The songs of lib-er-ty.

Tenors and Basses.

2. Oh, guard our shores from ev-ery foe, With peace our bor-ders bless; With
4. Here may Re-li-gion shed her light On days of rest and toil, And

prosperous times our ci-ties crown; Our fields with plen-teous-ness.
Pi-e-ty and Vir-tue reign, And bless our na-tive soil.

Copyright, 1886, by John W. Tufts and H. E. Holt.

5. Lord of the na-tions! thus to Thee Our coun-try me com - mend; Be

5. Lord of the na-tions! thus to Thee Our coun-try we com - mend; Be

Thou her re - fuge and her trust, Her ev - er - last - ing Friend.

Thou her re - fuge and her trust, Her ev - er - last - ing Friend.

JOHN REYNELL WREFORD, 1837.

NO. 7. IN MEMORIAM.

JOHN W. TUFTS.

Lento. ♩ = 76.

1ST SOPRANO.

1. Our martyred dead! On each low bed . . . Green be the chap - let,
2. Hail, he - ro shades! Your bat - tle blades . . A wall of steel our

2ND SOPRANO.

ALTO.

3. No mar-ble cold May guard your mold, But liv - ing hearts a -
4. Your sa-cred dust Be the choice trust Of Free - dom's grate - ful

BASS.

Copyright, 1886, by JOHN W. TUFTS and H. E. HOLT.

fresh the ros - es; Our martyred dead! On each low bed . . .
homes sur - round - ed; Hail, he - ro shades! Your bat - tle blades A

round are swell - ing; No mar-ble cold May guard your mold, But
sons and daugh - ters; Your sa-cred dust Be the choice trust of

Green be the chap - let, fresh the ros - es; Oh, light-ly rest
wall of steel our homes sur - round - ed; Your deeds have won

liv - ing hearts a - round are swell - ing; Each dar - ing deed . .
Free - dom's grate - ful sons and daugh - ters; While fu - ture days . .

On each calm breast The turf where each in peace re - pos - es.
From sire to son, . . Love, joy and grat - i - tude un - bound - ed.

Shall gain the meed Of praise, from all hearts rich - ly well - ing.
Your fame shall raise From At - lan - tic's to Pa - cif - ic's wa - ters.

MARK TRAFTON, D.D.

No. 8. 'Tis the Last Rose of Summer.

Irish Melody.

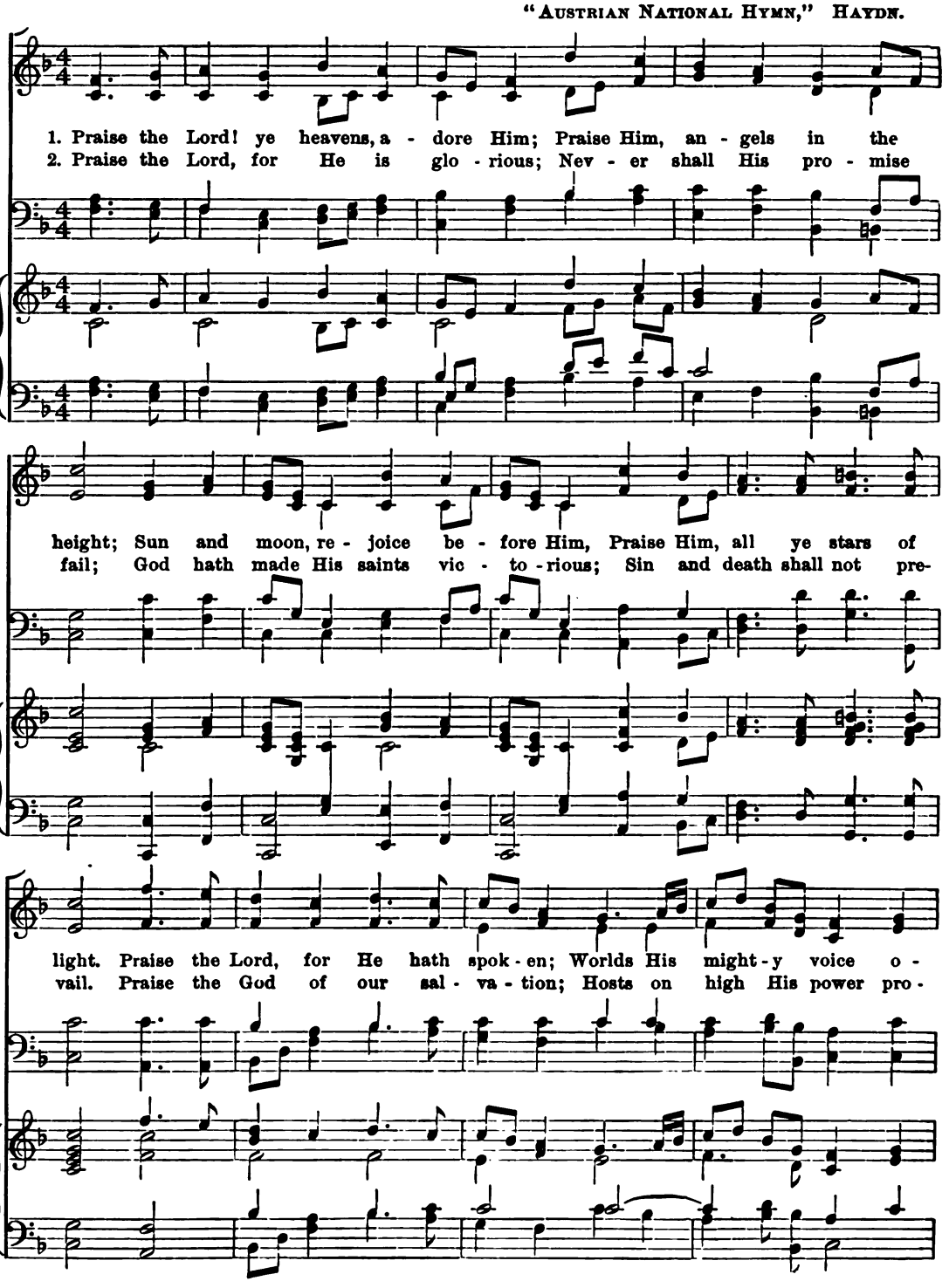
1. 'Tis the last rose of . . sum - mer, Left bloom - - ing a - lone; All her love - ly com - pan - ions Are fad - - ed and gone; No flower of her kin - dred, No rose - bud is nigh, To re - flect back her blush - es, Or give . . . sigh for sigh.
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine . . . . on the stem, Since the love - ly are sleep - ing, Go, sleep . . . thou with them; Thus kind - ly I scat - ter Thy leaves . . o'er thy bed, Where thy mates of the gar - den Lie scent - less and dead.
3. So soon may I fol - low, When friend - - ships de - cay, And from love's shin - ing cir - cle The gems . . . drop a way! When true . . hearts lie with - ered, And fond . . . ones are flown. Oh, who would in - hab - it This bleak . . world a - lone.

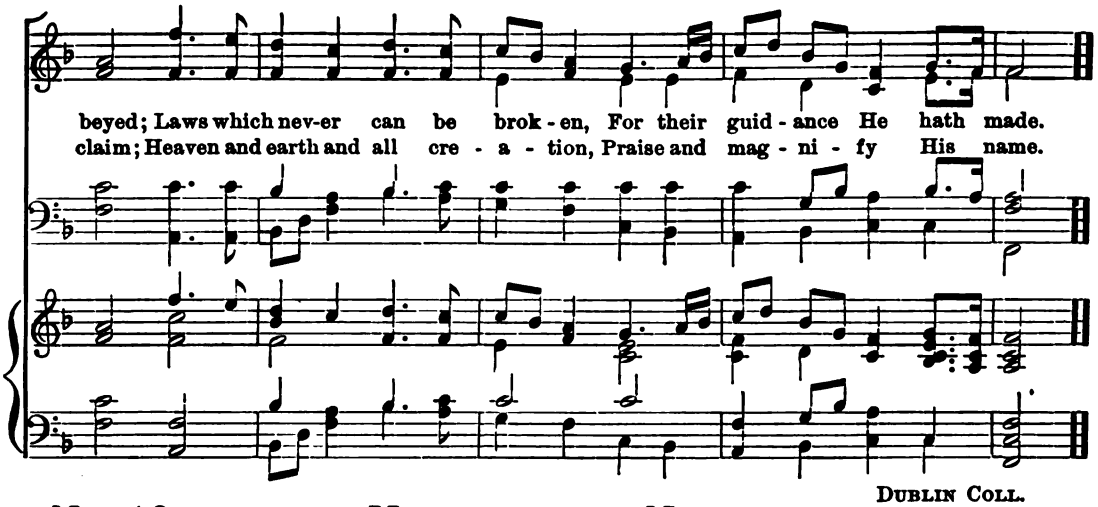
rit. *e dim.* *pp*

Thomas Moore, 1784–1852.

No. 9. Praise the Lord

"Austrian National Hymn," Haydn.

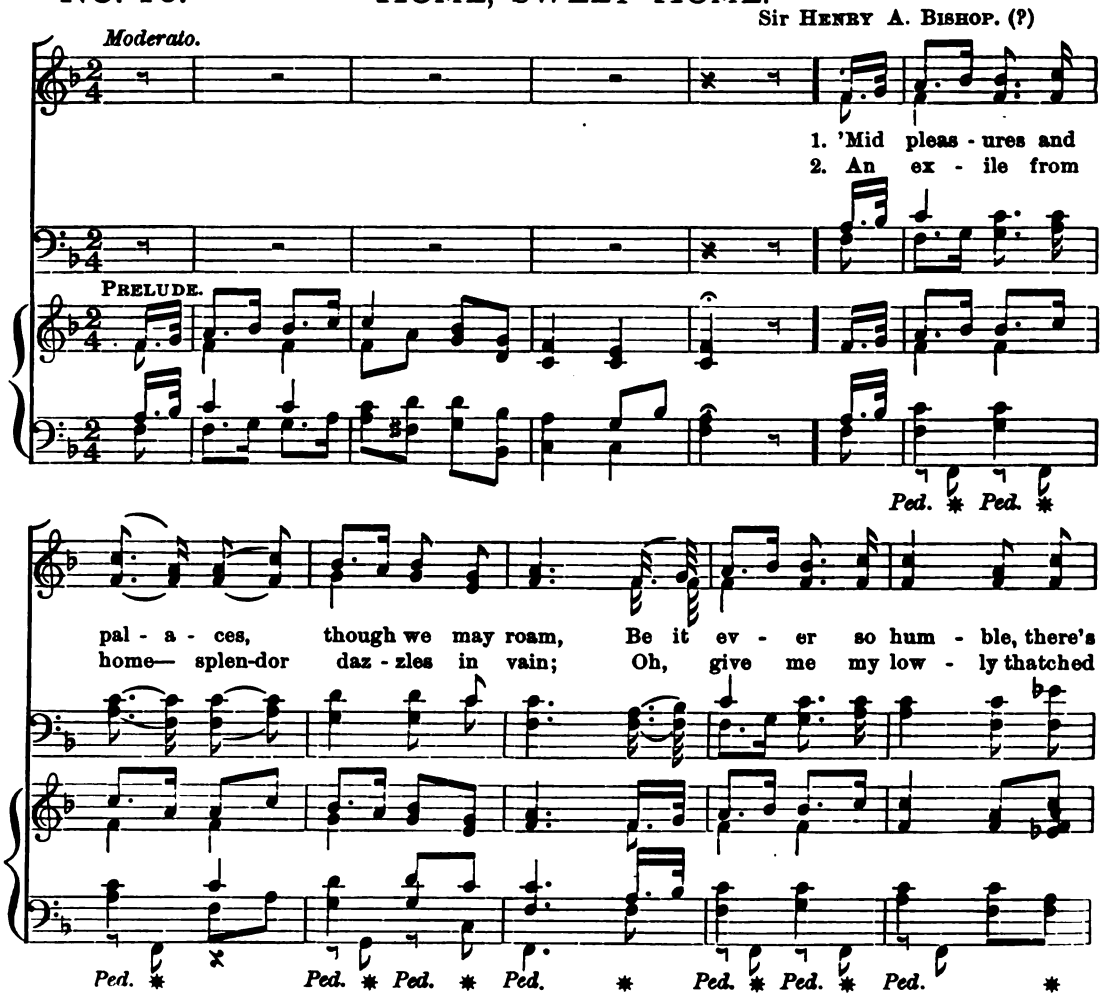


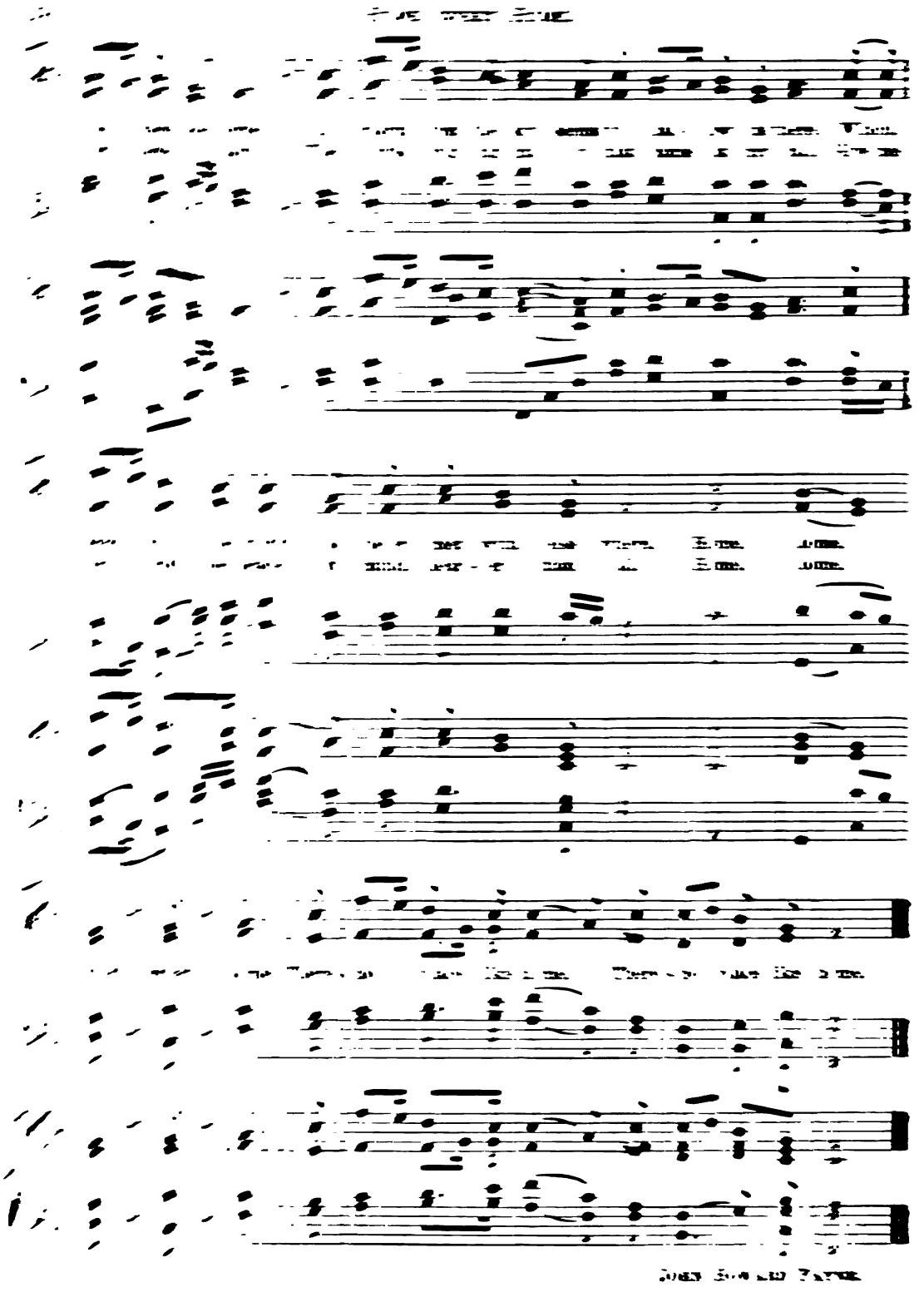


DUBLIN COLL.

NO. 10. HOME, SWEET HOME.

Sir HENRY A. BISHOP. (?)





NO. 11. THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

Arr. from MISS BROWN, by L. T. WADE.

Maestoso.

1ST & 2ND SOPRANO.

1. The break-ing waves dashed high, On a stern and rock-bound coast; And the

ALTO.

1. The break-ing waves dashed high, On a stern and rock-bound coast; And the

BASS.

woods a - gainst a storm - y sky, Their gi - ant branch - es toss'd.

woods a - gainst a storm - y sky, Their gi - ant branch - es toss'd.

ALTO SOLO.

And the heav - y night hung dark, The hills and wa - ters o'er,

ACCPT.

When a band of ex - iles moor'd their bark On the wild New Eng-land shore.

CHORUS.

p DUET.

Not as the con - queror comes, They the true heart - ed came;

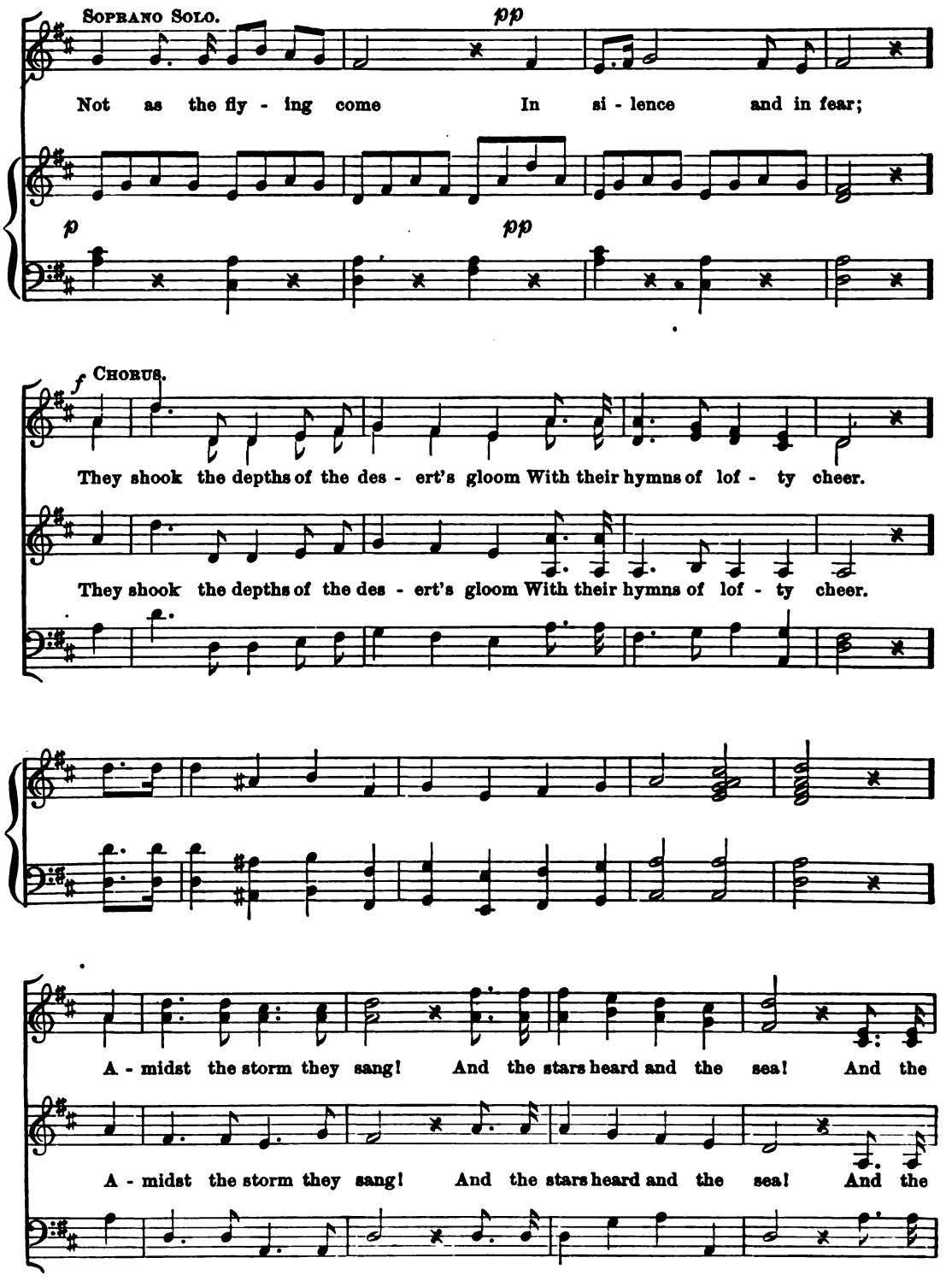
Not as the con - queror comes,

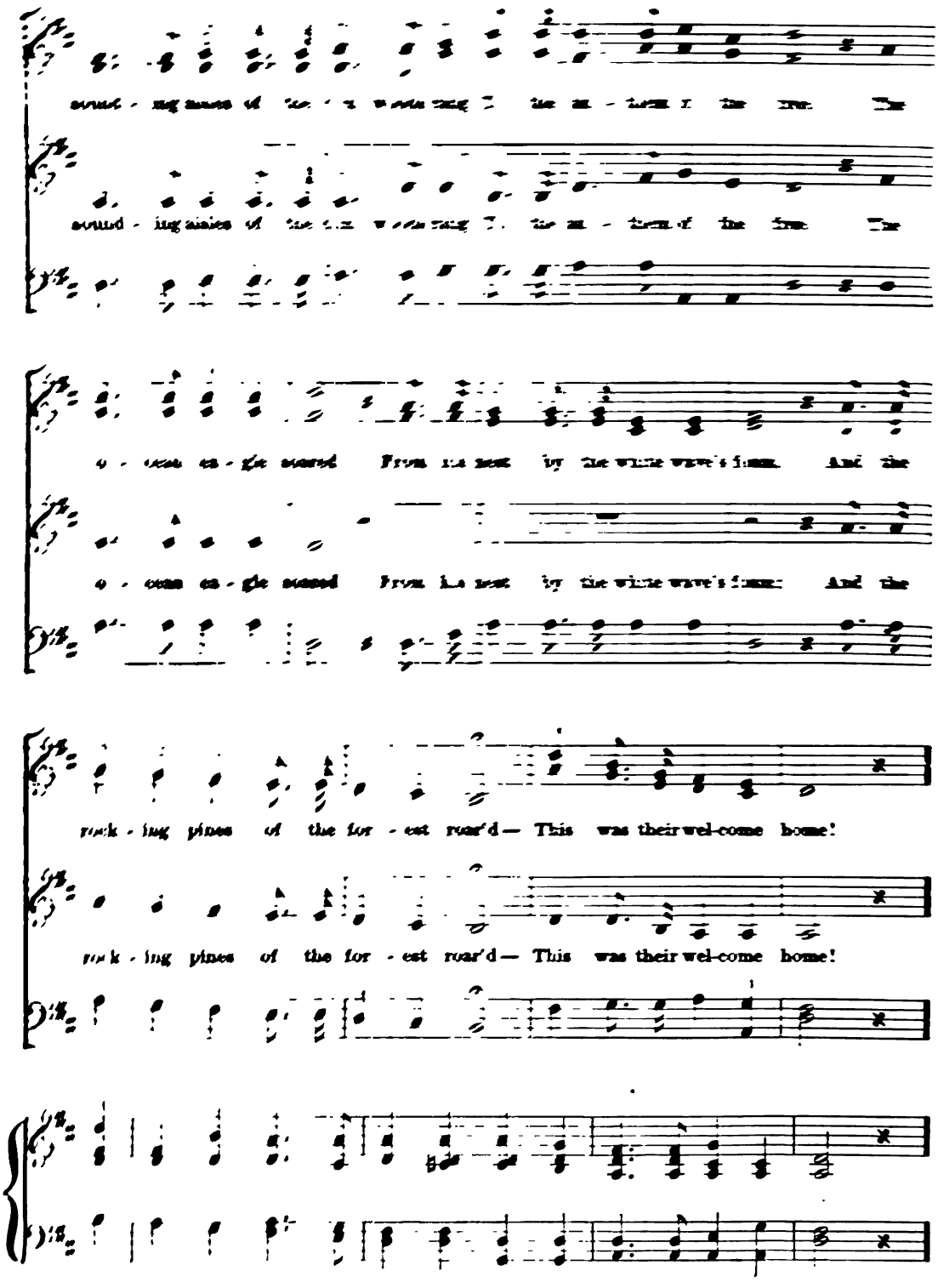
CHORUS.

f

Not with the roll of the stir - ring drum, Or the trum-pet that sings of fame.

Not with the roll of the stir - ring drum, Or the trum-pet that sings of fame.


SOPRANO SOLO.
pp
Not as the fly - ing come In si - lence and in fear;
p
pp
f CHORUS.
They shook the depths of the des - ert's gloom With their hymns of lof - ty cheer.
They shook the depths of the des - ert's gloom With their hymns of lof - ty cheer.
A - midst the storm they sang! And the stars heard and the sea! And the
A - midst the storm they sang! And the stars heard and the sea! And the


sound - ing anthems of the ocean wave! The an - thems of the free! The
sound - ing anthems of the ocean wave! The an - thems of the free! The
o - cean eagle soared From his nest by the white wave's foam; And the
o - cean eagle soared From his nest by the white wave's foam; And the
rock - ing pines of the for - est roar'd— This was their wel-come home!
rock - ing pines of the for - est roar'd— This was their wel-come home!

BASS SOLO.

What sought they thus a - far? Bright jew - els — bright jew-els — bright jew-els of the mine?

CHORUS.

The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?

p espress. BASS SOLO:

They sought a faith's pure shine.

The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?

Piu lento. ALTO SOLO.

Aye! call it ho - ly ground, The spot where first they trod.

CHORUS.

f *ritard.*

They have left unstained what there they found, Free-dom to wor - ship God!

a tempo. *f*

They have left unstained what there they found, Free-dom to wor - ship God!

fresh the ros - es; Our martyred dead! On each low bed . . .
homes sur - round - ed; Hail, he - ro shades! Your bat - tle blades A

round are swell - ing; No mar - ble cold May guard your mold, But
sons and daugh - ters; Your sa - cred dust Be the choice trust of

Green be the chap - let, fresh the ros - es; Oh, light - ly rest
wall of steel our homes sur - round - ed; Your deeds have won

liv - ing hearts a - round are swell - ing; Each dar - ing deed . .
Free - dom's grate - ful sons and daugh - ters; While fu - ture days . .

On each calm breast The turf where each in peace re - pos - es.
From sire to son, . . Love, joy and grat - i - tude un - bound - ed.

Shall gain the meed Of praise, from all hearts rich - ly well - ing.
Your fame shall raise From At - lan - tic's to Pa - cif - ic's wa - ters.

MARK TRAFTON, D.D.

No. 8. 'Tis the Last Rose of Summer.

Irish Melody.

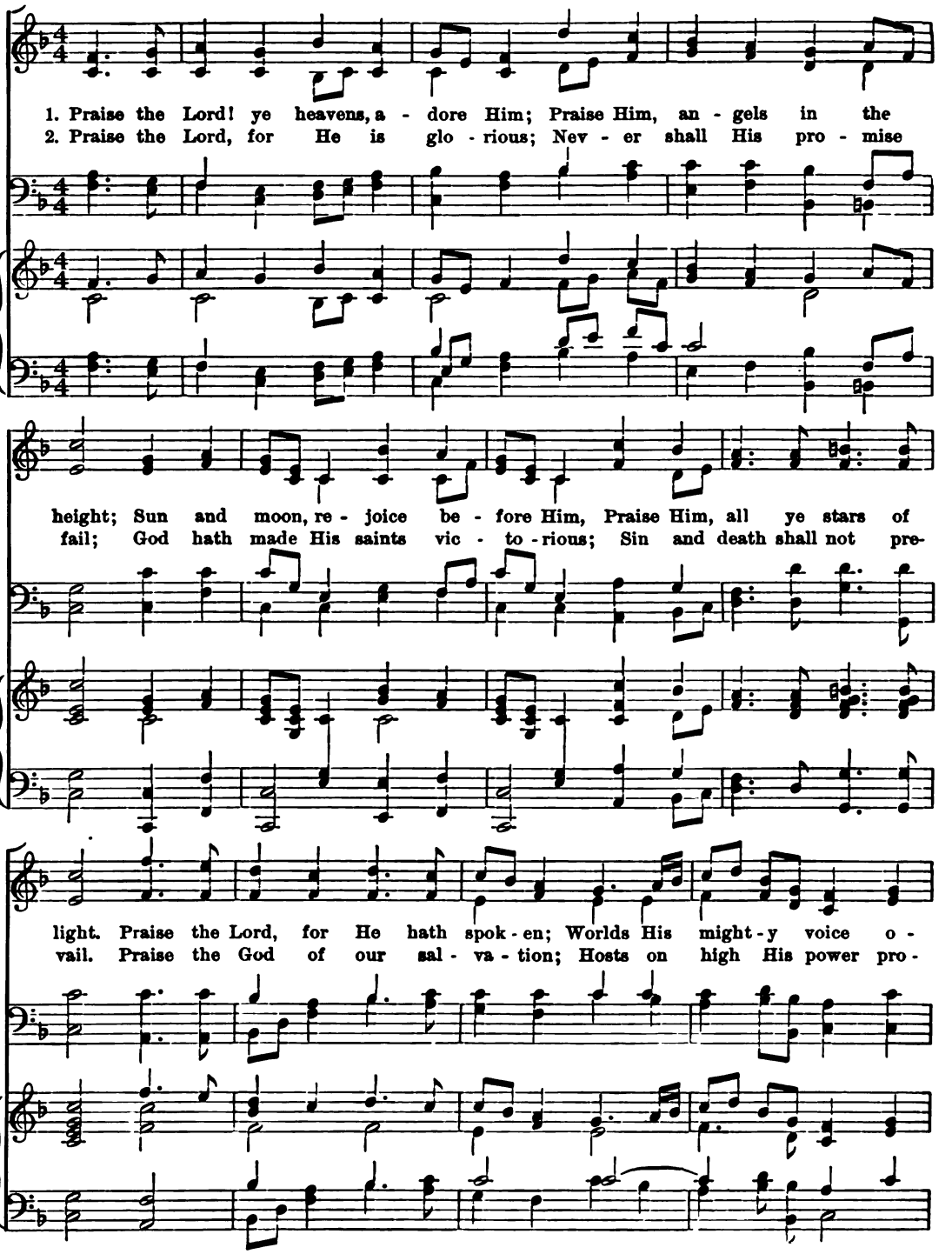
1. 'Tis the last rose of . . sum - mer, Left bloom - - ing a - lone; All her love - ly com - pan - ions Are fad - - ed and gone; No flower of her kin - dred, No rose - bud is nigh, To re - flect back her blush - es, Or give . . . sigh for sigh.
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine . . . . on the stem, Since the love - ly are sleep - ing, Go, sleep . . . thou with them; Thus kind - ly I scat - ter Thy leaves . . o'er thy bed, Where thy mates of the gar - den Lie scent - less and dead.
3. So soon may I fol - low, When friend - - ships de - cay, And from love's shin - ing cir - cle The gems . . . drop a way! When true . . hearts lie with - ered, And fond . . . ones are flown. Oh, who would in - hab - it This bleak . . world a - lone.

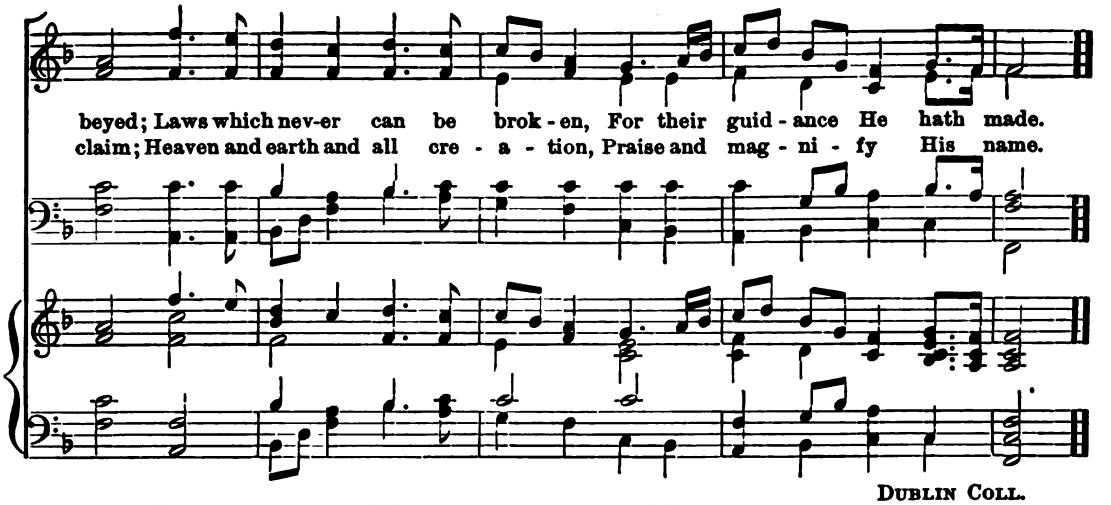
rit. *e dim.* *pp*

Thomas Moore, 1784 - 1852.

No. 9. Praise the Lord

"Austrian National Hymn," Haydn.

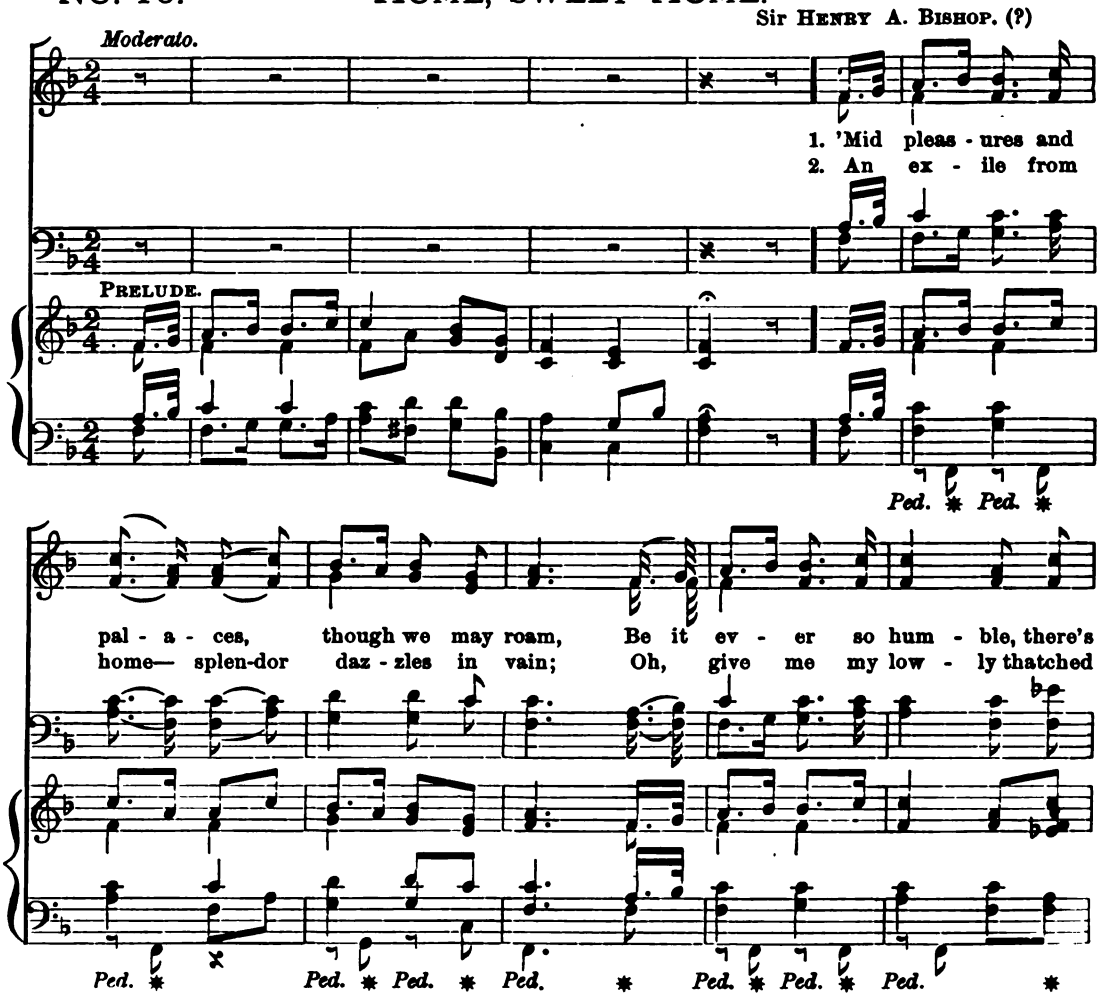


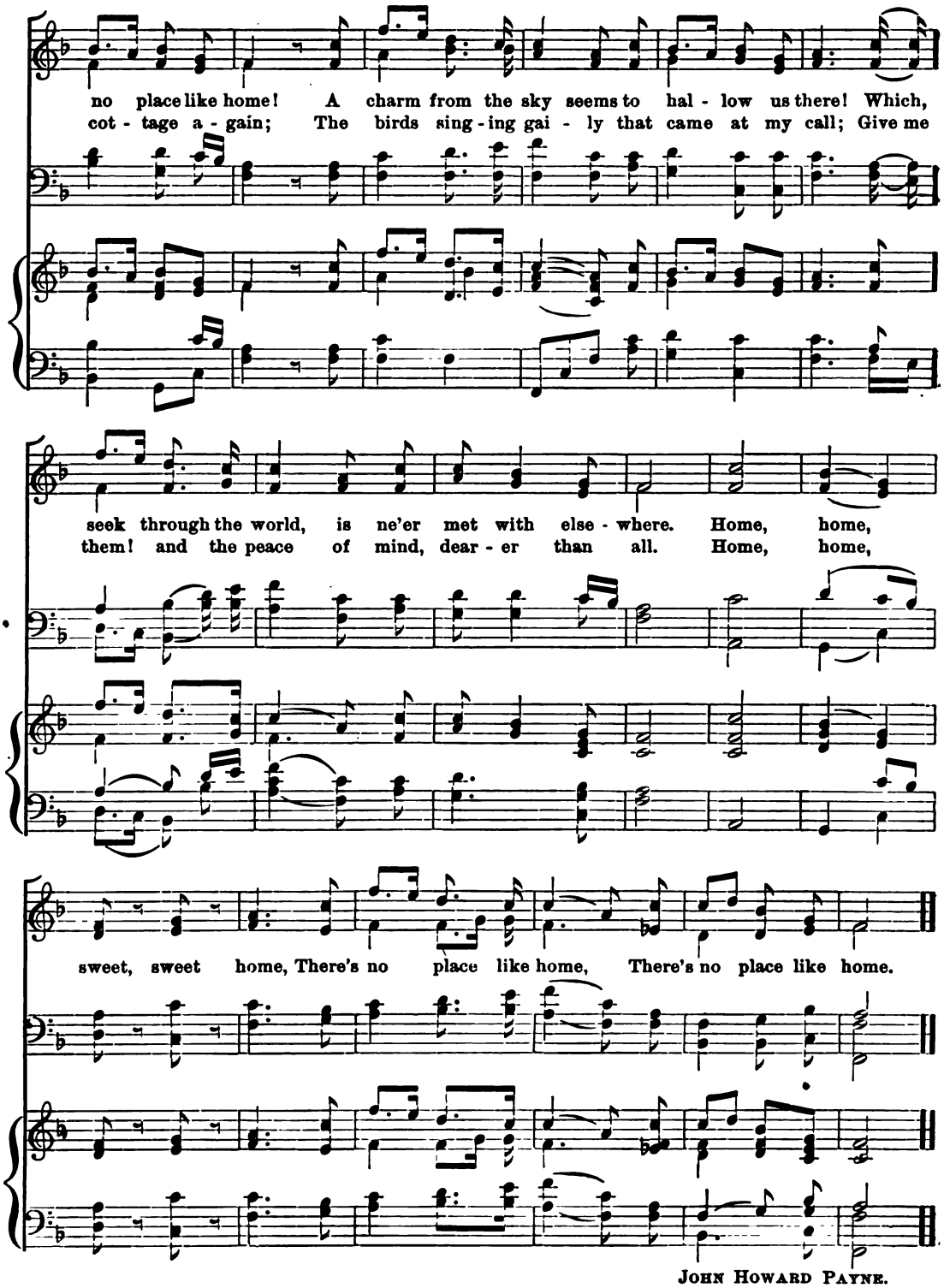


DUBLIN COLL.

NO. 10. HOME, SWEET HOME.

Sir HENRY A. BISHOP. (?)





JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

NO. 11. THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

Arr. from MISS BROWN, by L. T. WADE.

Maestoso.

1ST & 2ND SOPRANO.

1. The break-ing waves dashed high, On a stern and rock-bound coast; And the

ALTO.

1. The break-ing waves dashed high, On a stern and rock-bound coast; And the

BASS.

woods a - gainst a storm - y sky, Their gi - ant branch - es toss'd.

woods a - gainst a storm - y sky, Their gi - ant branch - es toss'd.

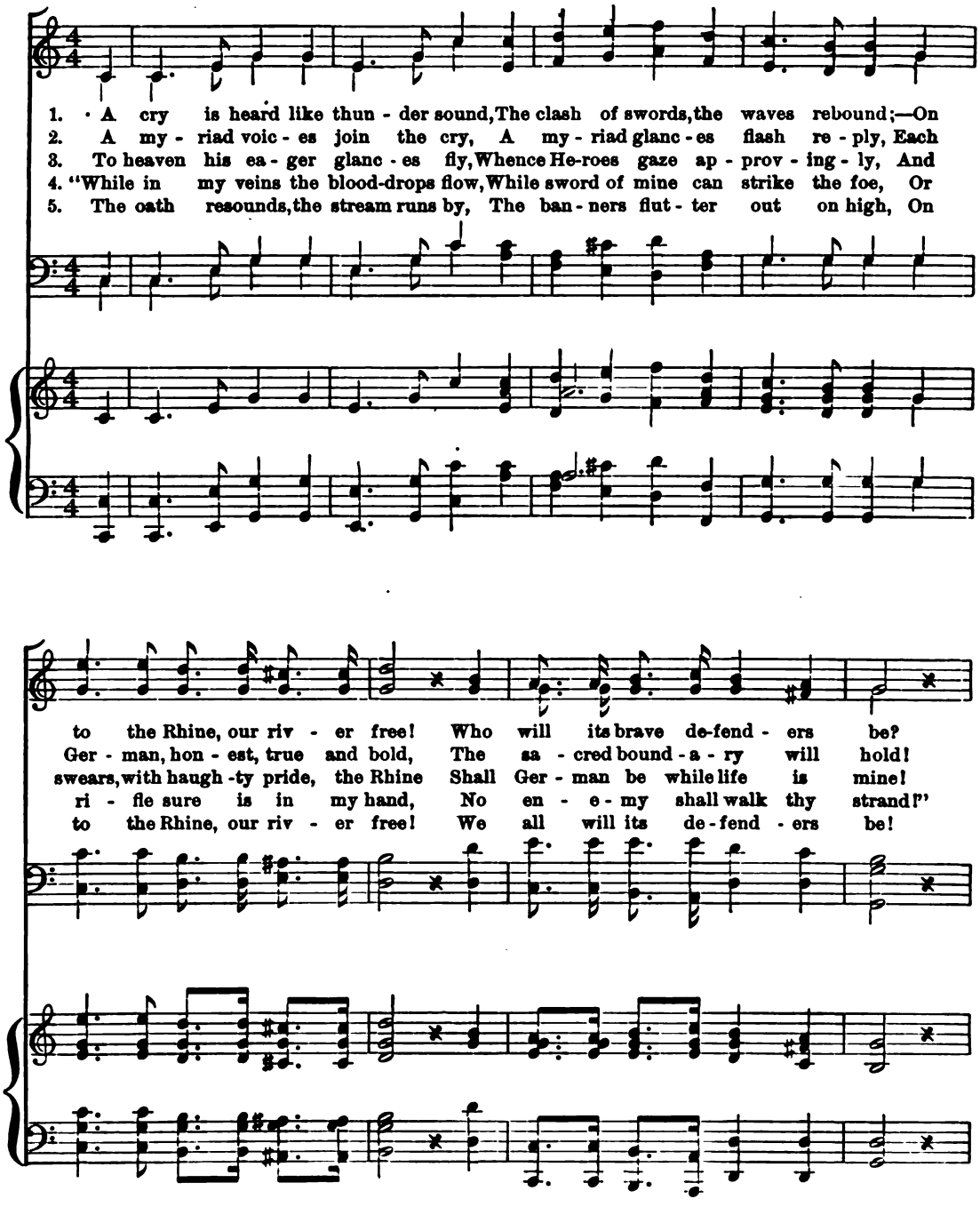
ALTO SOLO.

And the heav - y night hung dark, The hills and wa - ters o'er,

ACCPT.

No. 5. The Watch by the Rhine.

Carl Wilhelm, 1854.



1-5 Dear Fa - ther- land, may peace be thine! Dear Fa - ther - land, may peace be thine!

Fast stands and sure, the watch, the watch by the Rhine,

Fast stands and sure, the watch, the watch by the Rhine.

MAX SCHENKENBERGER, 1839.

No. 6. Prayer for our Country.

John W. Tufts.

Lento. ♩ = 60.

Sopranos and Altos.

1. Lord, while for all man-kind we pray, Of ev-ery clime and coast, Oh,
3. U-nite us in the sa-cred love Of knowledge, truth and Thee, And

hear us for our na-tive land, The land we love the most!
let our hills and val-leys shout The songs of lib-er-ty.

Tenors and Basses.

2. Oh, guard our shores from ev-ery foe, With peace our bor-ders bless; With
4. Here may Re-li-gion shed her light On days of rest and toil, And

prosperous times our ci-ties crown; Our fields with plen-teous-ness.
Pi-e-ty and Vir-tue reign, And bless our na-tive soil.

Copyright, 1886, by John W. Tufts and H. E. Holt.

5. Lord of the na-tions! thus to Thee Our coun-try me com - mend; Be

5. Lord of the na-tions! thus to Thee Our coun-try we com - mend; Be

Thou her re - fuge and her trust, Her ev - er - last - ing Friend.

Thou her re - fuge and her trust, Her ev - er - last - ing Friend.

JOHN REYNELL WREFORD, 1837.

NO. 7. IN MEMORIAM.

JOHN W. TUFTS.

Lento. ♩ = 76.

1ST SOPRANO.

1. Our martyred dead! On each low bed . . . Green be the chap - let,
2. Hail, he - ro shades! Your bat - tle blades . . A wall of steel our

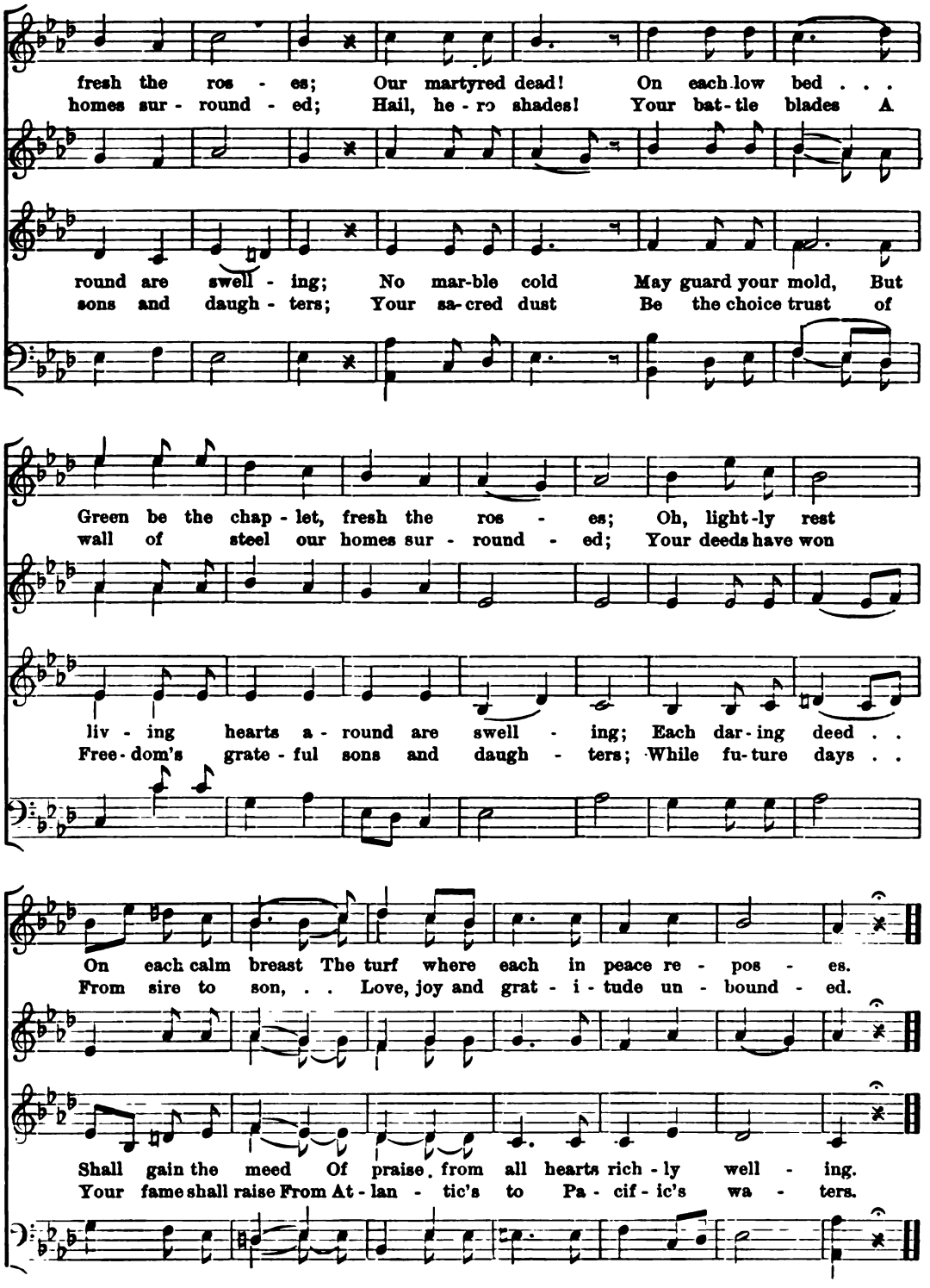
2ND SOPRANO.

ALTO.

3. No mar-ble cold May guard your mold, But liv - ing hearts a -
4. Your sa-cred dust Be the choice trust Of Free - dom's grate - ful

BASS.

Copyright, 1886, by JOHN W. TUFTS and H. E. HOLT.



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2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine . . . . on the stem, Since the love - ly are sleep - ing, Go, sleep . . . thou with them; Thus kind - ly I scat - ter Thy leaves . . o'er thy bed, Where thy mates of the gar - den Lie scent - less and dead.
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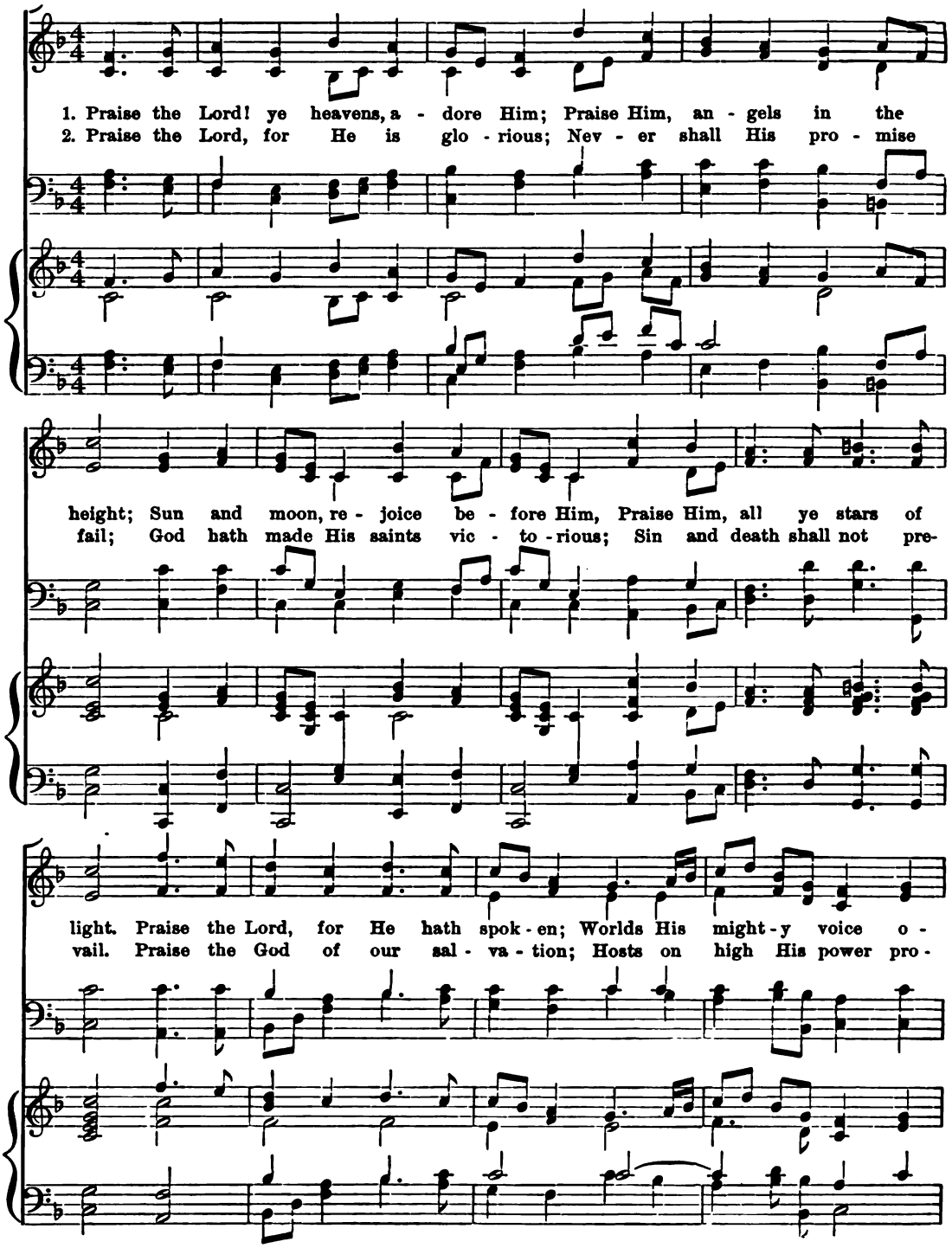
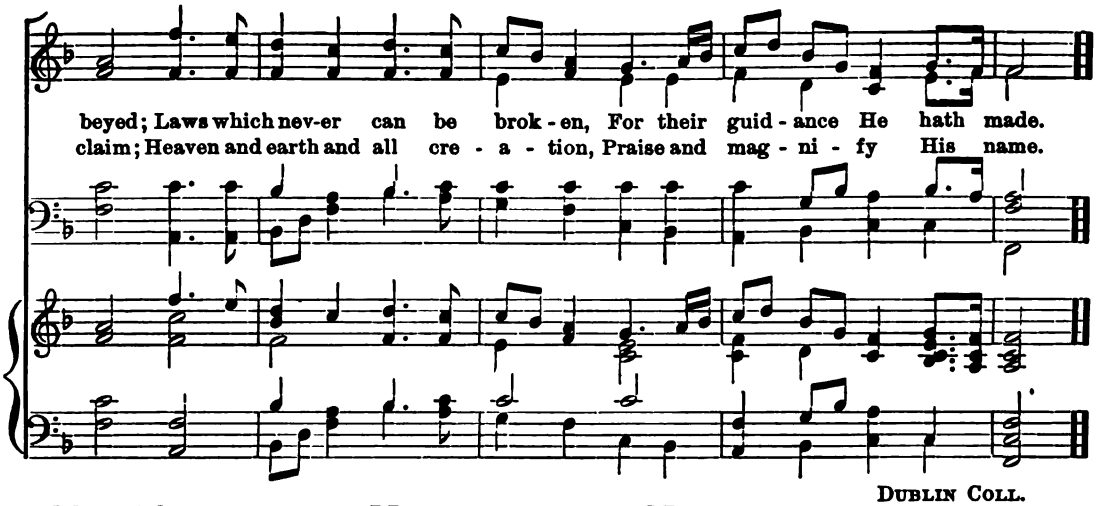
ril. *e dim.* *pp*

Thomas Moore, 1784–1852.

No. 9. Praise the Lord

"Austrian National Hymn," Haydn.

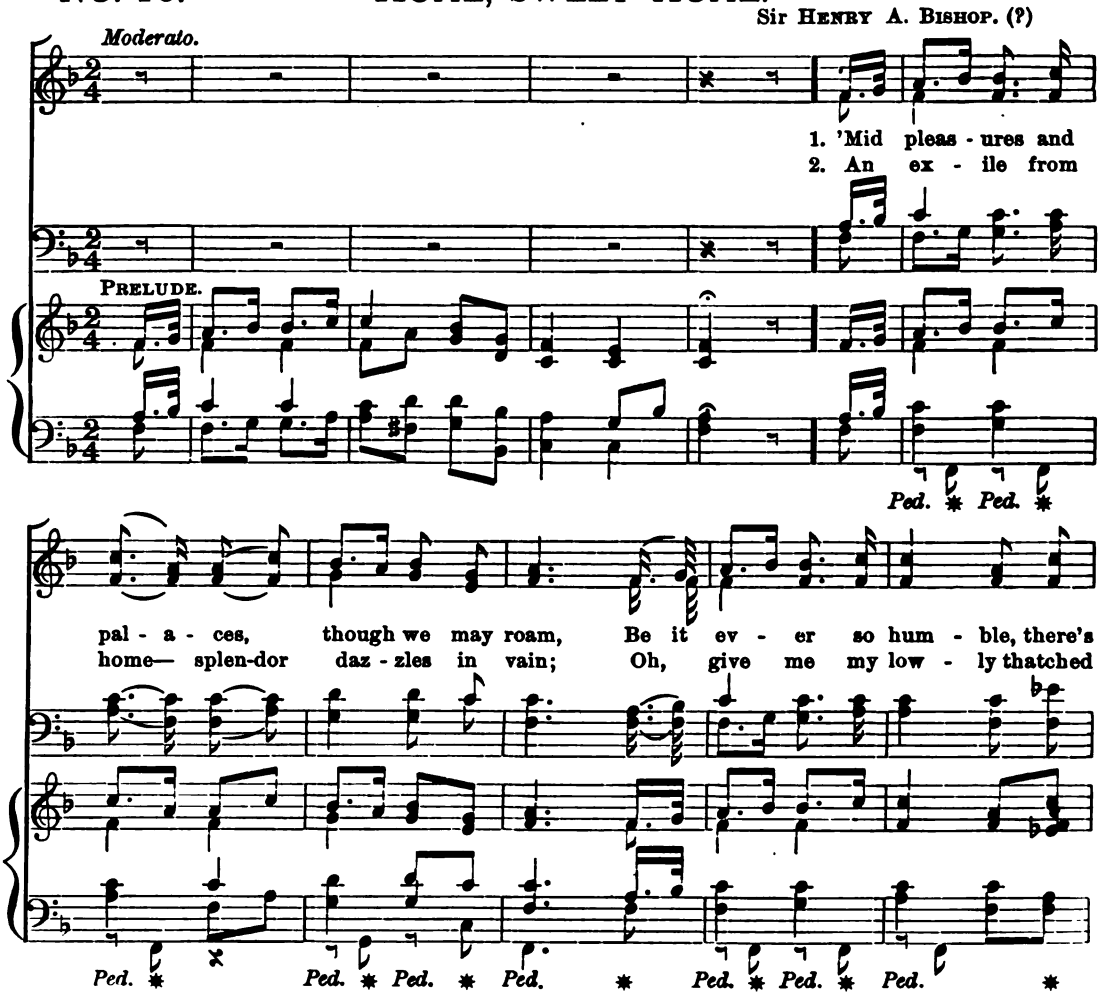


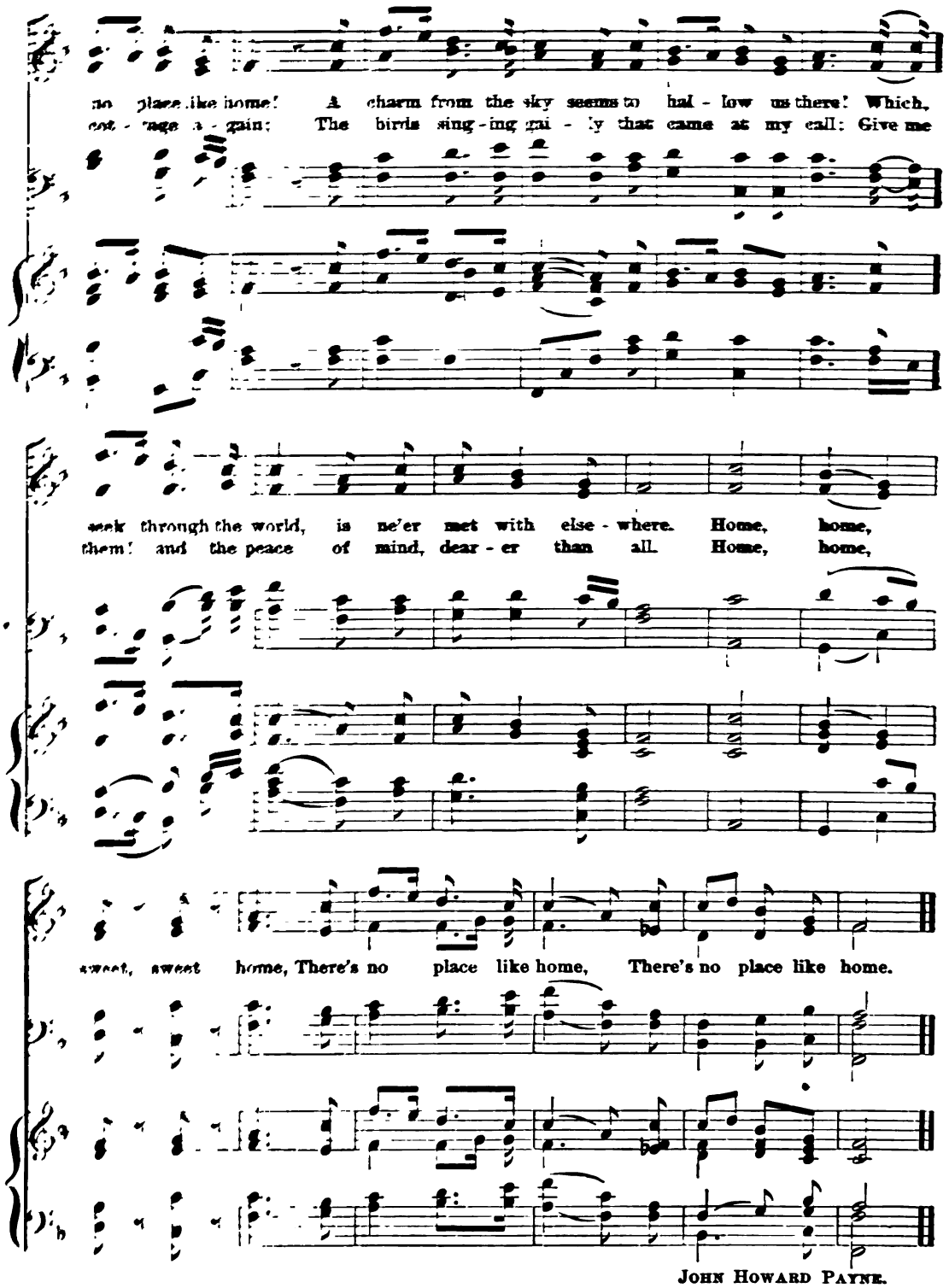


DUBLIN COLL.

NO. 10. HOME, SWEET HOME.

Sir HENRY A. BISHOP. (?)





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Maestoso.

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ALTO.

1. The break-ing waves dashed high, On a stern and rock-bound coast; And the

BASS.

woods a - gainst a storm - y sky, Their gi - ant branch - es toss'd.

woods a - gainst a storm - y sky, Their gi - ant branch - es toss'd.

ALTO SOLO.

And the heav - y night hung dark, The hills and wa - ters o'er,

ACCPT.

When a band of ex - iles moor'd their bark On the wild New Eng-land shore.

CHORUS.

p DUET.

Not as the con - queror comes, They the true heart - ed came;

Not as the con - queror comes,

CHORUS.

f

Not with the roll of the stir - ring drum, Or the trum-pet that sings of fame.

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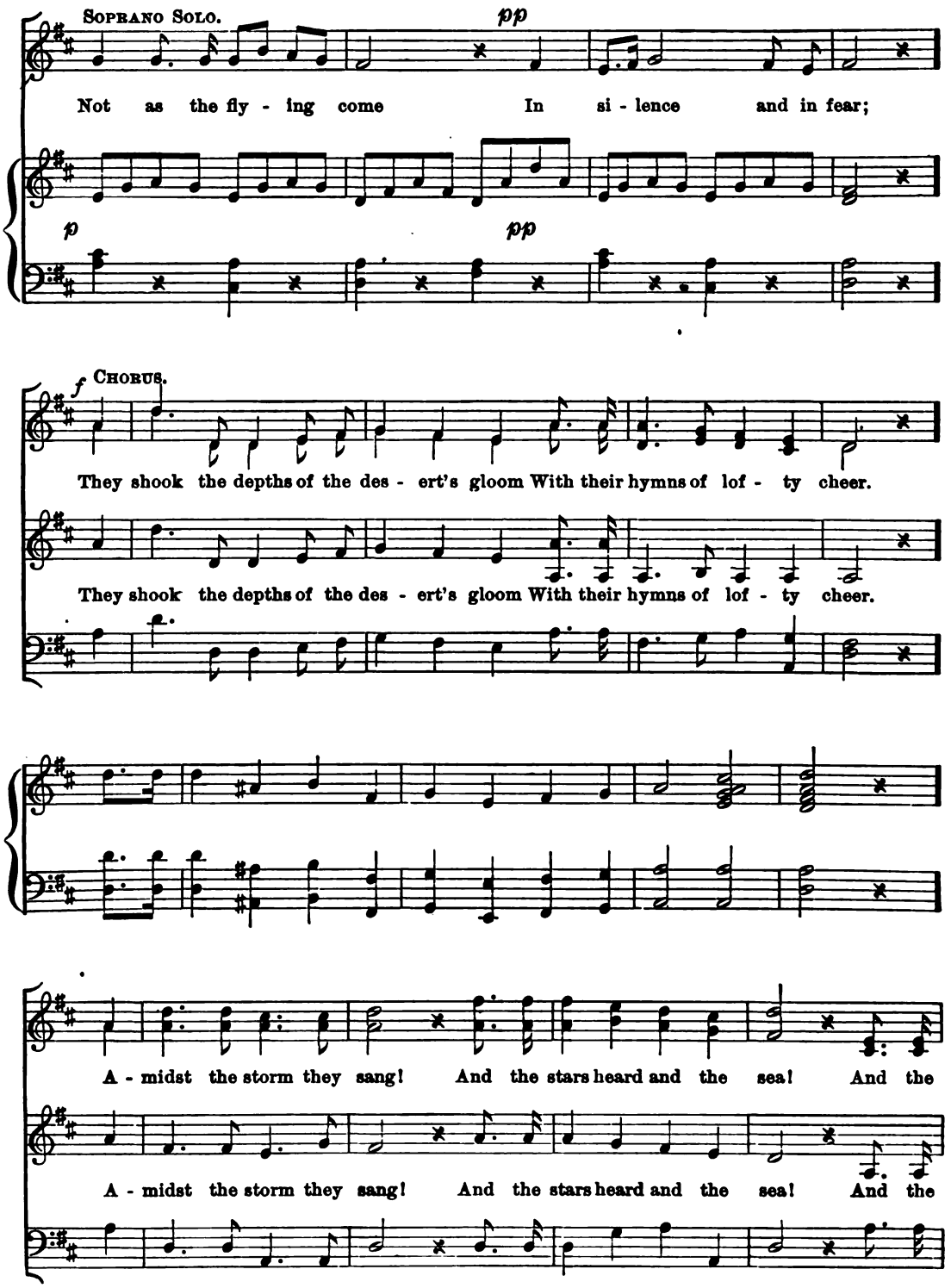
SOPRANO SOLO.
pp
Not as the fly - ing come In si - lence and in fear;
p
pp
f CHORUS.
They shook the depths of the des - ert's gloom With their hymns of lof - ty cheer.
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A - midst the storm they sang! And the stars heard and the sea! And the
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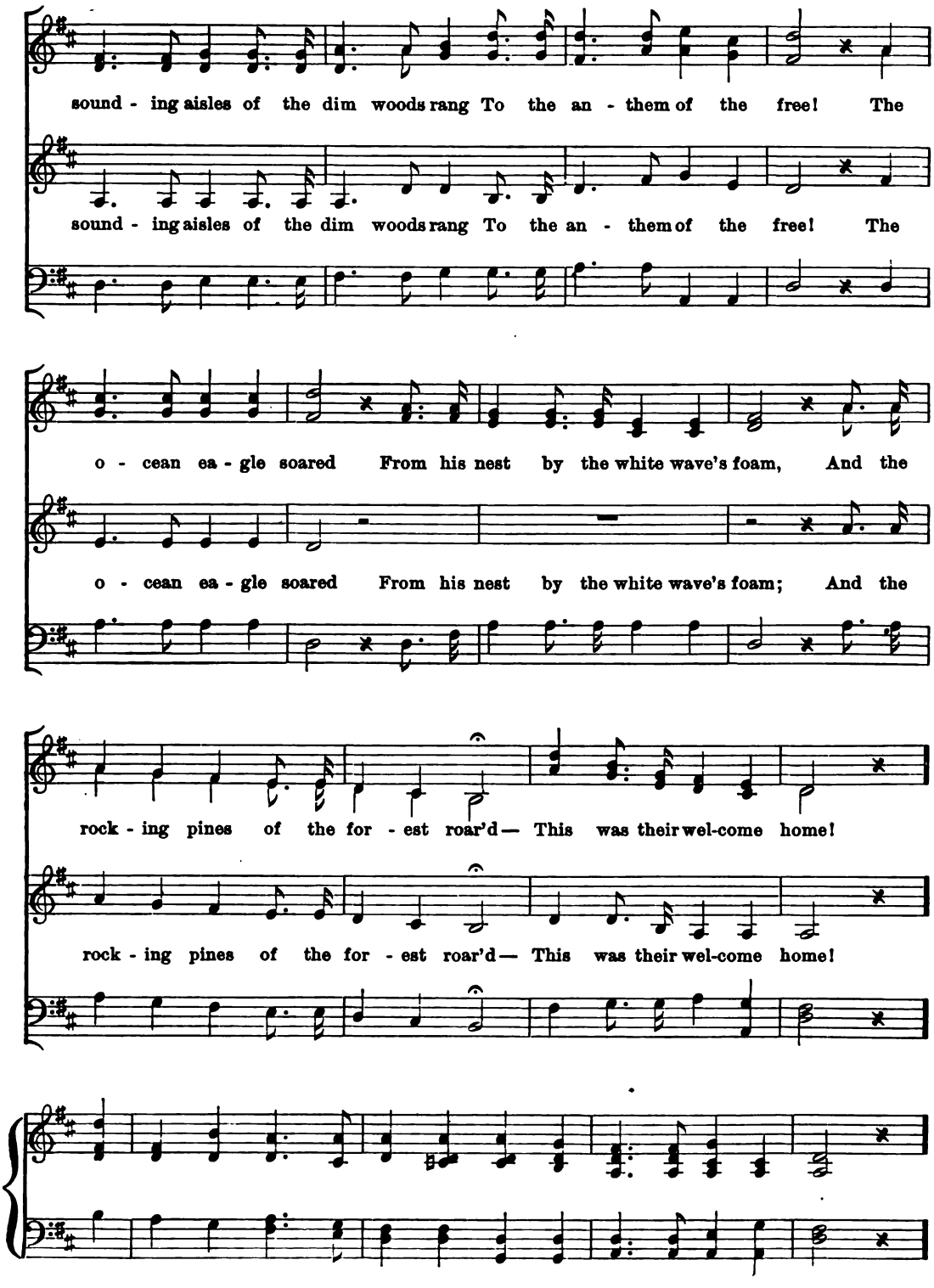
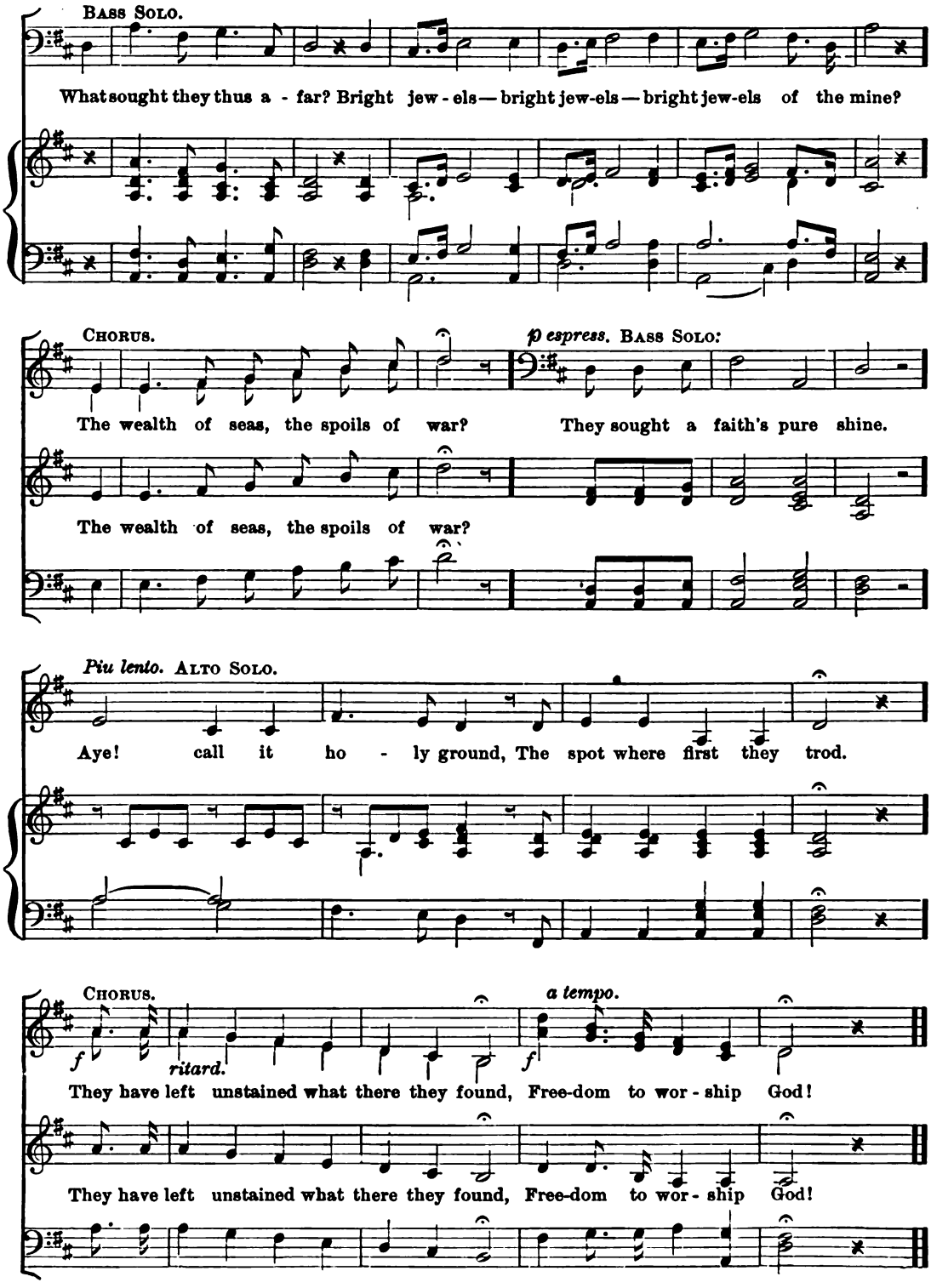

sound - ing aisles of the dim woods rang To the an - them of the free! The
sound - ing aisles of the dim woods rang To the an - them of the free! The
o - cean ea - gle soared From his nest by the white wave's foam, And the
o - cean ea - gle soared From his nest by the white wave's foam; And the
rock - ing pines of the for - est roar'd— This was their wel-come home!
rock - ing pines of the for - est roar'd— This was their wel-come home!


BASS SOLO.
What sought they thus a - far? Bright jew - els — bright jew-els — bright jew-els of the mine?
CHORUS.
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
p espress. BASS SOLO:
They sought a faith's pure shine.
Piu lento. ALTO SOLO.
Aye! call it ho - ly ground, The spot where first they trod.
CHORUS.
f
ritard.
a tempo.
f
They have left unstained what there they found, Free-dom to wor - ship God!
They have left unstained what there they found, Free-dom to wor - ship God!

No. 12. Russian National Air.

Alexis Lvoff, 1799 – 1870.

1. God the All - ter - ri - ble! King, who or - dain - est, Great winds Thy clar - ions, the light - nings Thy sword; Show forth Thy pi - ty on high where Thou reign - est; Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!
2. God the All - mer - ci - ful earth hath for - sak - en Thy ways of bles - sed-ness, slight - ed Thy word; Bid not Thy wrath in its ter - rors a - wak - en; Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!
3. God the All - righteous One! Man hath de - fied Thee; Yet to e - ter - ni - ty stand - eth Thy word; False-hood and wrong shall not tar - ry be - side Thee; Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!
4. God the All - wise! by the fire of Thy chas - tening Earth shall to free - dom and truth be re - stored; Through the thick darkness Thy king - dom is has - tening; Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord!

Henry Fothergil Chorley, 1808 – 1872.

SELECTED HYMNS AND TUNES.

PART III.

No. 1. Awake, my Soul, and with the Sun.

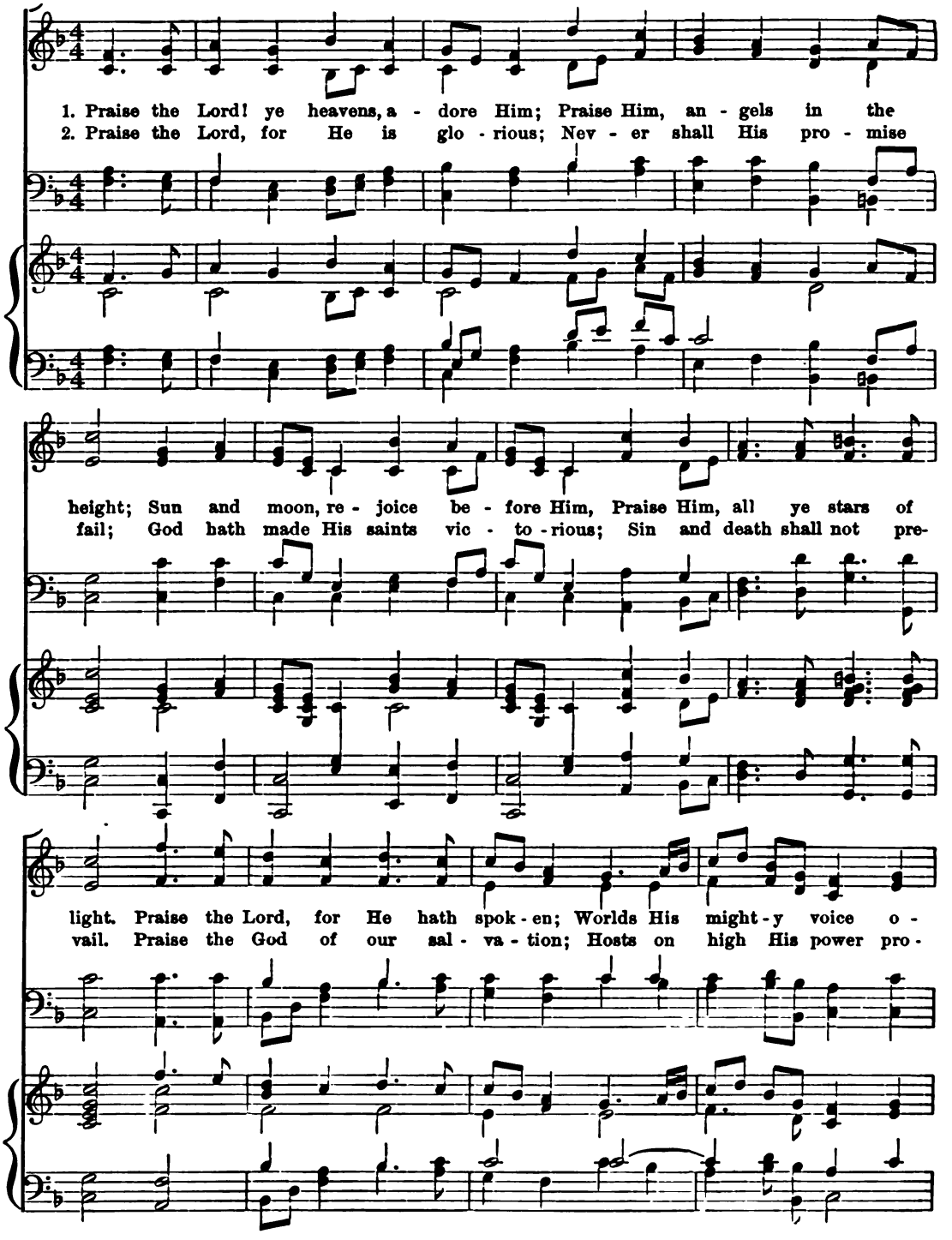
F. H. Barthelemon.

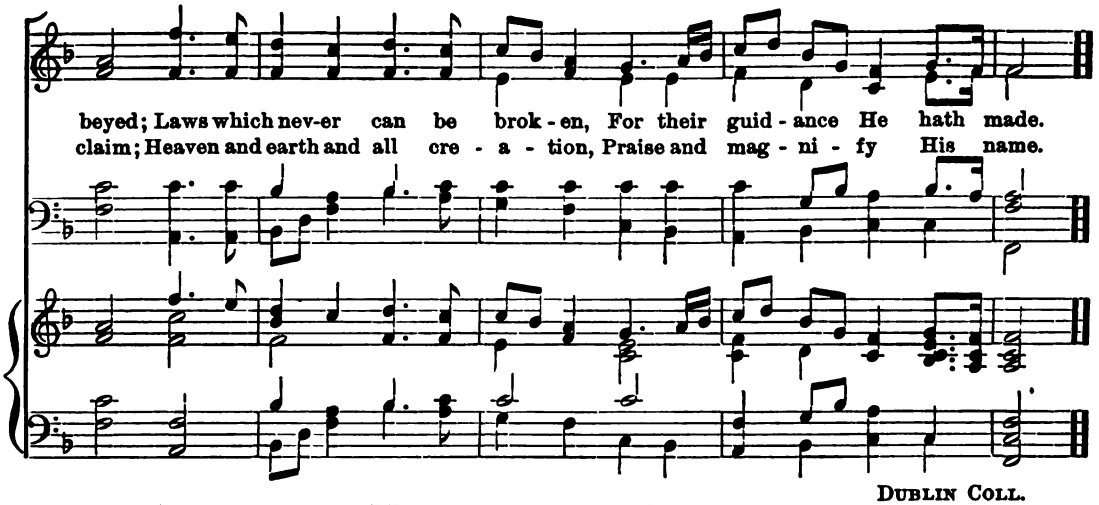
1. A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy daf - ly stage of du - ty run; Shake off dull sloth, and joy - ful rise To pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
2. Wake, and lift up thy - self, my heart, And with the an - gels bear thy part, Who all night long, un - wea - ried sing High praise to the E - ter - nal King.
3. All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept, And hast re - fresh'd me while I slept; Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake, I may of end - less light par - take.
4. Lord, I my vows to Thee re - new; Dis - perse my sins as morn - ing dew; Guard my first springs of thought and will, And with Thy - self my spir - it fill.
5. Di - rect, con - trol, sug - gest, this day, All I de - sign, or do, or say, That all my powers, with all their might, In Thy sole glo - ry may u - nite.

Bishop Ken.

No. 9. Praise the Lord

"Austrian National Hymn," Haydn.





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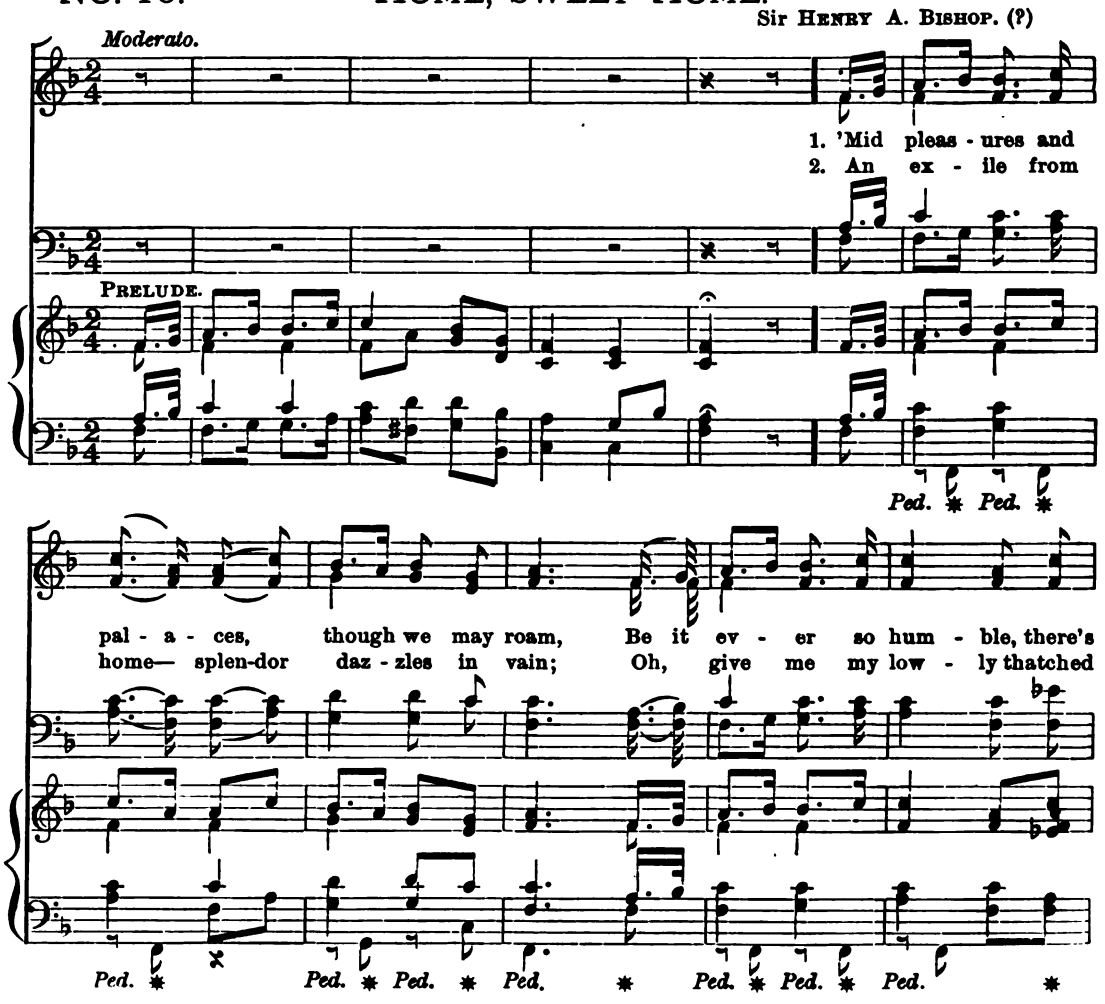

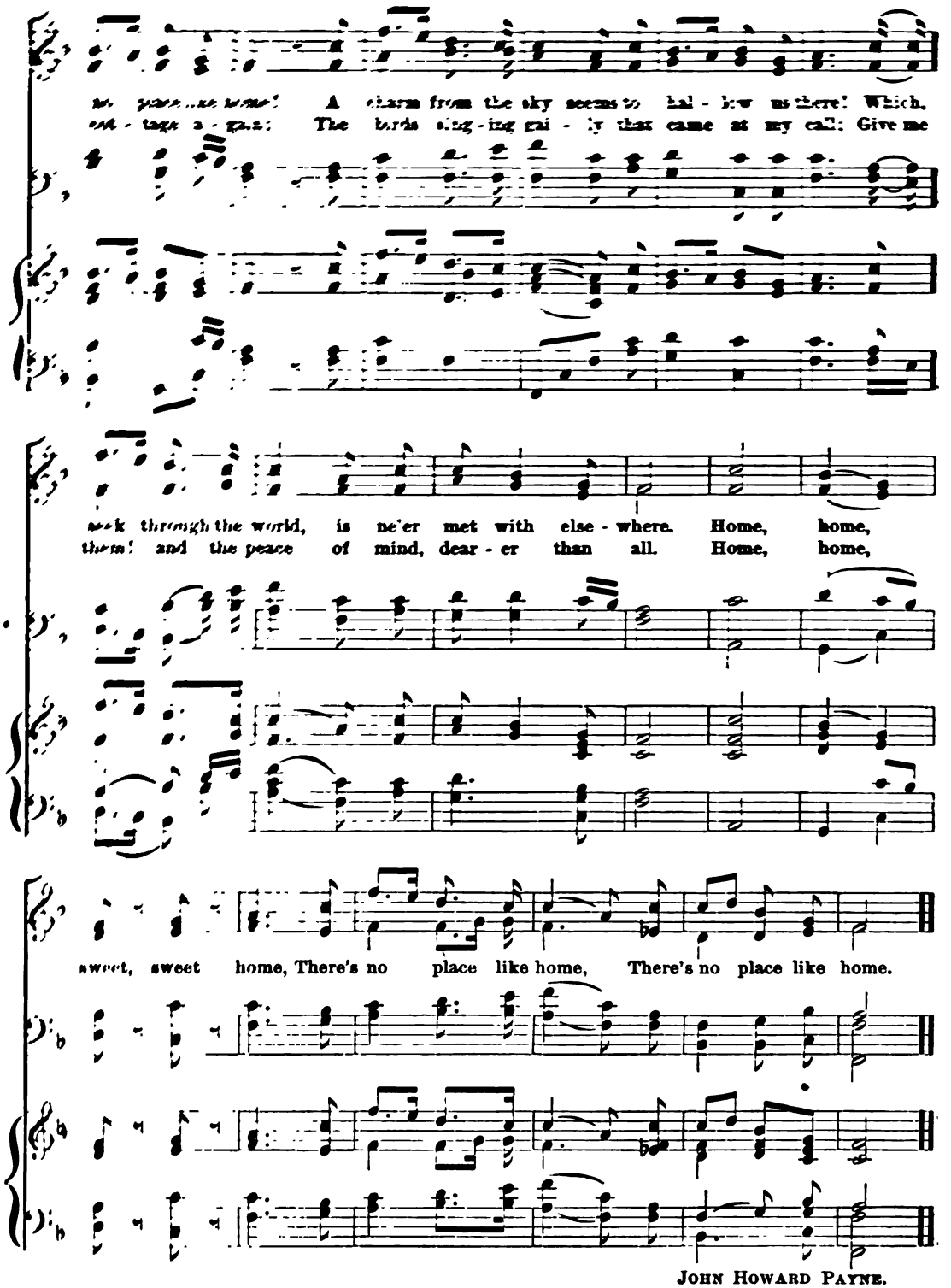

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Maestoso.

1st & 2nd Soprano.

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Bass.

woods a - gainst a storm - y sky, Their gi - ant branch - es toss'd.

woods a - gainst a storm - y sky, Their gi - ant branch - es toss'd.

Alto Solo.

And the heav - y night hung dark, The hills and wa - ters o'er,

Accpt.

When a band of ex - iles moor'd their bark On the wild New Eng-land shore.

CHORUS.

p DUET.

Not as the con - queror comes, They the true heart - ed came;

Not as the con - queror comes,

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Not with the roll of the stir - ring drum, Or the trum-pet that sings of fame.

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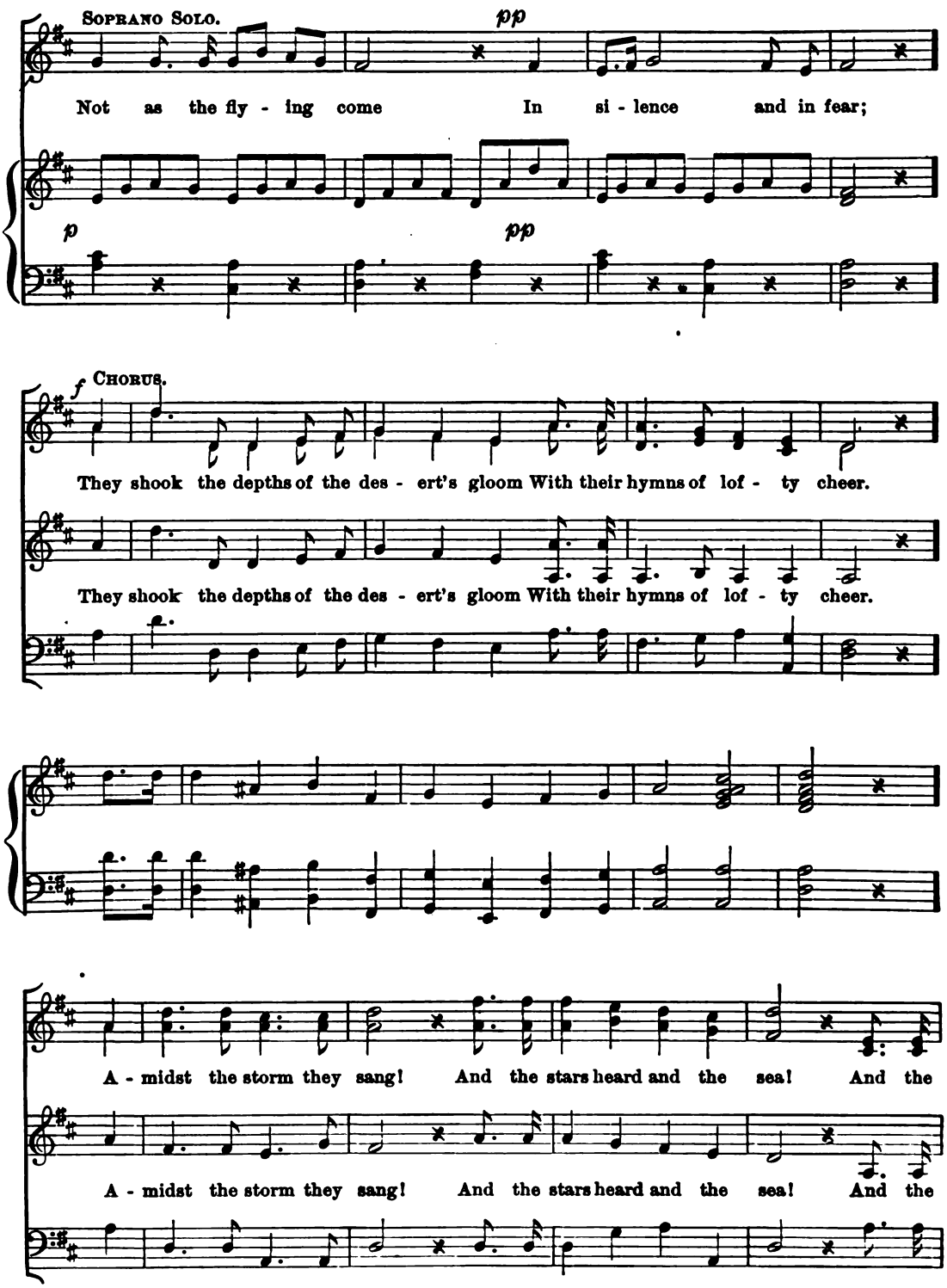
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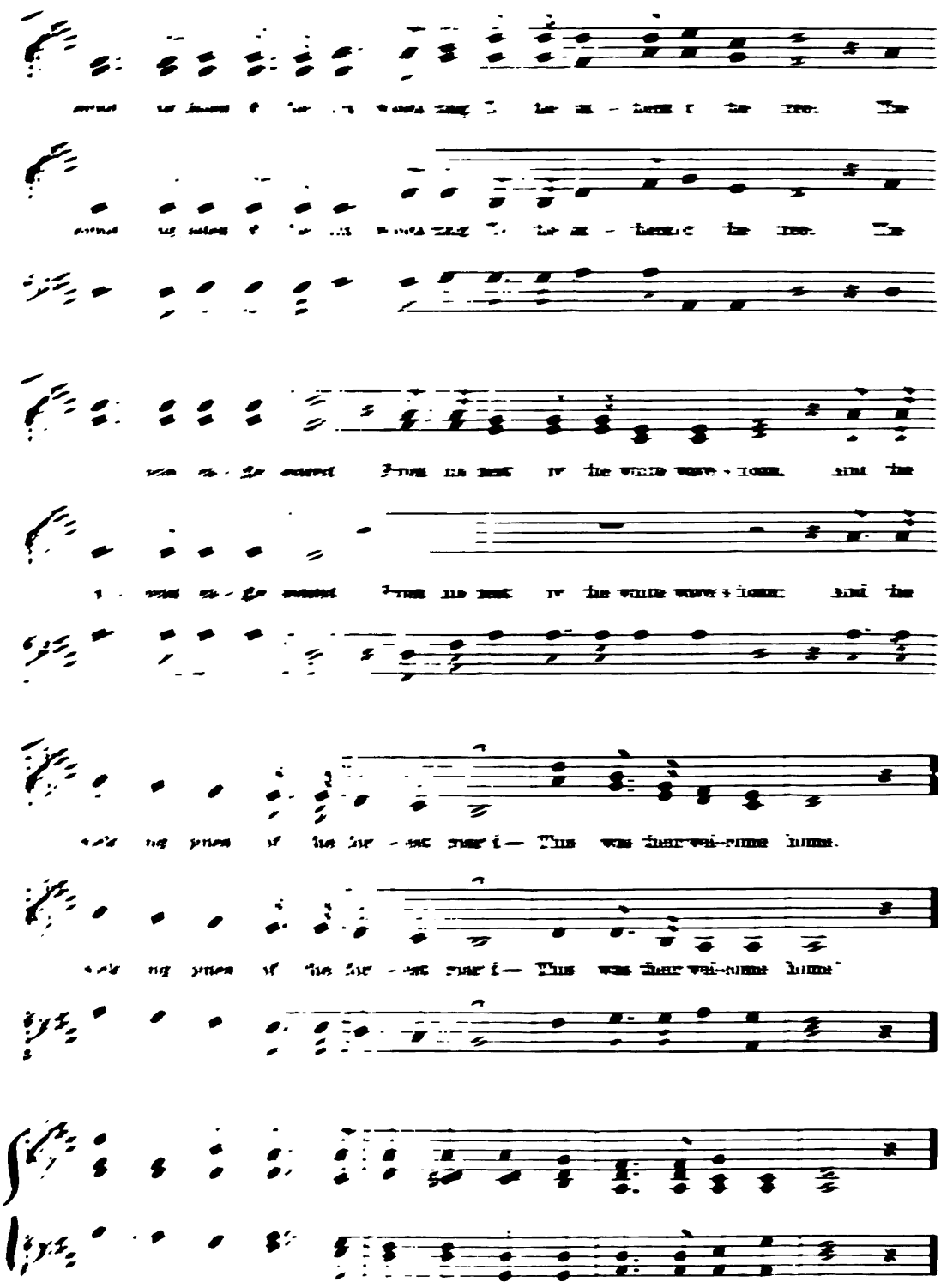

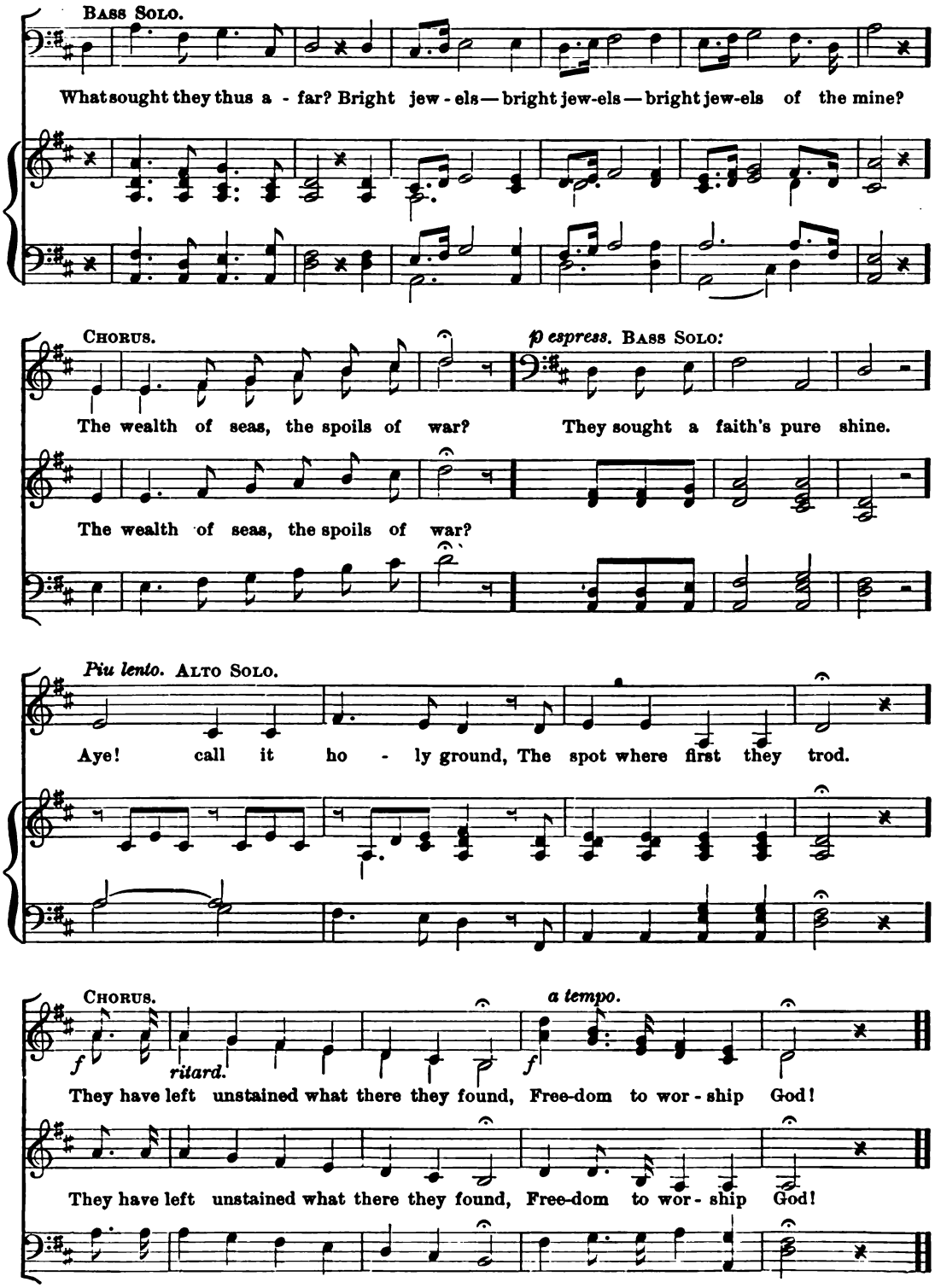
BASS SOLO.
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CHORUS.
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
p espress. BASS SOLO:
They sought a faith's pure shine.
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
Piu lento. ALTO SOLO.
Aye! call it ho - ly ground, The spot where first they trod.
CHORUS.
f
ritard.
a tempo.
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They have left unstained what there they found, Free-dom to wor - ship God!
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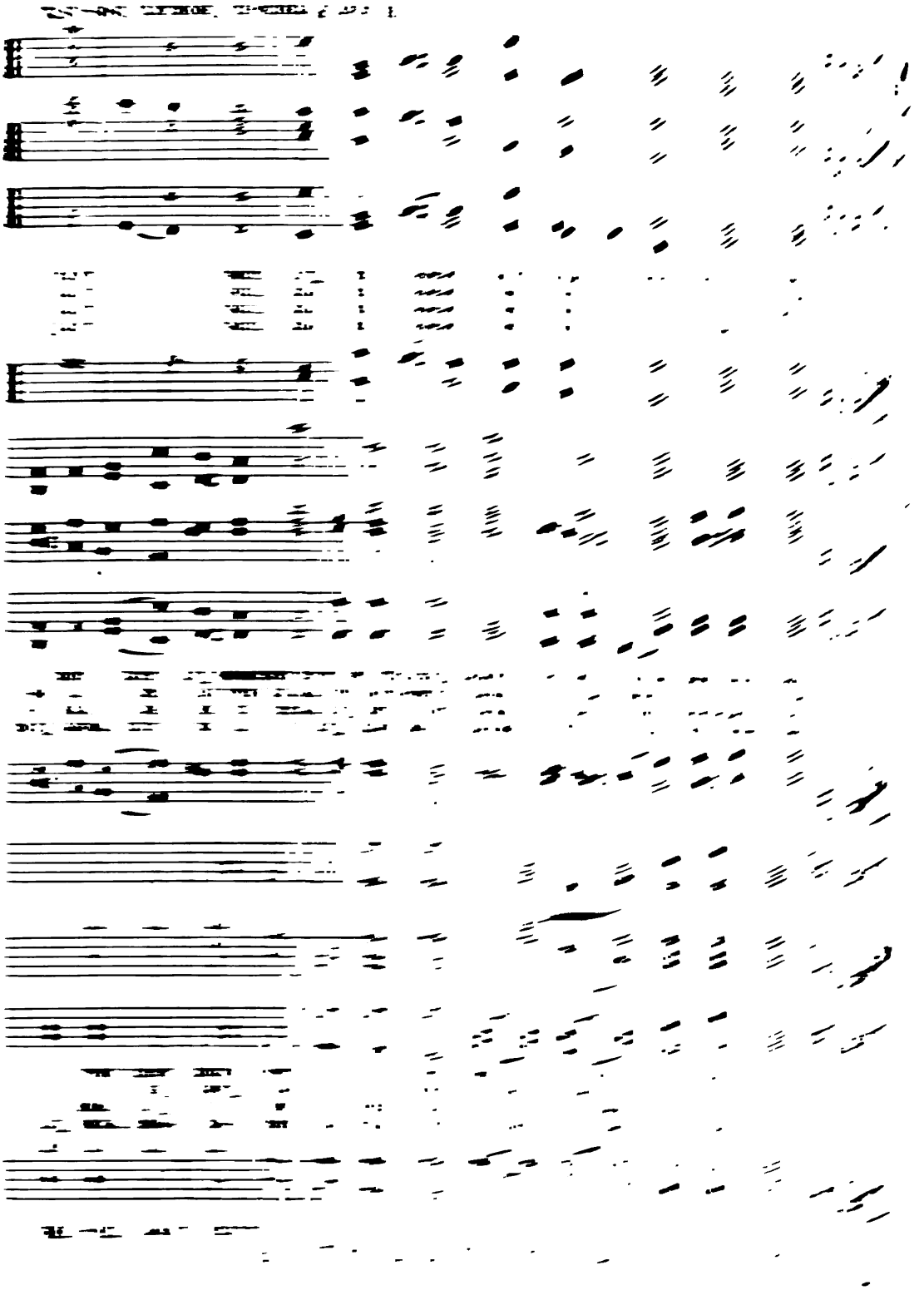

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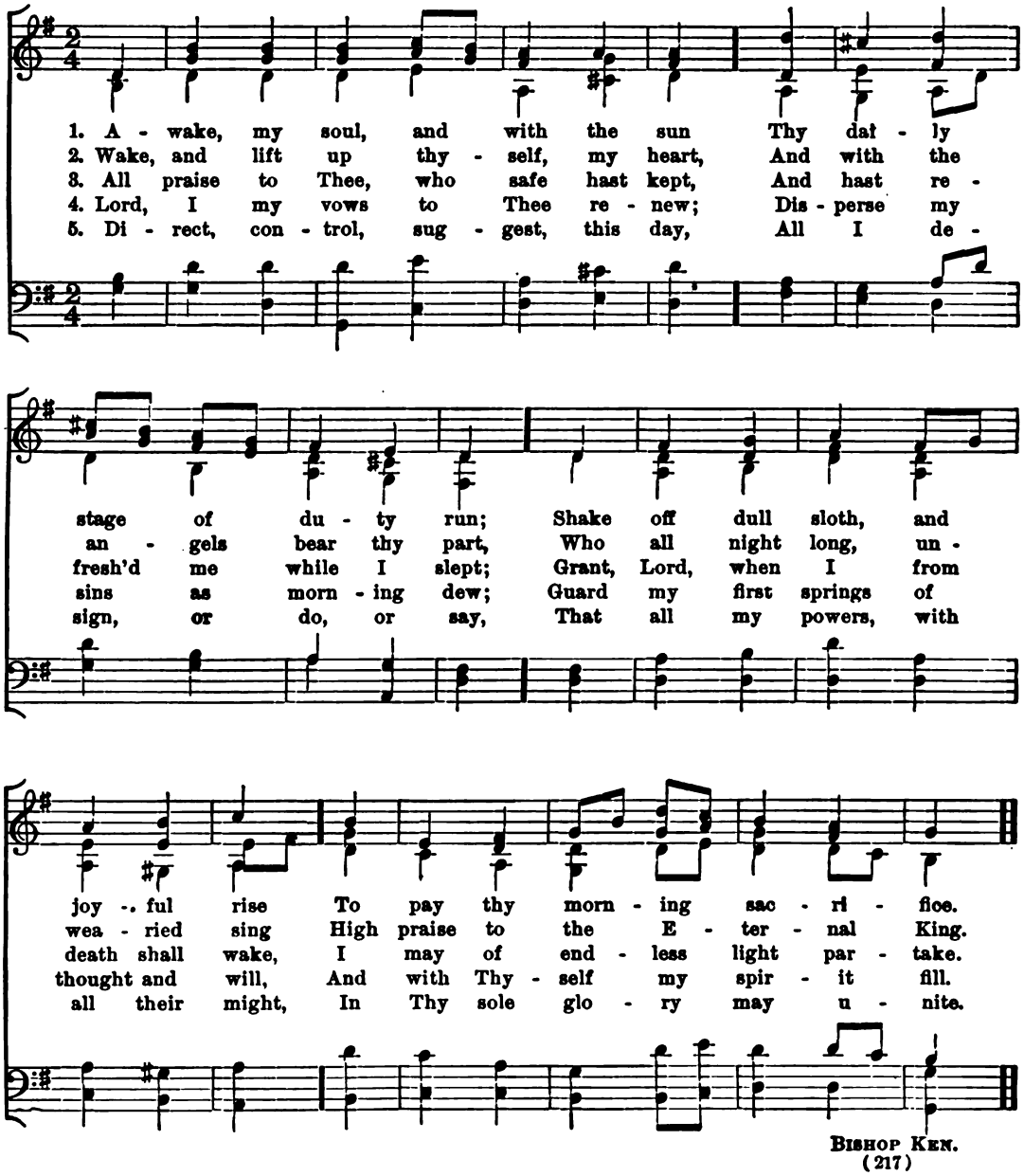
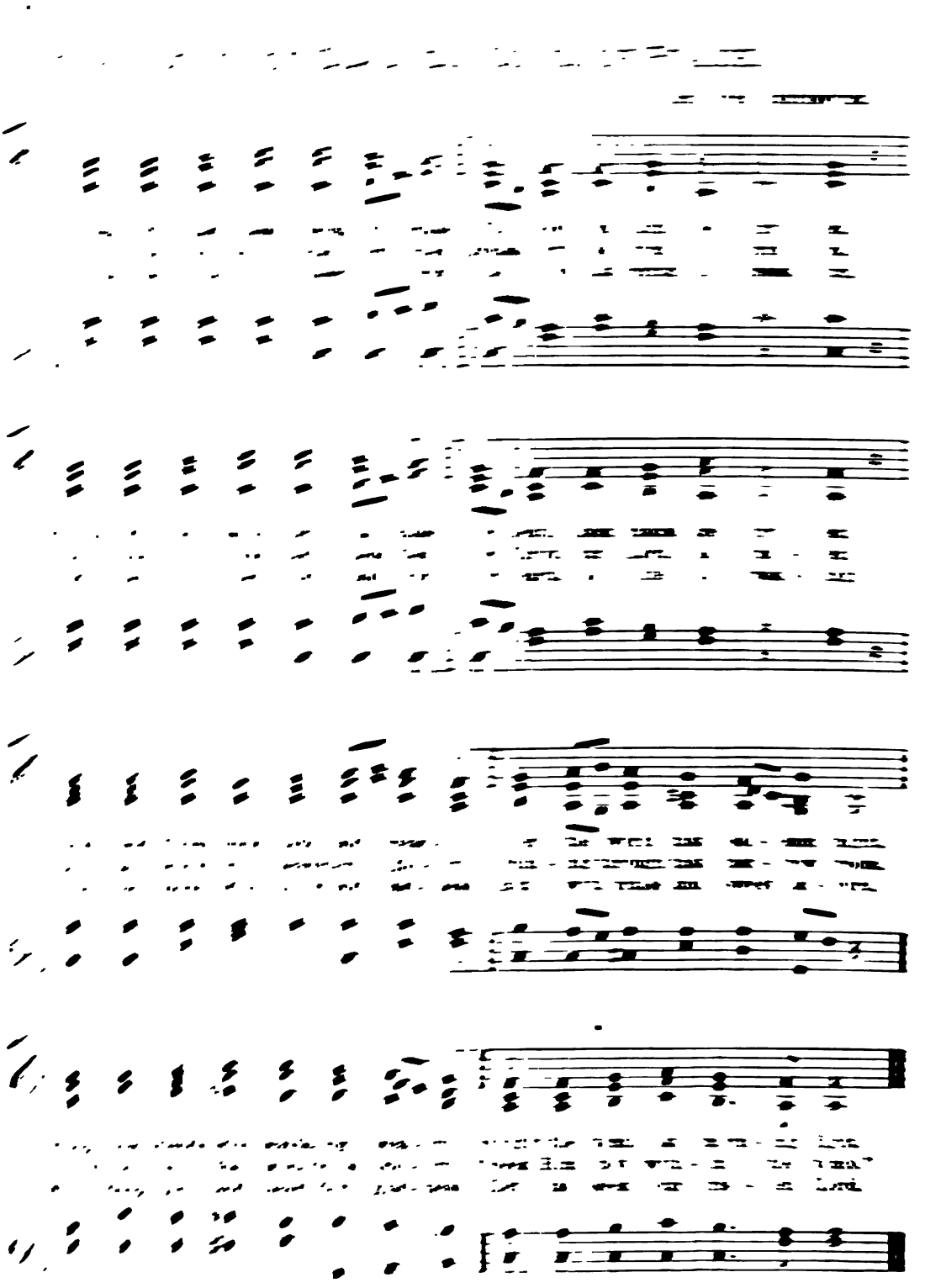


Bishop Ken.



NO. 3. COME, MY SOUL, THOU MUST BE WAKING.

Arr. from HAYDN.

1. Come, my soul, thou must be wak-ing, Now is breaking O'er the earth an - oth - er day;
2. Think that He thy ways be - hold-eth, He un-fold-eth Every fault that lurks with-in;
3. May - est thou on life's last morrow, Free from sorrow, Pass a-way in slum - ber sweet;

Come to Him who made this splendor; See thou render All thy fee - ble strength can pay.
He, the hid-den shame glossed o- ver, Can dis- cov - er, And dis-cern each deed of sin.
And, re-leased from death's dark sadness, Rise in gladness, That far brighter Sun to greet.

BARON VON CANITZ.

NO. 4. THEY WHO ON THE LORD RELY.

GERMAN CHORALE.

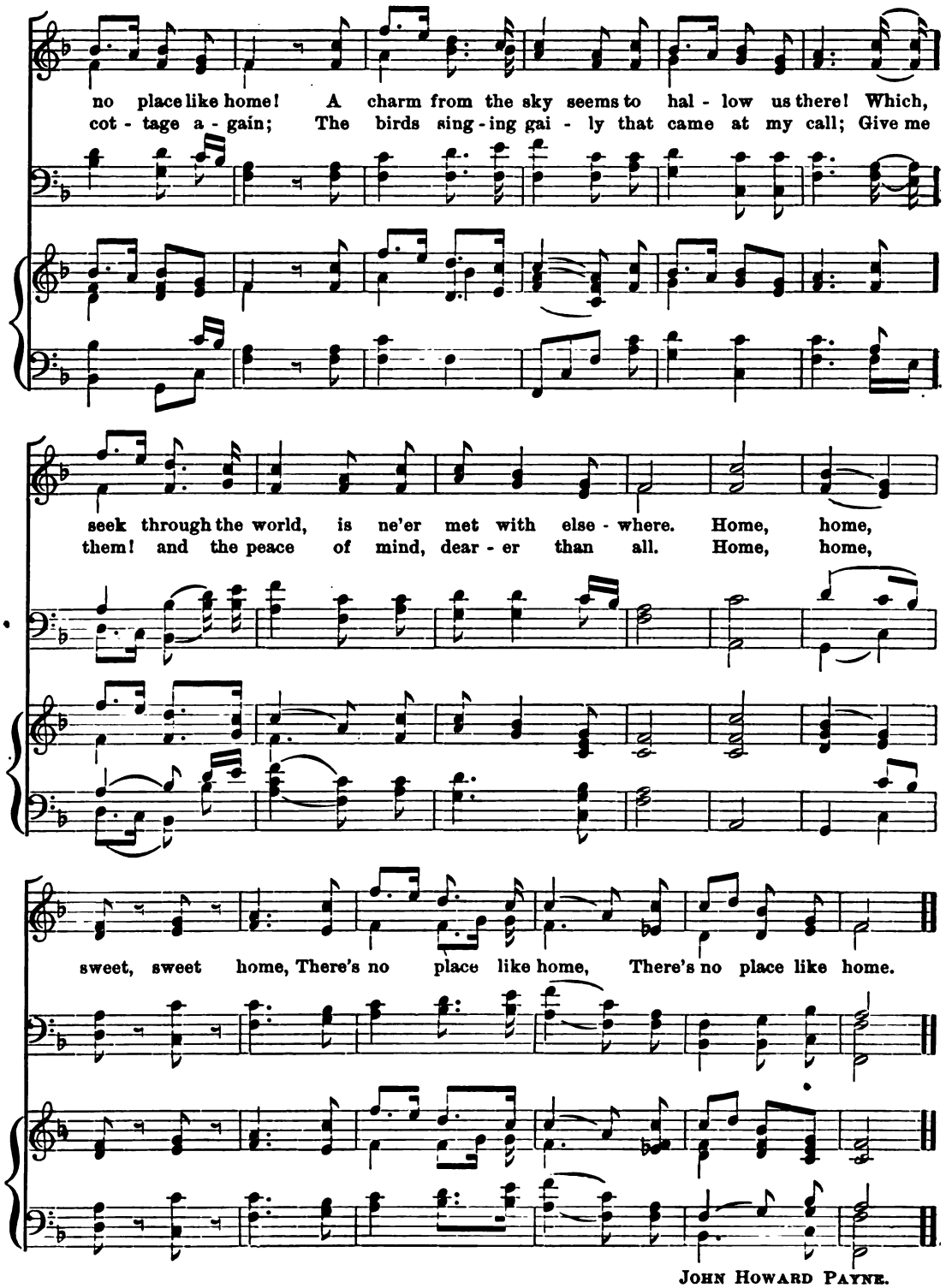
UNISON.

1. They who on the Lord re - ly, Safe - ly dwell, though dan - ger's nigh;
2. Vain tempt - ta - tion's wi - ly snare; Chris-tians are Je - ho - vah's care;
3. When they wake, or when they sleep, An - gel guards their vig - ils keep;

8va.

Lo! His shel-t'ring wings are spread, O'er each faith - ful ser - vant's head.
Harm-less flies the shaft by day, Or in dark-ness wings its way.
Death and dan - ger may be near; Faith and love have nought to fear.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.



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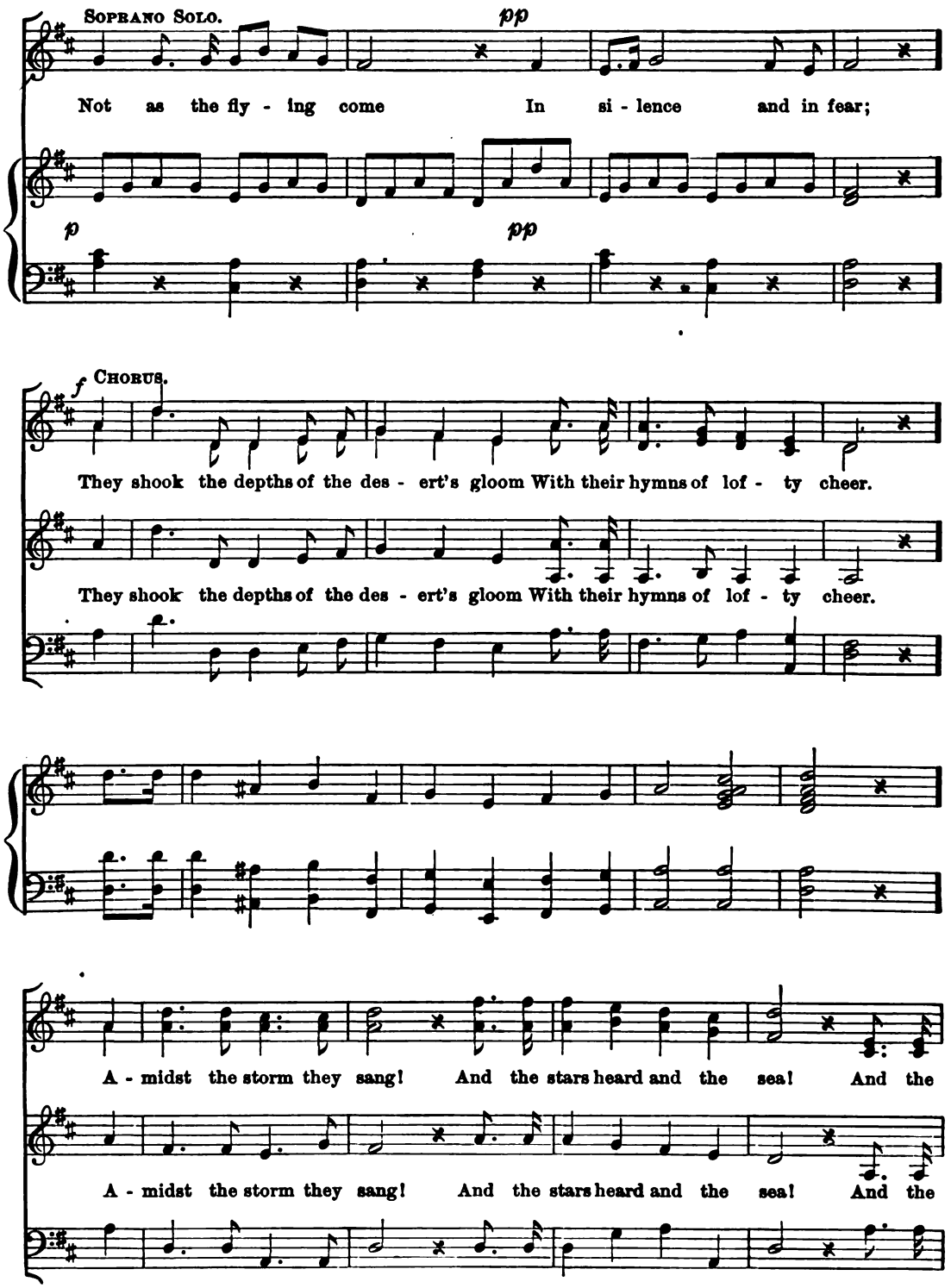
CHORUS.

f

Not with the roll of the stir - ring drum, Or the trum-pet that sings of fame.

Not with the roll of the stir - ring drum, Or the trum-pet that sings of fame.


SOPRANO SOLO.
pp
Not as the fly - ing come In si - lence and in fear;
p
pp
f CHORUS.
They shook the depths of the des - ert's gloom With their hymns of lof - ty cheer.
They shook the depths of the des - ert's gloom With their hymns of lof - ty cheer.
A - midst the storm they sang! And the stars heard and the sea! And the
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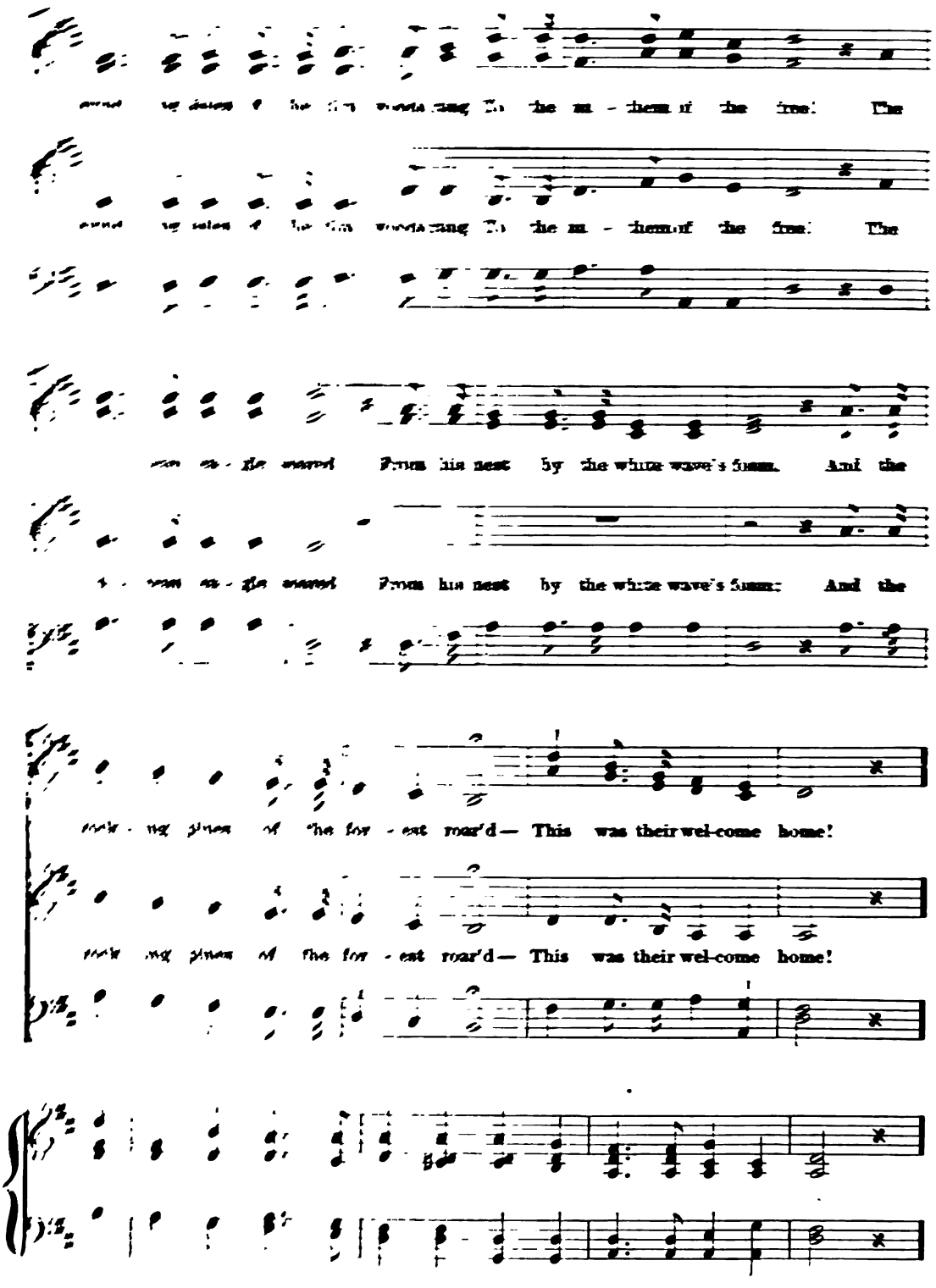
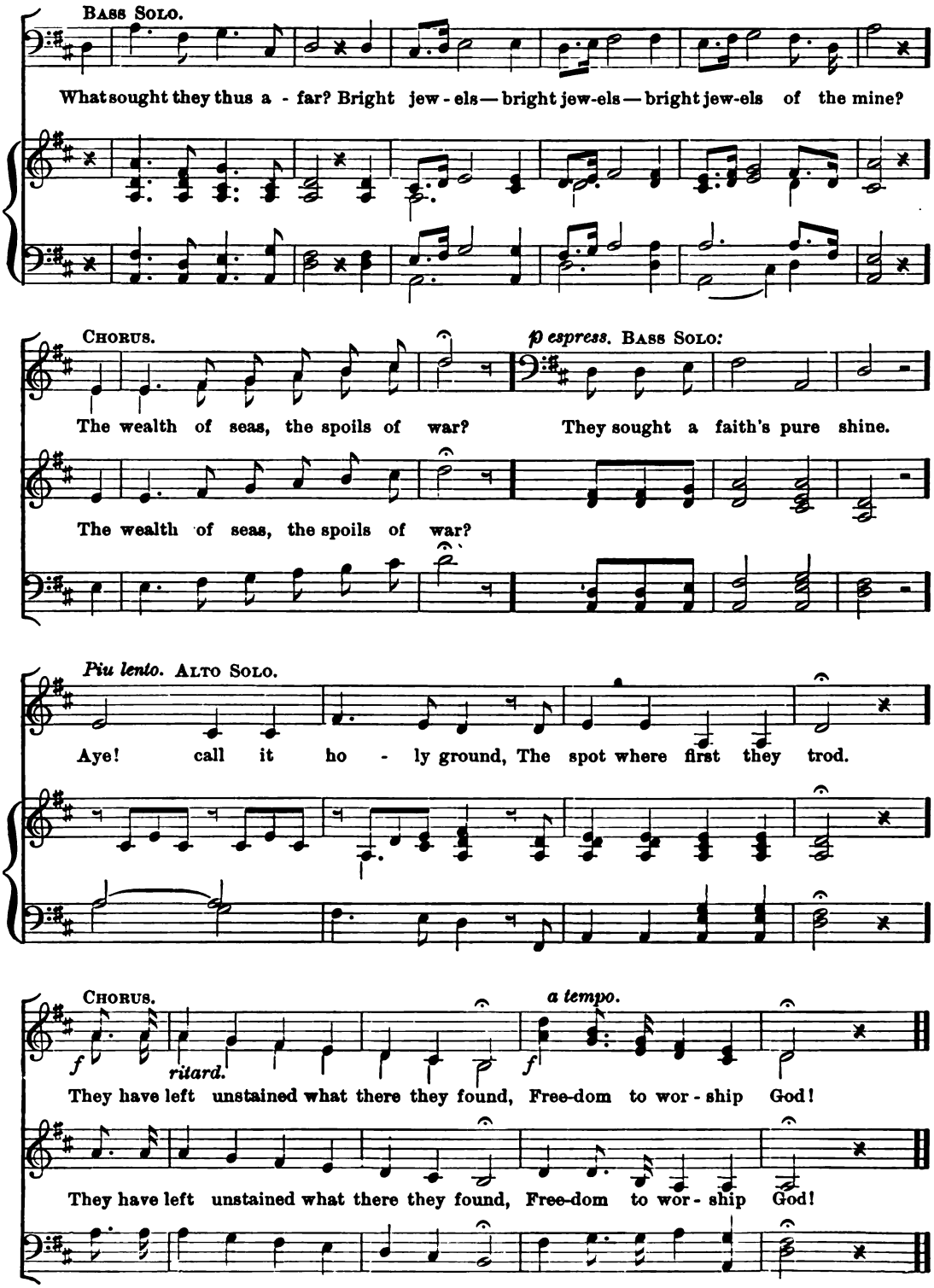

sound we listen'd to the first morn sang To the an - thems of the free! The
sound we listen'd to the first morn sang To the an - thems of the free! The
man on - the mount From his nest by the white wave's foam. And the
man on - the mount From his nest by the white wave's foam: And the
roar - ing pines of the for - est roar'd— This was their wel-come home!
roar - ing pines of the for - est roar'd— This was their wel-come home!


BASS SOLO.
What sought they thus a - far? Bright jew - els — bright jew-els — bright jew-els of the mine?
CHORUS.
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
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They sought a faith's pure shine.
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
Piu lento. ALTO SOLO.
Aye! call it ho - ly ground, The spot where first they trod.
CHORUS.
f
ritard.
a tempo.
f
They have left unstained what there they found, Free-dom to wor - ship God!
They have left unstained what there they found, Free-dom to wor - ship God!

NO. 12. RUSSIAN NATIONAL AIR.

ALEXIS LVOFF, 1799 - 1870.

1. God the All - ter - ri - ble! King, who or - dain - est, Great winds Thy clar - ions, the light - nings Thy sword; Show forth Thy pi - ty on high where Thou reign - est; Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!
2. God the All - mer - ci - ful earth hath for - sak - en Thy ways of bles - sed-ness, slight - ed Thy word; Bid not Thy wrath in its ter - rors a - wak - en; Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!
3. God the All - righteous One! Man hath de - fied Thee: Yet to e - ter - ni - ty stand - eth Thy word; False-hood and wrong shall not tar - ry be - side Thee; Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!
4. God the All - wise! by the fire of Thy chas - tening Earth shall to free - dom and truth be re - stored; Through the thick darkness Thy king - dom is has - tening; Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord!

HENRY FOTHERGIL CHORLEY, 1808 - 1872.

SELECTED HYMNS AND TUNES.

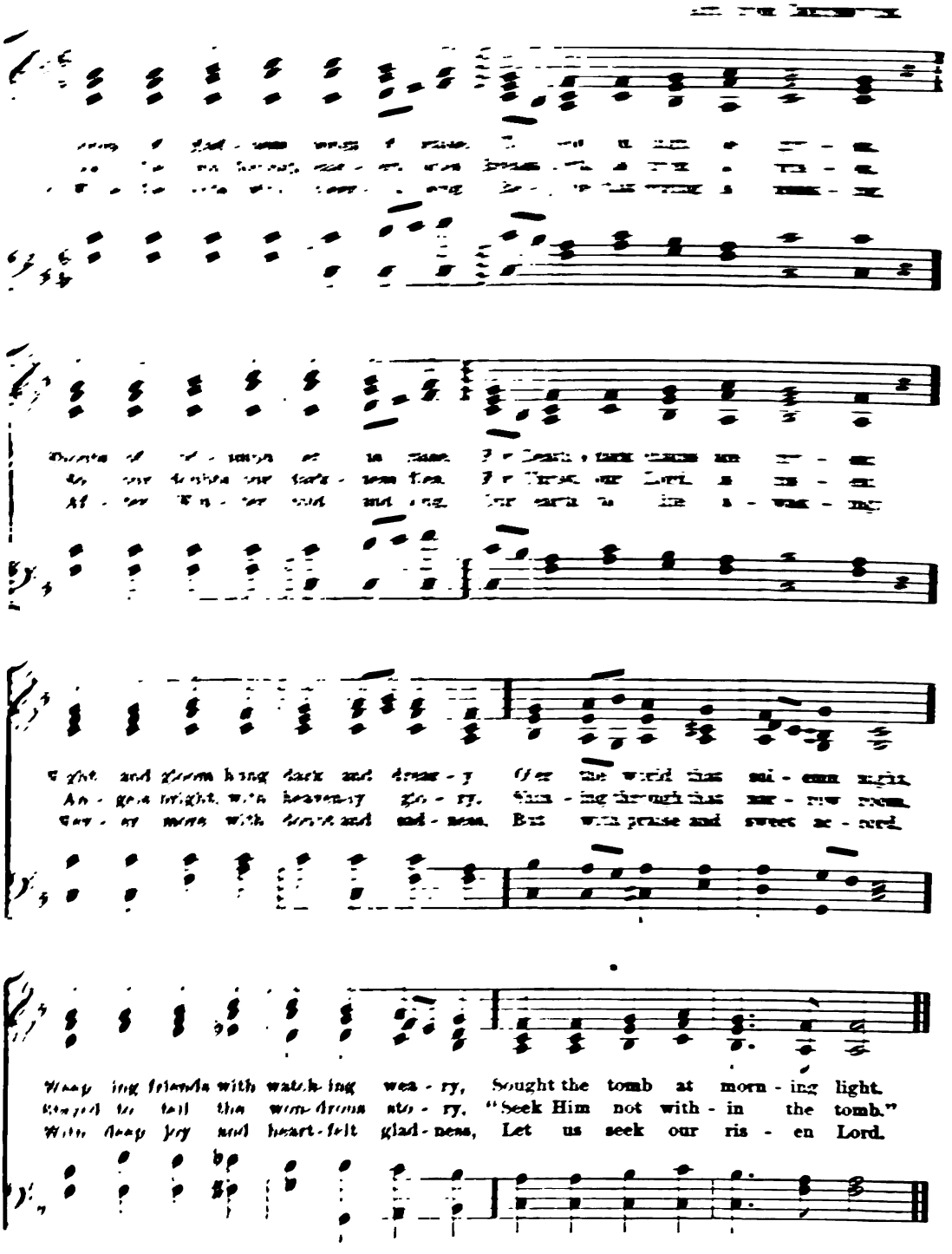
PART III.

No. 1. Awake, my Soul, and with the Sun.

F. H. Barthelemon.

1. A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run; Shake off dull sloth, and joy - ful rise To pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
2. Wake, and lift up thy - self, my heart, And with the an - gels bear thy part, Who all night long, un - wea - ried sing High praise to the E - ter - nal King.
3. All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept, And hast re - fresh'd me while I slept; Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake, I may of end - less light par - take.
4. Lord, I my vows to Thee re - new; Dis - perse my sins as morn - ing dew; Guard my first springs of thought and will, And with Thy - self my spir - it fill.
5. Di - rect, con - trol, sug - gest, this day, All I de - sign, or do, or say, That all my powers, with all their might, In Thy sole glo - ry may u - nite.

Bishop Ken.


Night and gloom hang dark and dreary Over the world that sin - ners night,
An - gels bright, with heavenly glo - ry, Shine through the mor - row morn,
Gay - er morn with dawn and sad - ness, But with praise and sweet ac - cord,
Weep - ing friends with watch - ing wea - ry, Sought the tomb at morn - ing light.
Hasted to tell the wondrous sto - ry, "Seek Him not with - in the tomb."
With deep joy and heart - felt glad - ness, Let us seek our ris - en Lord.

NO. 3. COME, MY SOUL, THOU MUST BE WAKING.

Arr. from HAYDN.

1. Come, my soul, thou must be wak-ing, Now is breaking O'er the earth an - oth - er day;
2. Think that He thy ways be - hold-eth, He un-fold-eth Every fault that lurks with-in;
3. May - est thou on life's last morrow, Free from sorrow, Pass a-way in slum - ber sweet;

Come to Him who made this splendor; See thou render All thy fee - ble strength can pay.
He, the hid-den shame glossed o- ver, Can dis- cov - er, And dis-cern each deed of sin.
And, re-leased from death's dark sadness, Rise in gladness, That far brighter Sun to greet.

BARON VON CANITZ.

NO. 4. THEY WHO ON THE LORD RELY.

GERMAN CHORALE.

UNISON.

1. They who on the Lord re - ly, Safe - ly dwell, though dan - ger's nigh;
2. Vain tempt - ta - tion's wi - ly snare; Chris-tians are Je - ho - vah's care;
3. When they wake, or when they sleep, An - gel guards their vig - ils keep;

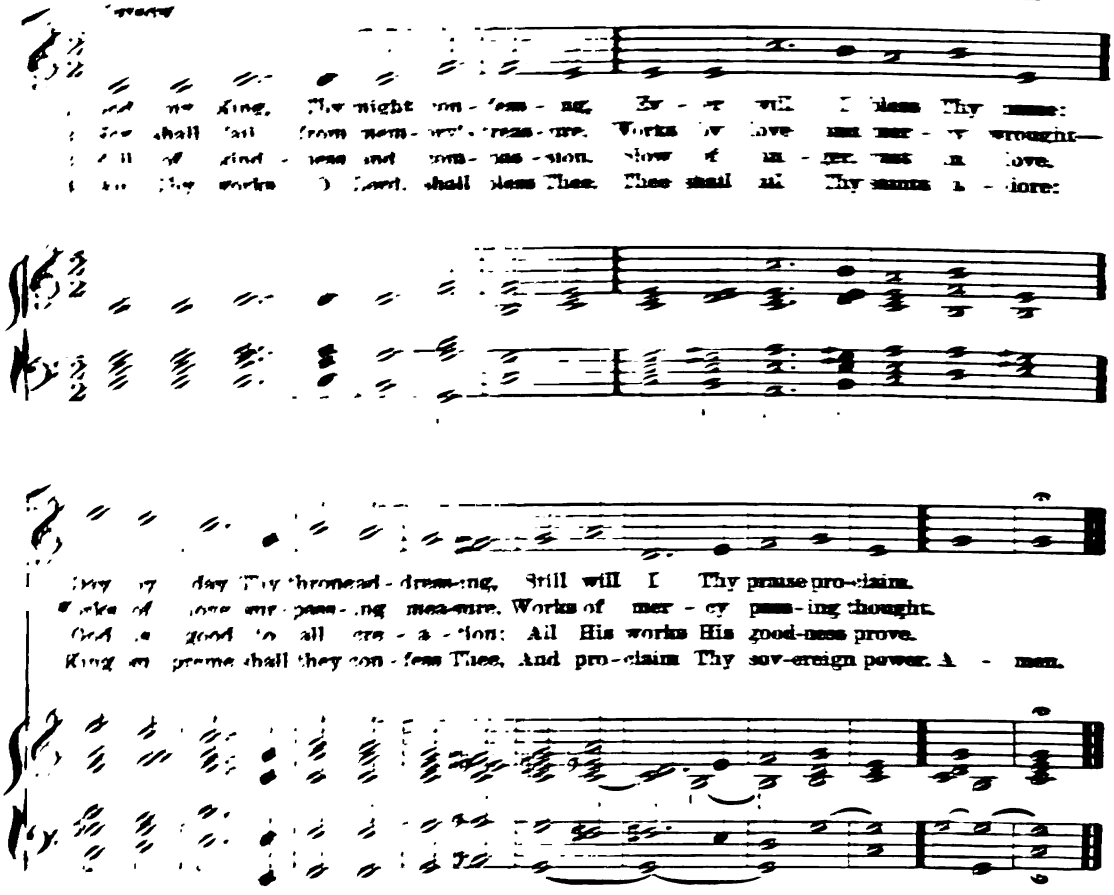
8va.

Lo! His shel-t'ring wings are spread, O'er each faith - ful ser - vant's head.
Harm-less flies the shaft by day, Or in dark-ness wings its way.
Death and dan - ger may be near; Faith and love have nought to fear.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

No. 5. GOD MY KING.

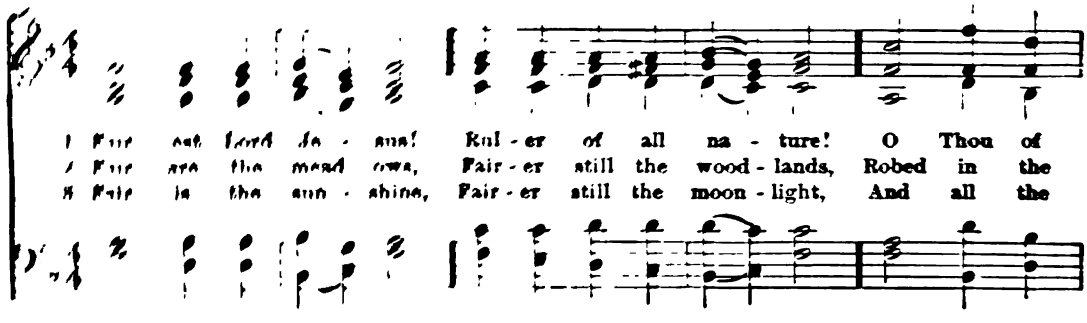
ALBERT LOWE.

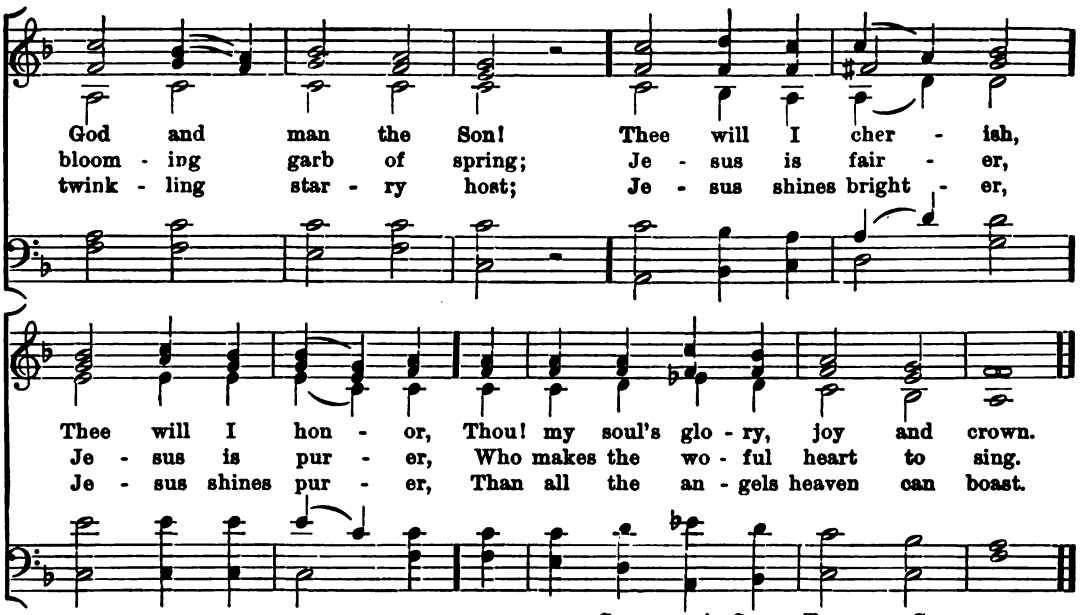


BP. RICHARD MANT, 1776–1848.

No. 6. FAIREST LORD JESUS!

TWELFTH CENTURY, har. by WILLIS.

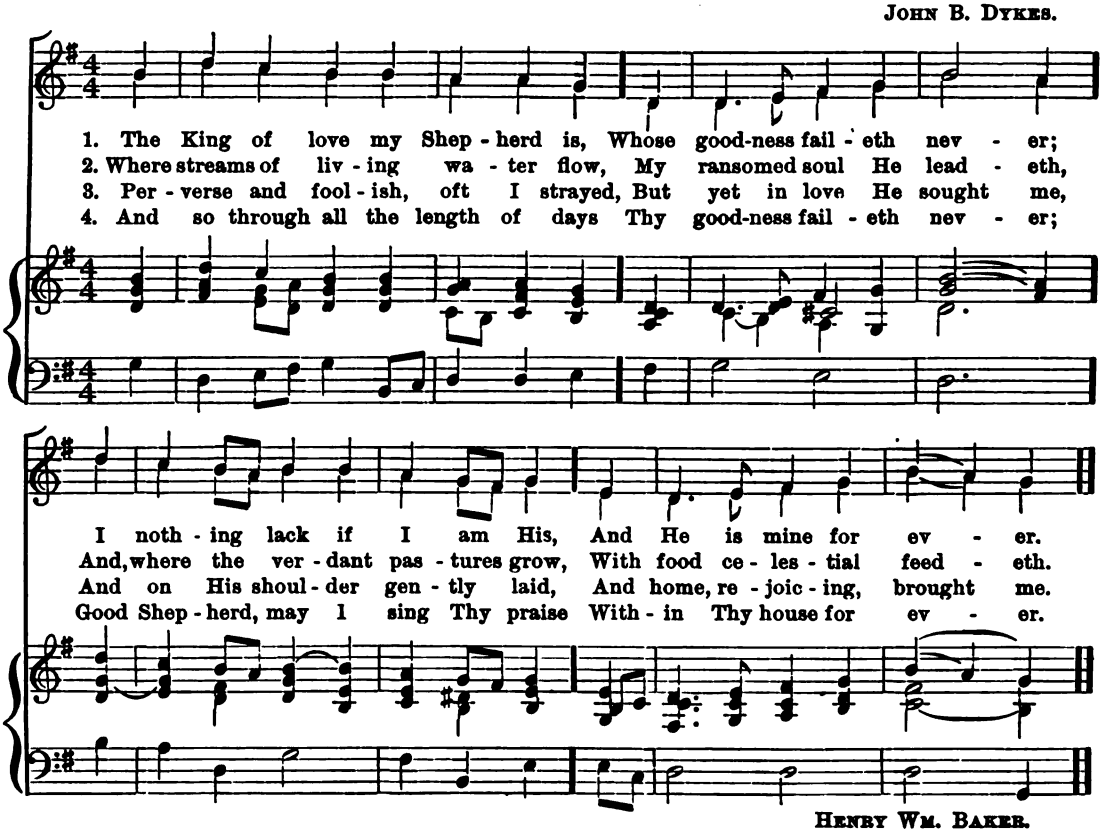




CRUSADER'S SONG, TWELFTH CENTURY.

NO. 7. THE KING OF LOVE MY SHEPHERD IS.

JOHN B. DYKES.



HENRY WM. BAKER.

When a band of ex - iles moor'd their bark On the wild New Eng-land shore.

CHORUS.

p DUET.

Not as the con - queror comes, They the true heart - ed came;

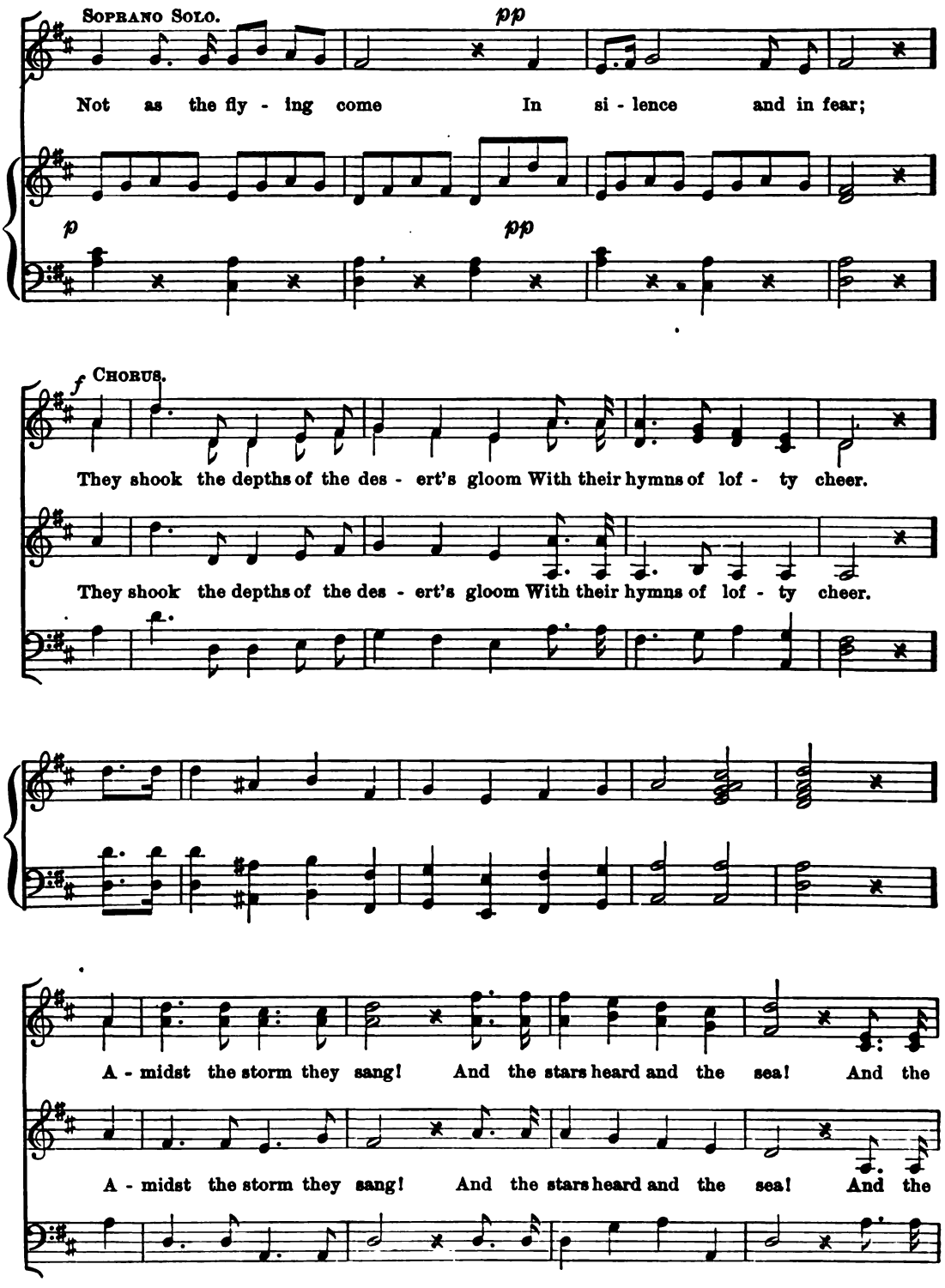
Not as the con - queror comes,

CHORUS.

f

Not with the roll of the stir - ring drum, Or the trum-pet that sings of fame.

Not with the roll of the stir - ring drum, Or the trum-pet that sings of fame.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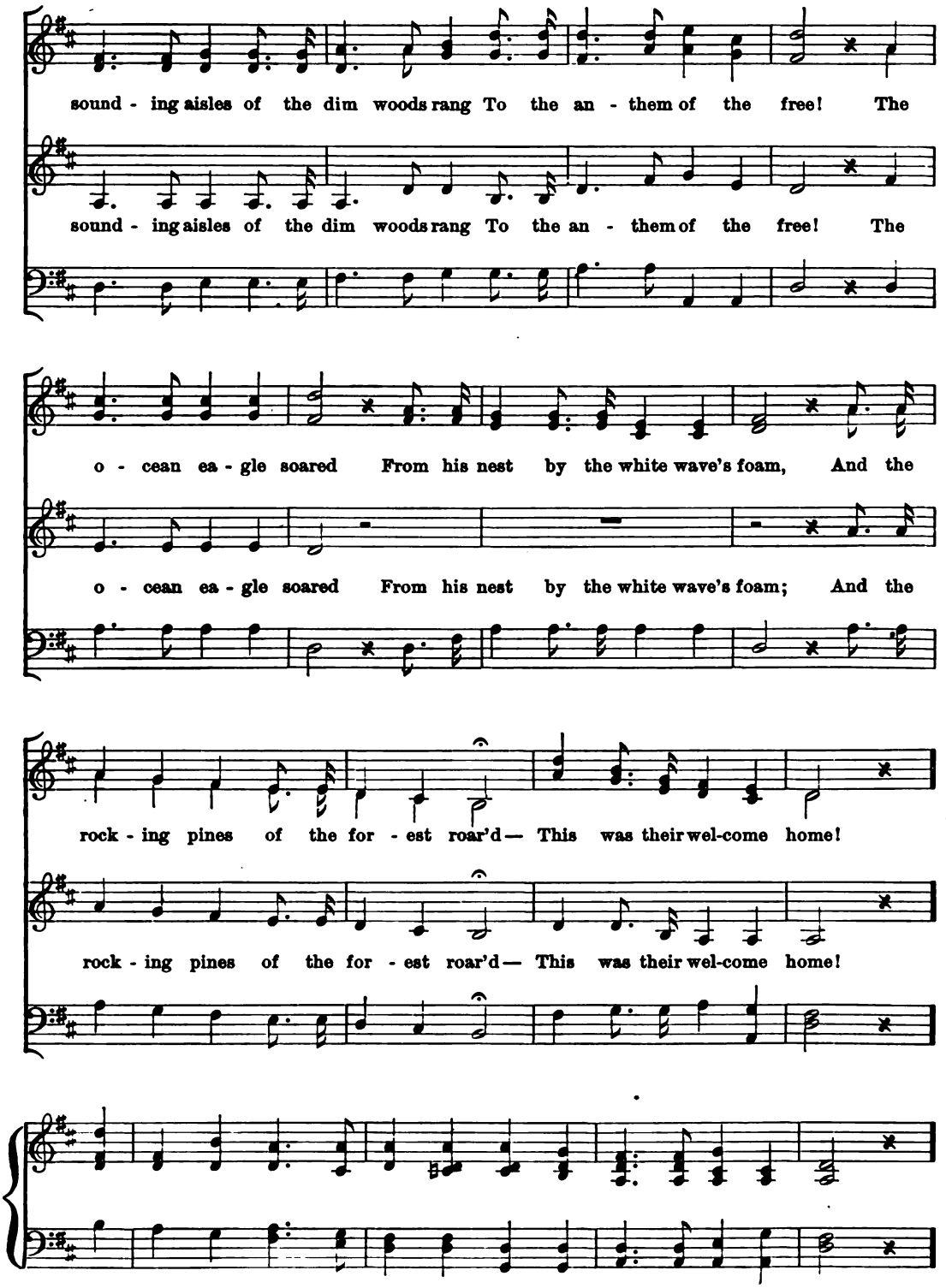
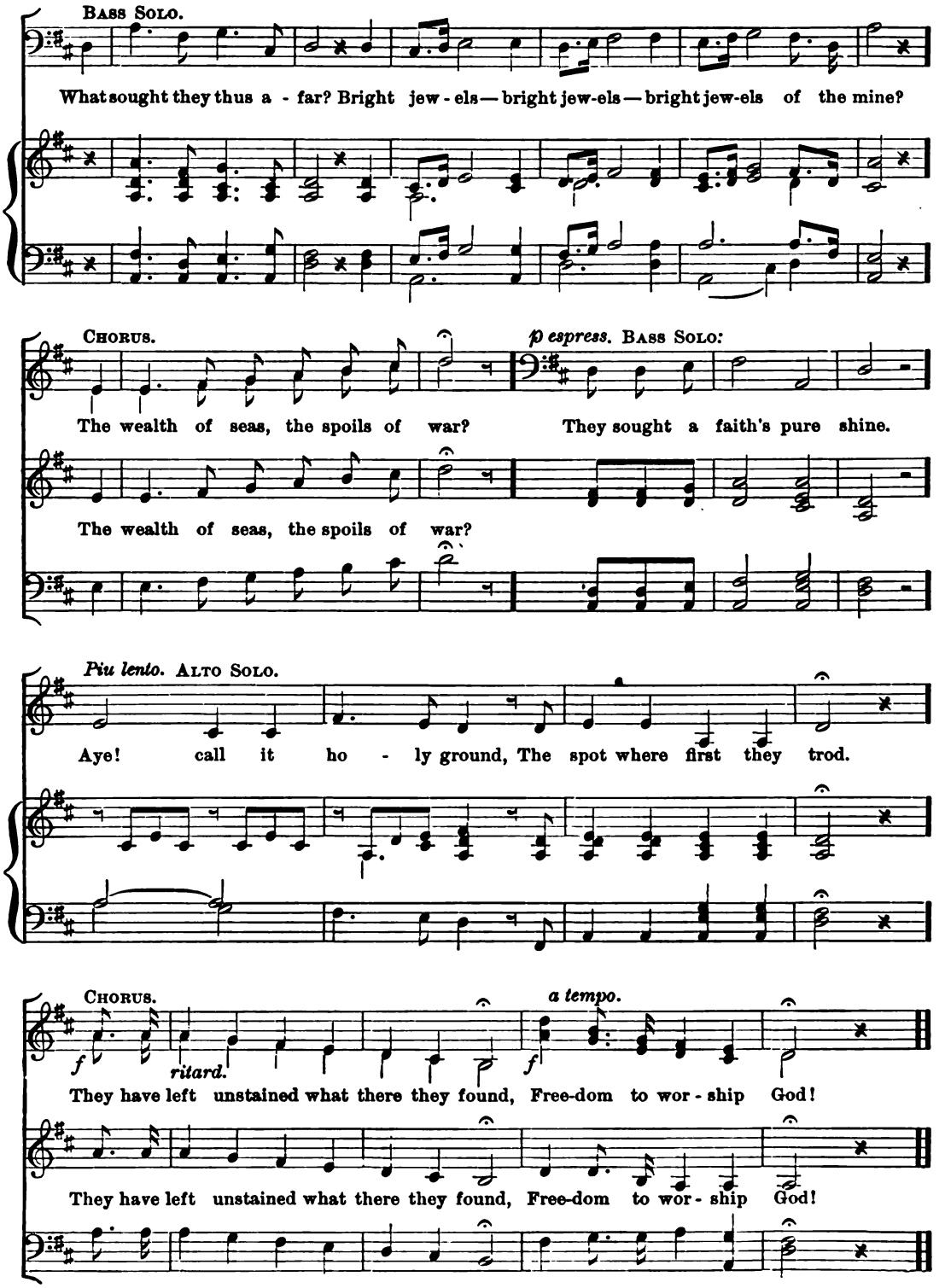

sound - ing aisles of the dim woods rang To the an - them of the free! The
sound - ing aisles of the dim woods rang To the an - them of the free! The
o - cean ea - gle soared From his nest by the white wave's foam, And the
o - cean ea - gle soared From his nest by the white wave's foam; And the
rock - ing pines of the for - est roar'd— This was their wel-come home!
rock - ing pines of the for - est roar'd— This was their wel-come home!


BASS SOLO.
What sought they thus a - far? Bright jew - els — bright jew-els — bright jew-els of the mine?
CHORUS.
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
p espress. BASS SOLO:
They sought a faith's pure shine.
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
Piu lento. ALTO SOLO.
Aye! call it ho - ly ground, The spot where first they trod.
CHORUS.
f
ritard.
a tempo.
f
They have left unstained what there they found, Free-dom to wor - ship God!
They have left unstained what there they found, Free-dom to wor - ship God!

No. 12. Russian National Air.

Alexis Lvoff, 1799-1780.

1. God the All - ter - ri - ble! King, who or - dain - est, Great winds Thy clar - ions, the light - nings Thy sword; Show forth Thy pi - ty on high where Thou reign - est; Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!
2. God the All - mer - ci - ful earth hath for - sak - en Thy ways of bles - sed-ness, slight - ed Thy word; Bid not Thy wrath in its ter - rors a - wak - en; Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!
3. God the All - righteous One! Man hath de - fied Thee; Yet to e - ter - ni - ty stand - eth Thy word; False-hood and wrong shall not tar - ry be - side Thee; Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!
4. God the All - wise! by the fire of Thy chas - tening Earth shall to free - dom and truth be re - stored; Through the thick darkness Thy king - dom is has - tening; Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord!

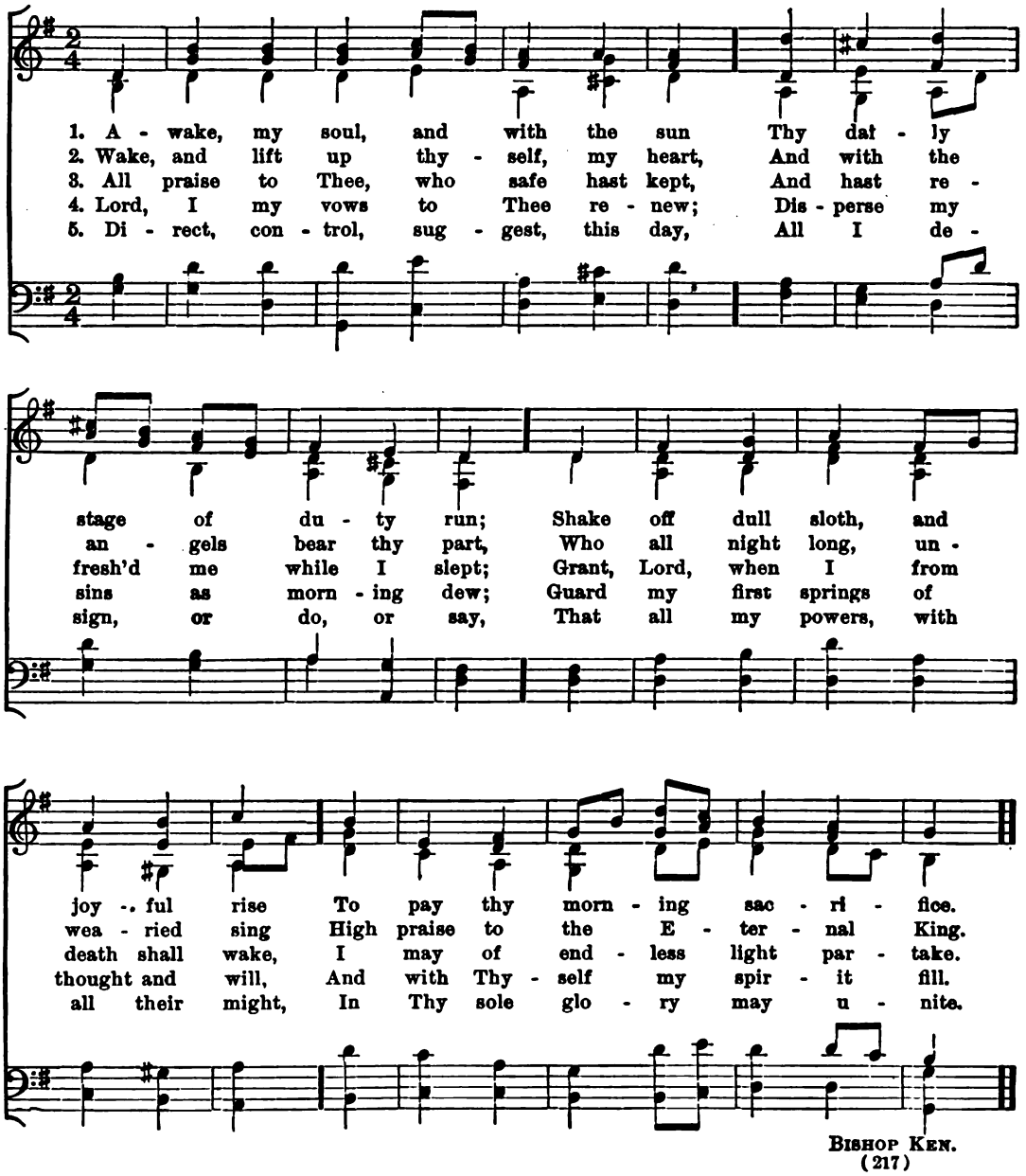
Henry Fothergil Chorley, 1808-1872.

SELECTED HYMNS AND TUNES.

PART III.

NO. 1. AWAKE, MY SOUL, AND WITH THE SUN.

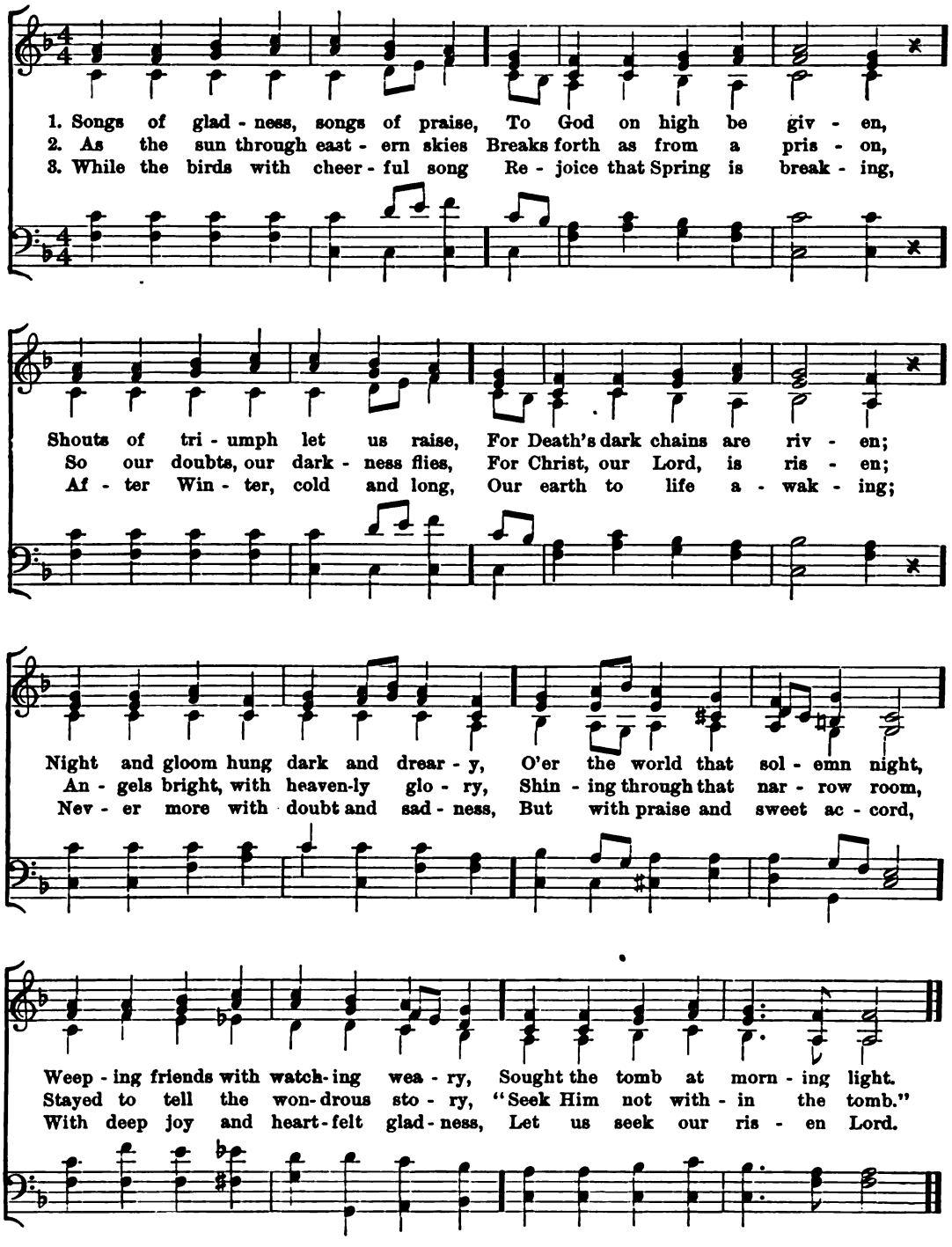
F. H. BARTHELEMON.



BISHOP KEN.

No. 2. Songs of Gladness, Songs of Praise.

Arr. from Beethoven.



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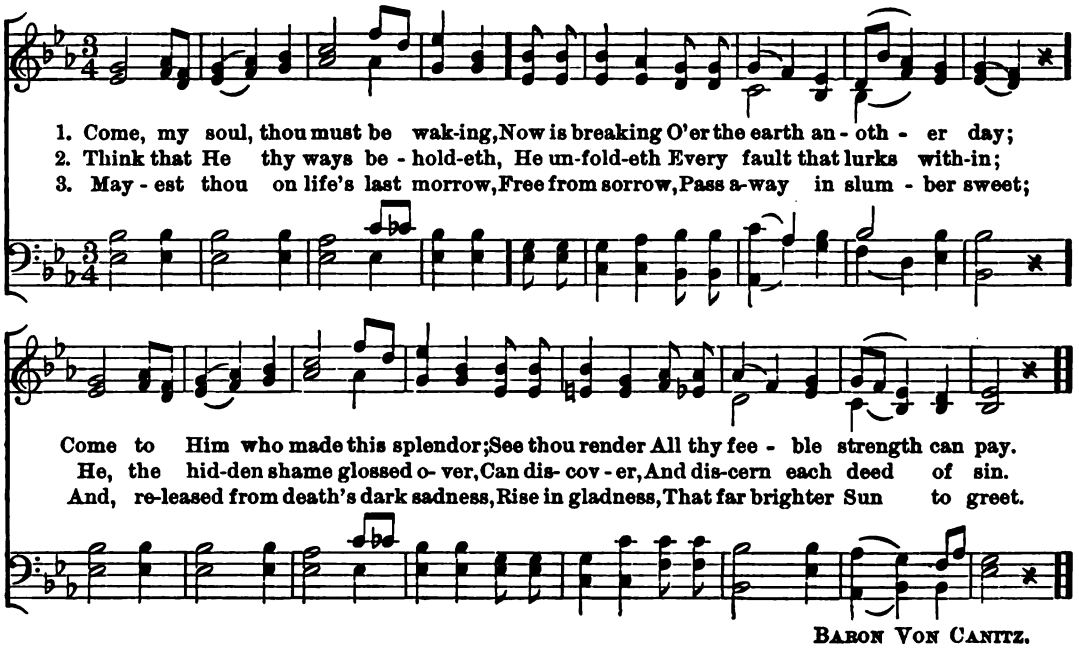
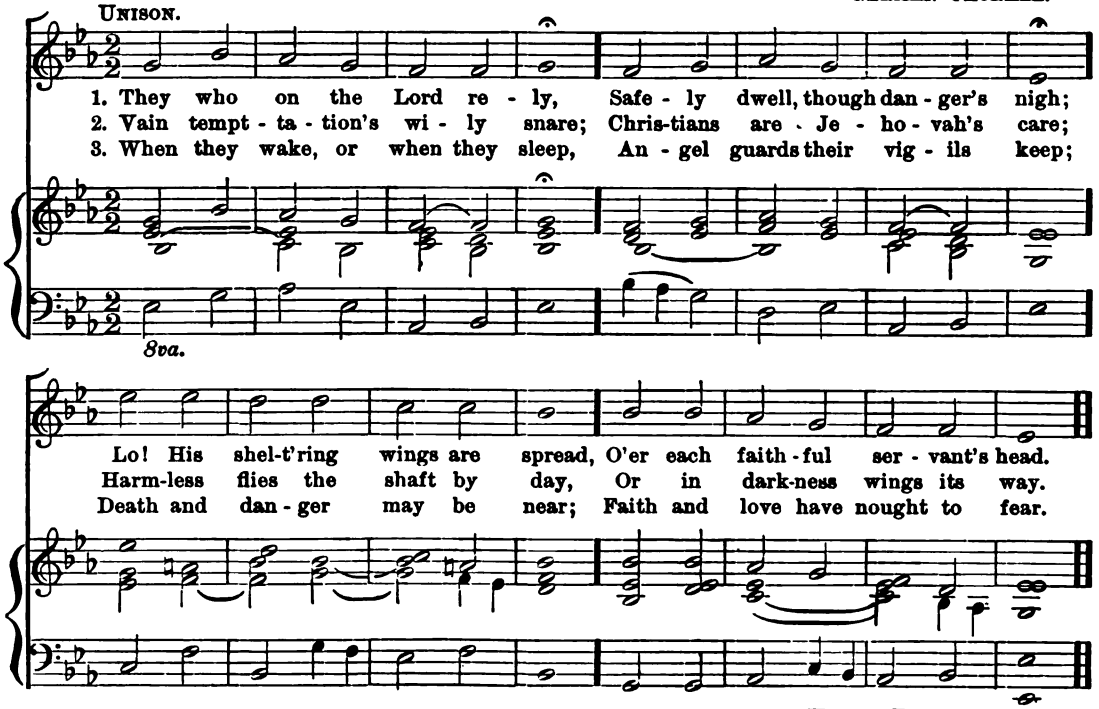


BARON VON CANITZ.

NO. 4. THEY WHO ON THE LORD RELY.

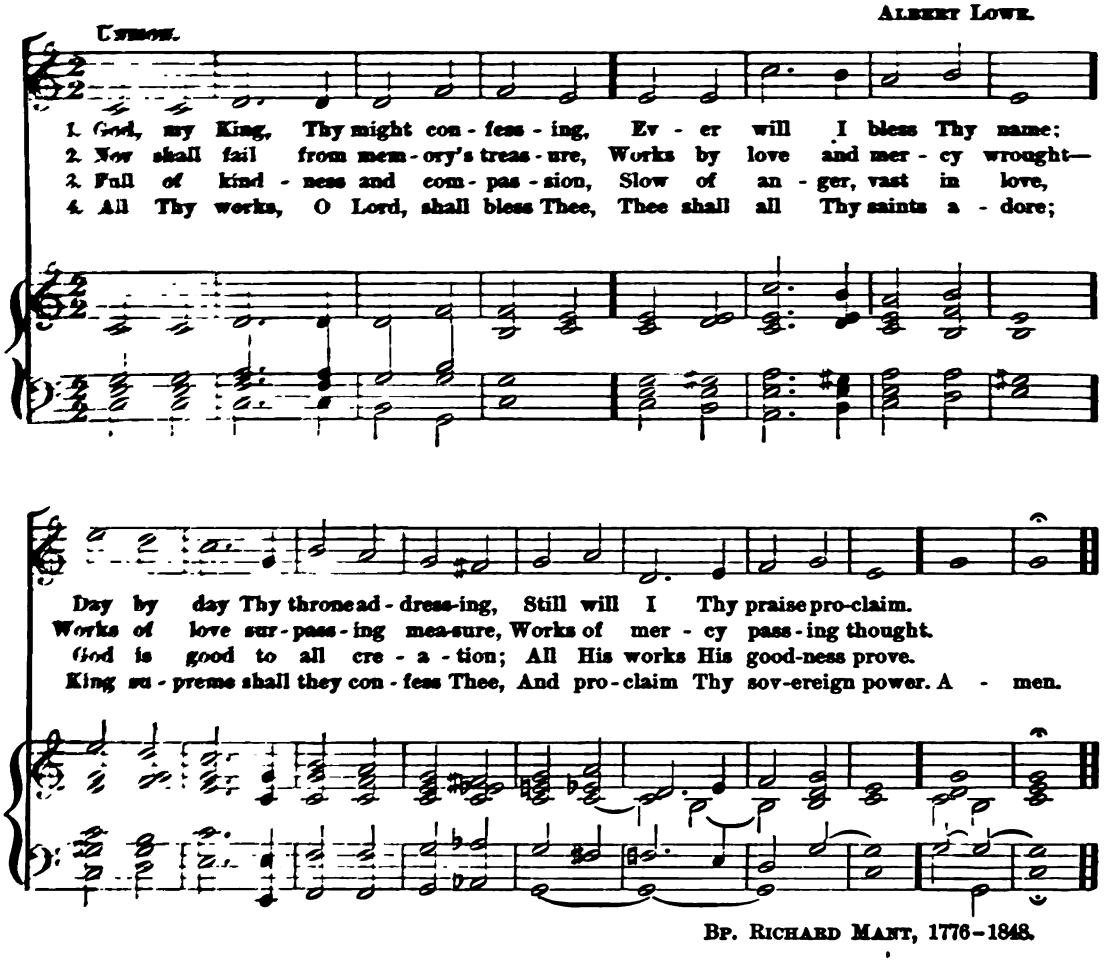
GERMAN CHORALE.



HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

No. 5. God my King.

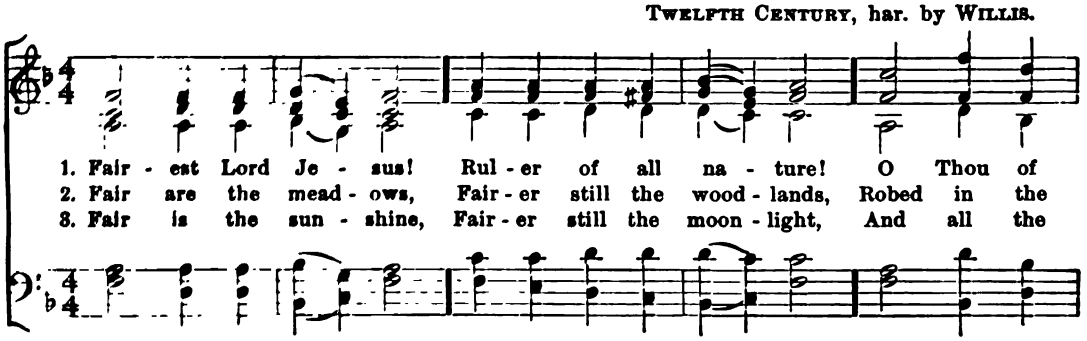
ALBERT LOWE.

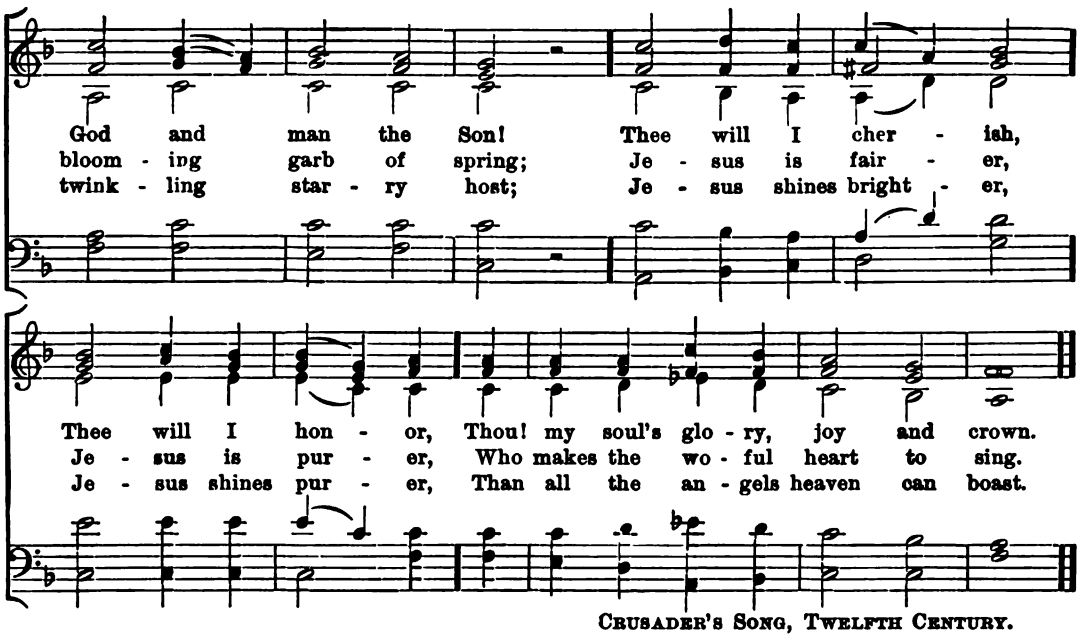


BP. RICHARD MANT, 1776–1848.

No. 6. Fairest Lord Jesus!

TWELFTH CENTURY, har. by WILLIS.





CRUSADER'S SONG, TWELFTH CENTURY.

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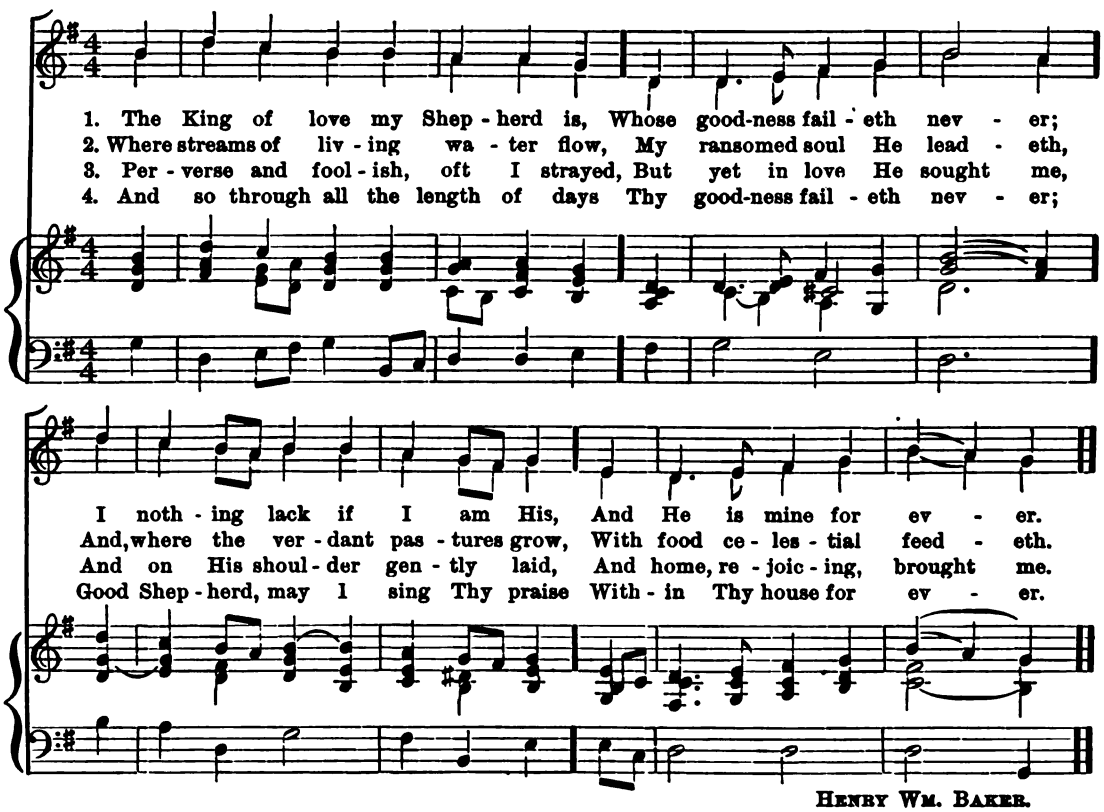
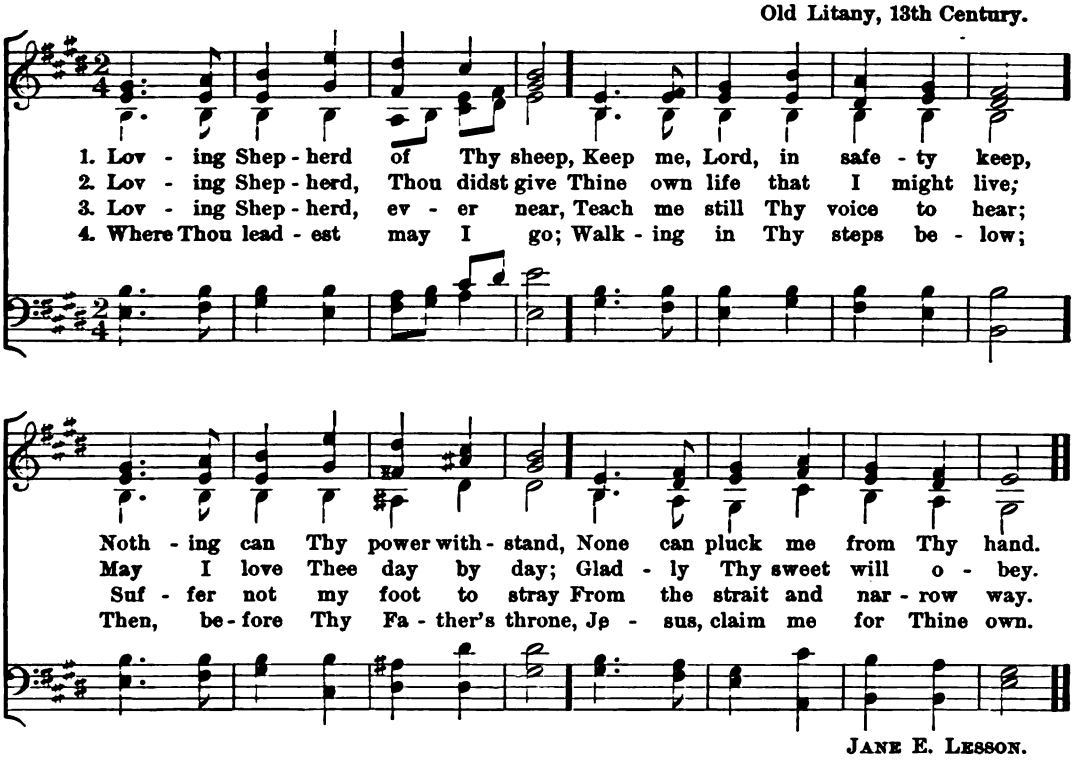


HENRY WM. BAKER.

No. 8. Loving Shepherd of Thy Sheep.

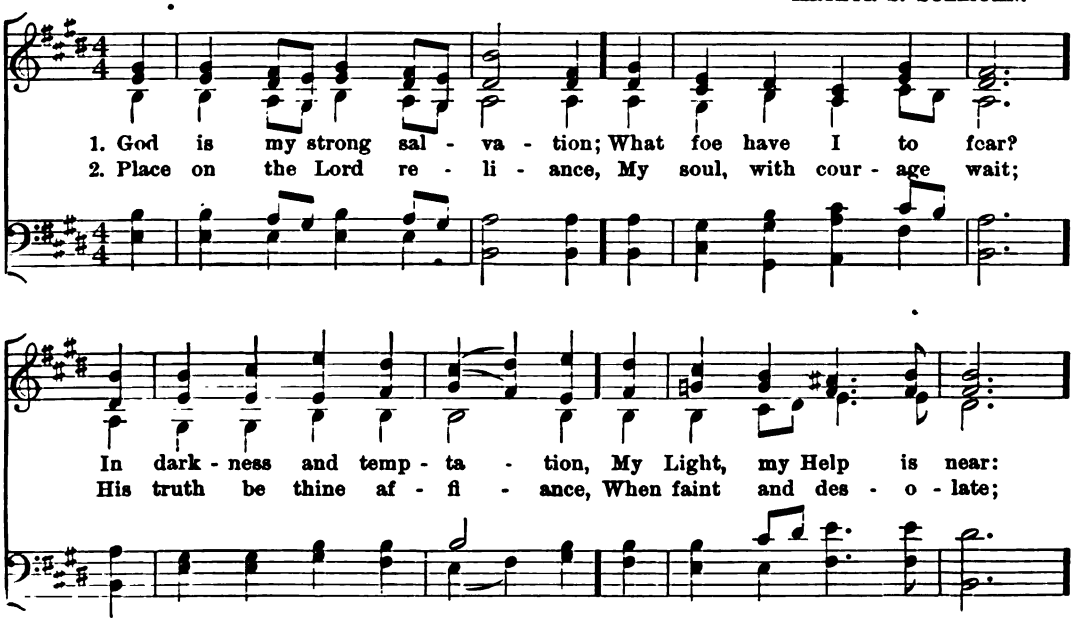
Old Litany, 13th Century.

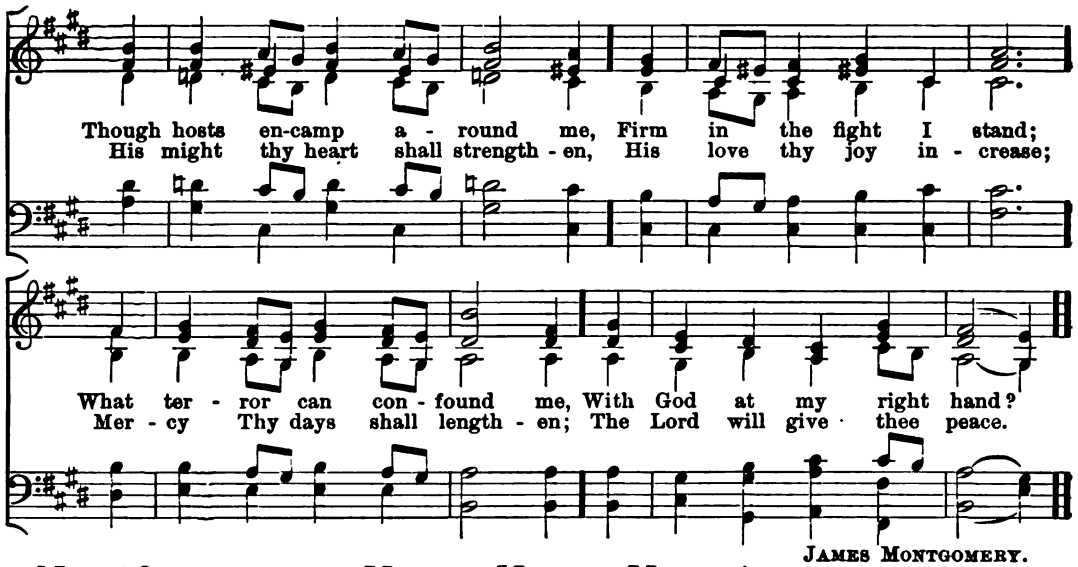


Jane E. Lesson.

No. 9. God is My Strong Salvation.

Arthur S. Sullivan.



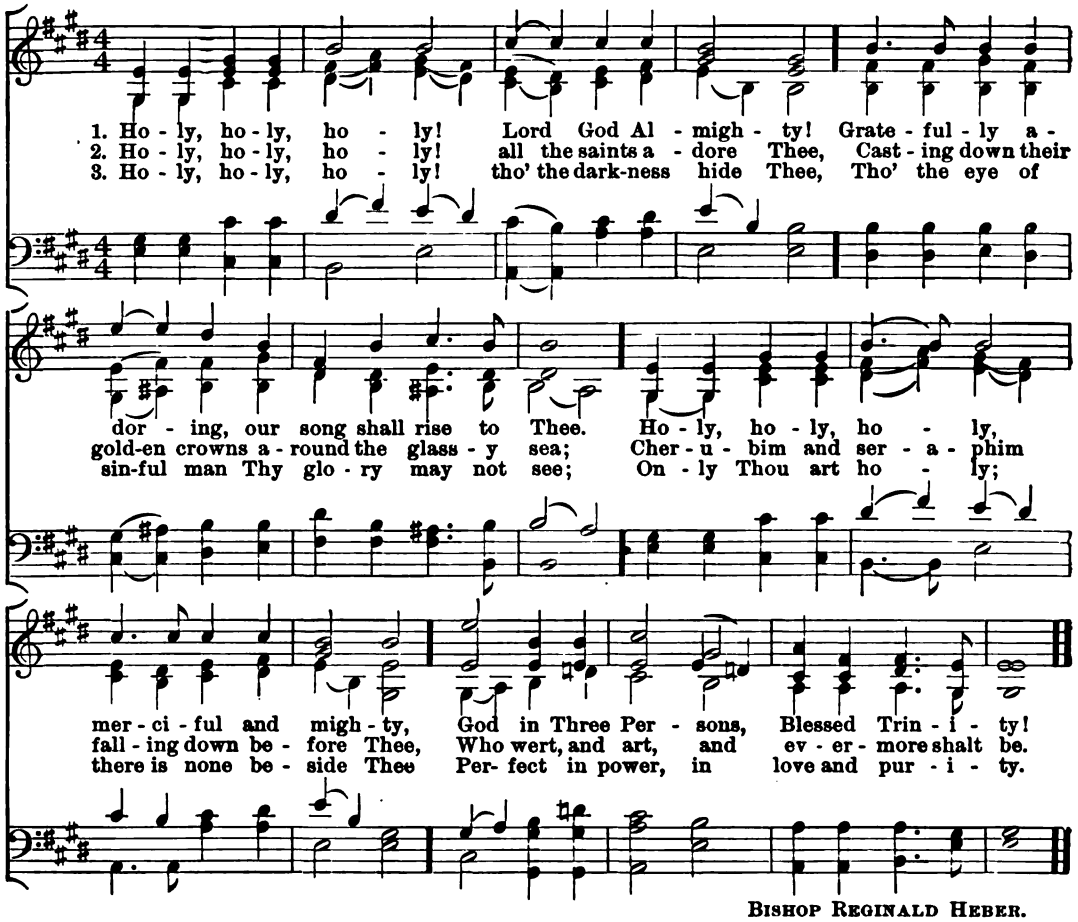


JAMES MONTGOMERY.

NO. 10. HOLY, HOLY, HOLY!

(NICAEA.)

REV. J. B. DYKES.



BISHOP REGINALD HEBER.

No. 11. Saviour, Source of every Blessing.

Gerard Cobb.

1. Sa - viour, source of ev - ery bless - ing, Tune my heart to grate- ful lays!
2. Thou didst seek me when a stran - ger, Wan -d'ring from the fold of God;

Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for cease - less songs of praise.
Thou, to save my soul from dan - ger, Didst re - deem me with Thy blood.

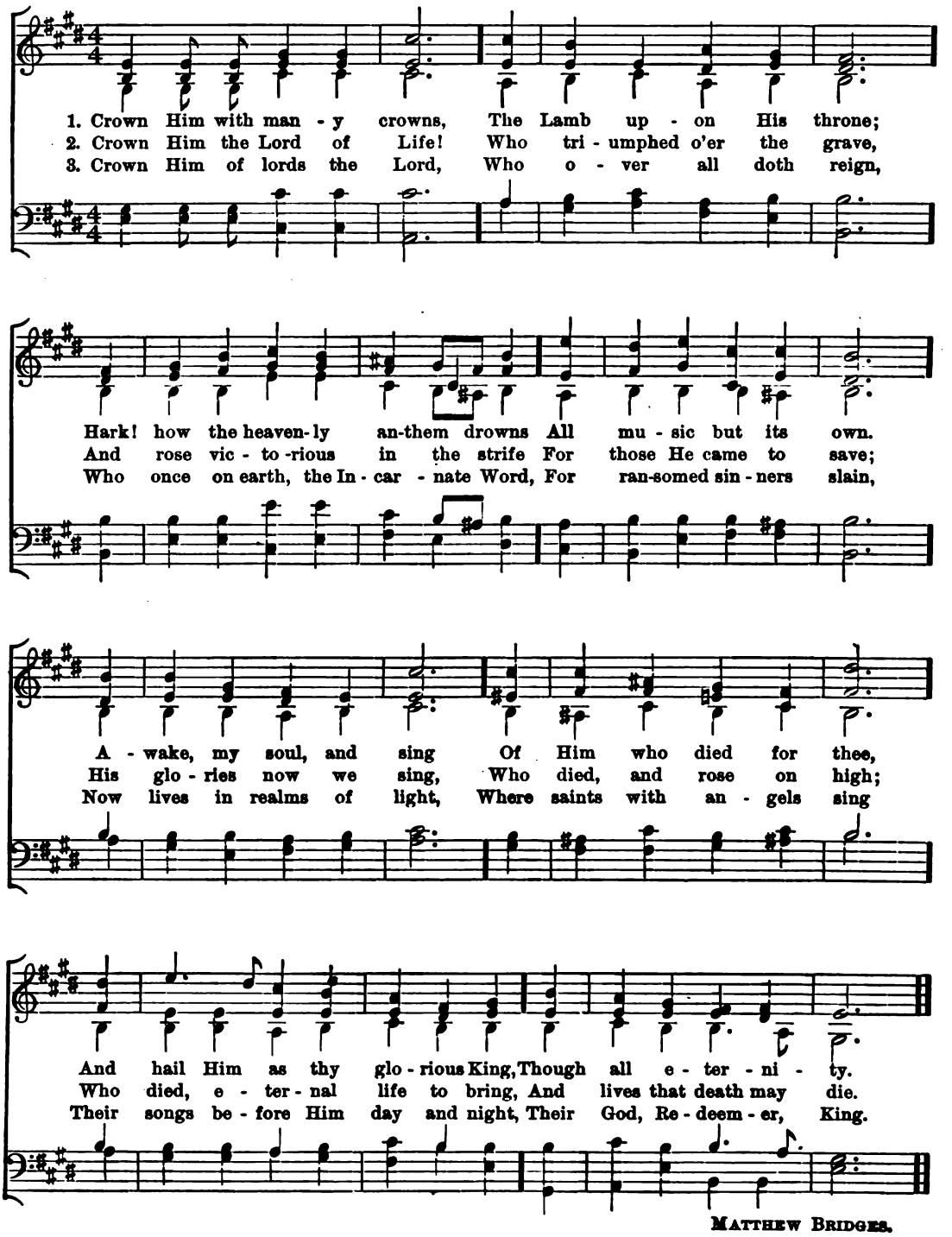
Teach me some mel - o - dious meas - ure, Sung by rap-tured saints a - bove;
By Thy hand, re - stored, de - fend - ed, Safe through life, thus far, I'm come;

Fill my soul with sa - cred pleas - ure, While I sing re - deem -ing love.
Safe, O Lord, when life is end - ed, Bring me to my heavenly home.

Robinson.

No. 12. Crown Him with many Crowns.

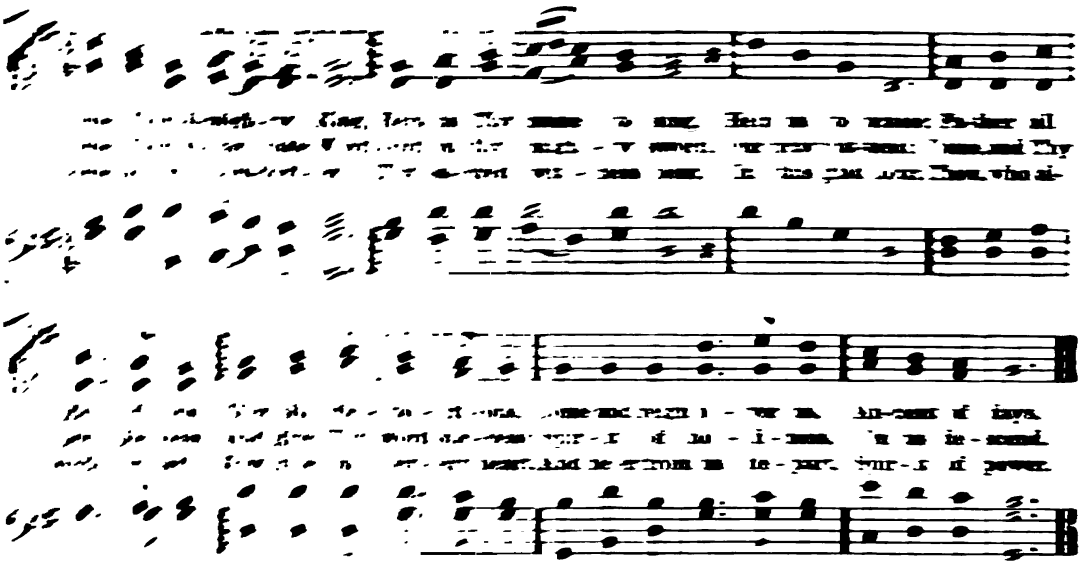
Geo. J. Elvey.



Matthew Bridges.

[illegible]

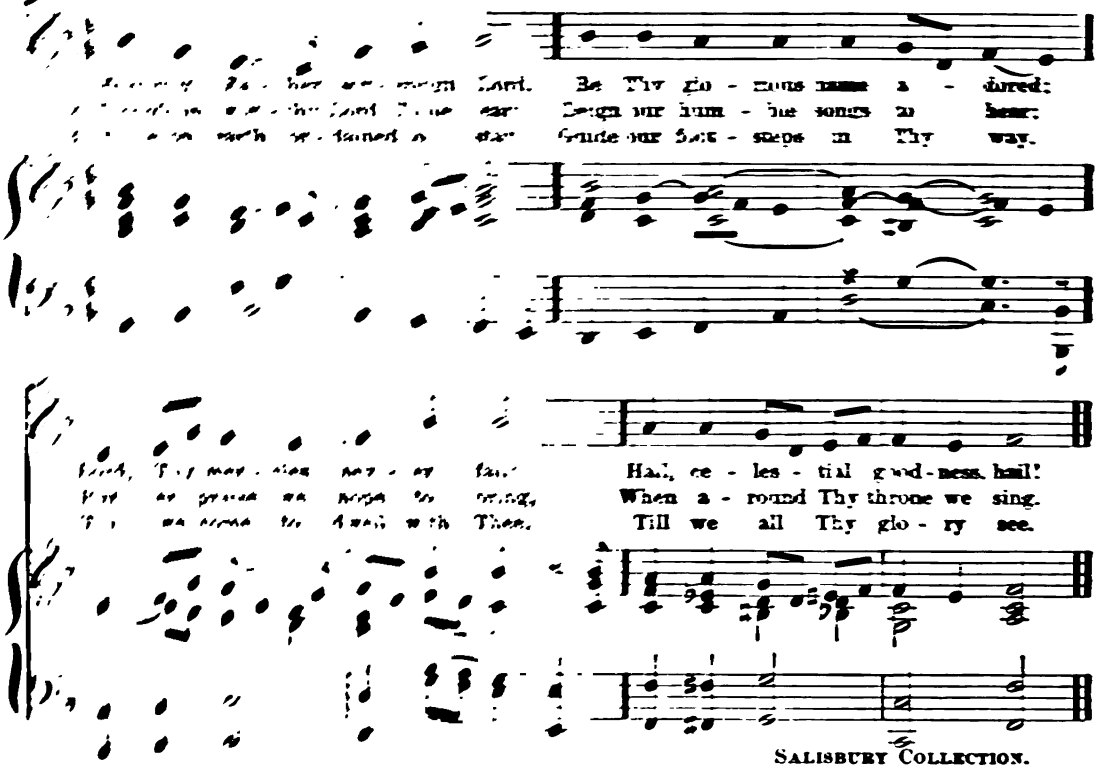
[illegible] F. [illegible]



M. MADAN, or CHARLES WESLEY, 1745–1788.

HEAVENLY FATHER, SOVEREIGN LORD.

Arr. fr. MENDELSSOHN, "ELIJAH."



SALISBURY COLLECTION.

NO. 15. SOURCE OF LIGHT AND LIFE DIVINE!

JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH.

SOPRANO & ALTO.

1. Source of light and life di - vine! Thou didst cause the light to shine;
2. May we ne'er, by guilt de - pressed, Lose the way to end - less rest;
3. Rath - er lift them to the skies, Where our much - loved treas - ure lies;

TENOR & BASS.

Thou didst bring Thy sun-beams forth O'er Thy new - cre - a - ted earth.
May no thoughts, cor - rupt and vain, Draw our souls to earth a - gain.
Help us in our dai - ly strife, Make us strug - gle in - to life.

ST. GREGORY.

NO. 16. AROUND THE THRONE OF GOD, A BAND.

G. F. HANDEL, arr.

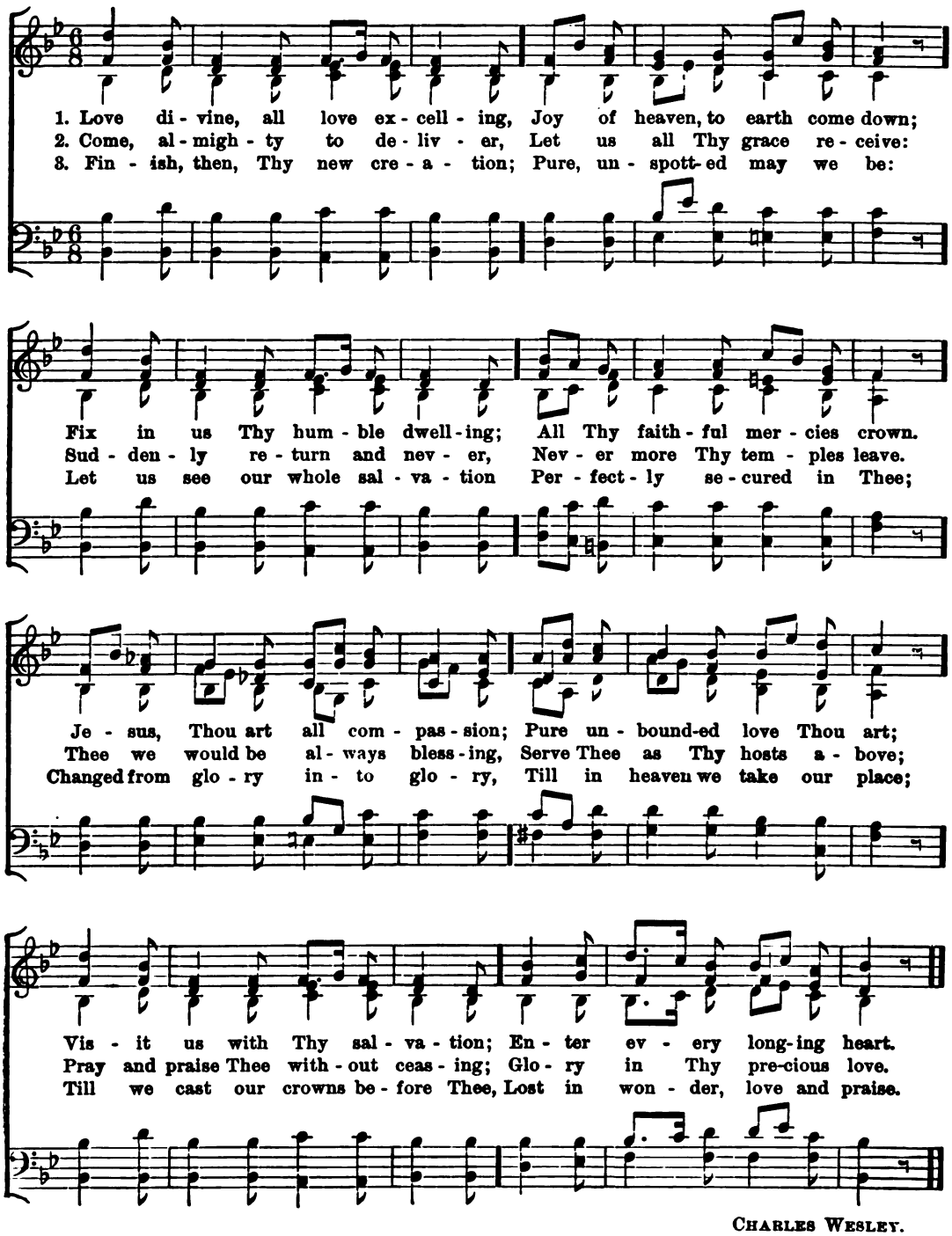
1. A - round the throne of God a band Of glo - rious an - gels ev - er stand;
2. Some wait a - round Him, read - y still To sing His praise and do His will;
3. Lord, give Thine an - gels ev - ery day Com-mand to guide us on our way,

Bright things they see, sweet harps they hold, And on their heads are crowns of gold.
And some, when He com - mands them, go To guard His ser - vants here be - low.
And bid them ev - ery eve - ning keep Their watch a - round us while we sleep.

JOHN MASON NEALE.

No. 17. Love divine, all love excelling.

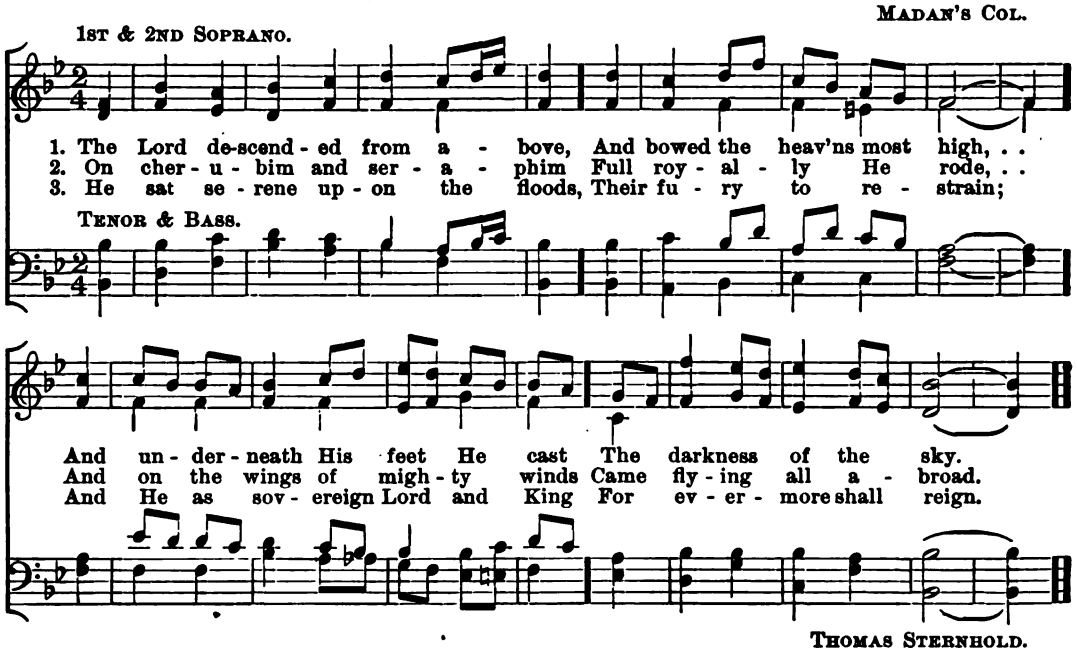
F. H. Himmel, arr.



Charles Wesley.

NO. 18. THE LORD DESCENDED FROM ABOVE.

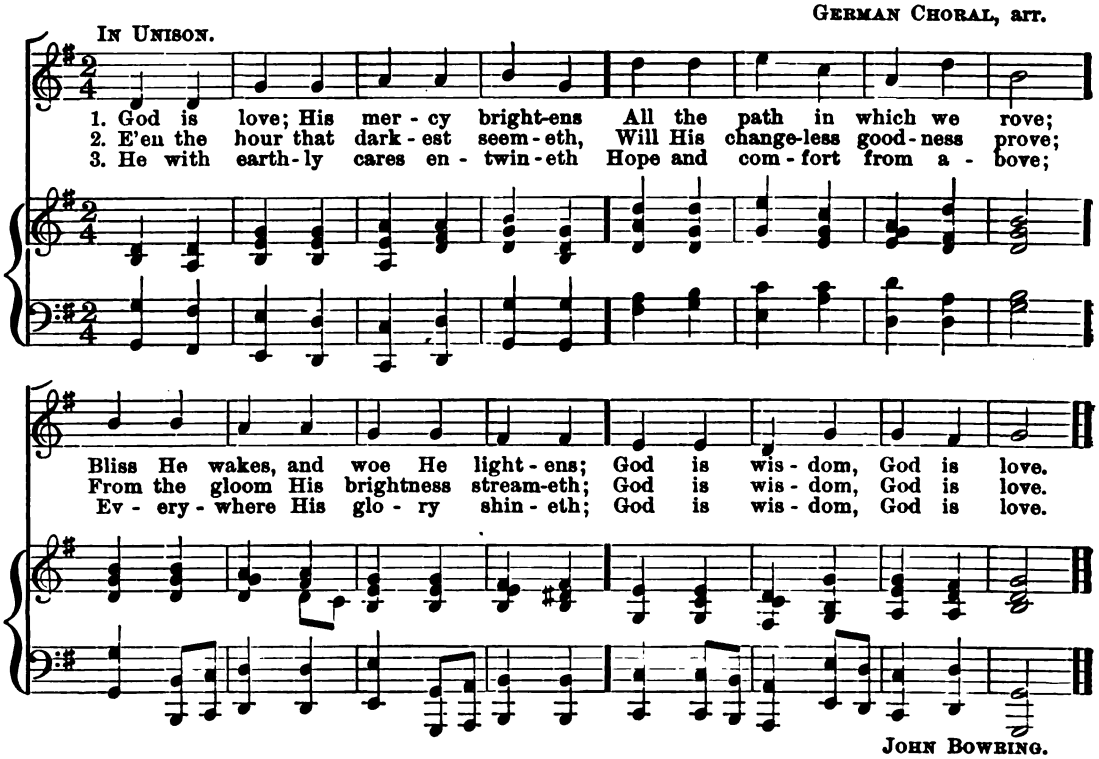
MADAN'S COL.



THOMAS STERNHOLD.

NO. 19. GOD IS LOVE; HIS MERCY BRIGHTENS.

GERMAN CHORAL, arr.



JOHN BOWRING.

No. 2. HAPPY, HAPPY MY SOUL

Dr. James R. Dykes.

1. Happy, happy my soul! Angelic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and
2. For a day, like a year, Like a watch in the night, The wave of the sea
3. As you sing on your way, Let your hearts overflow, Sing in sweet fragments

ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
sounds o'er land and sea, And la-den with by thousands meekly steal-ing,
of the songs above; Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping.

CHORUS.

Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An-gels of Je-sus,
Kind Shep-herd, turn their wea-ry steps to Thee. An-gels of Je-sus,
And life's long shadows break in cloud-less love. An-gels of Je-sus,

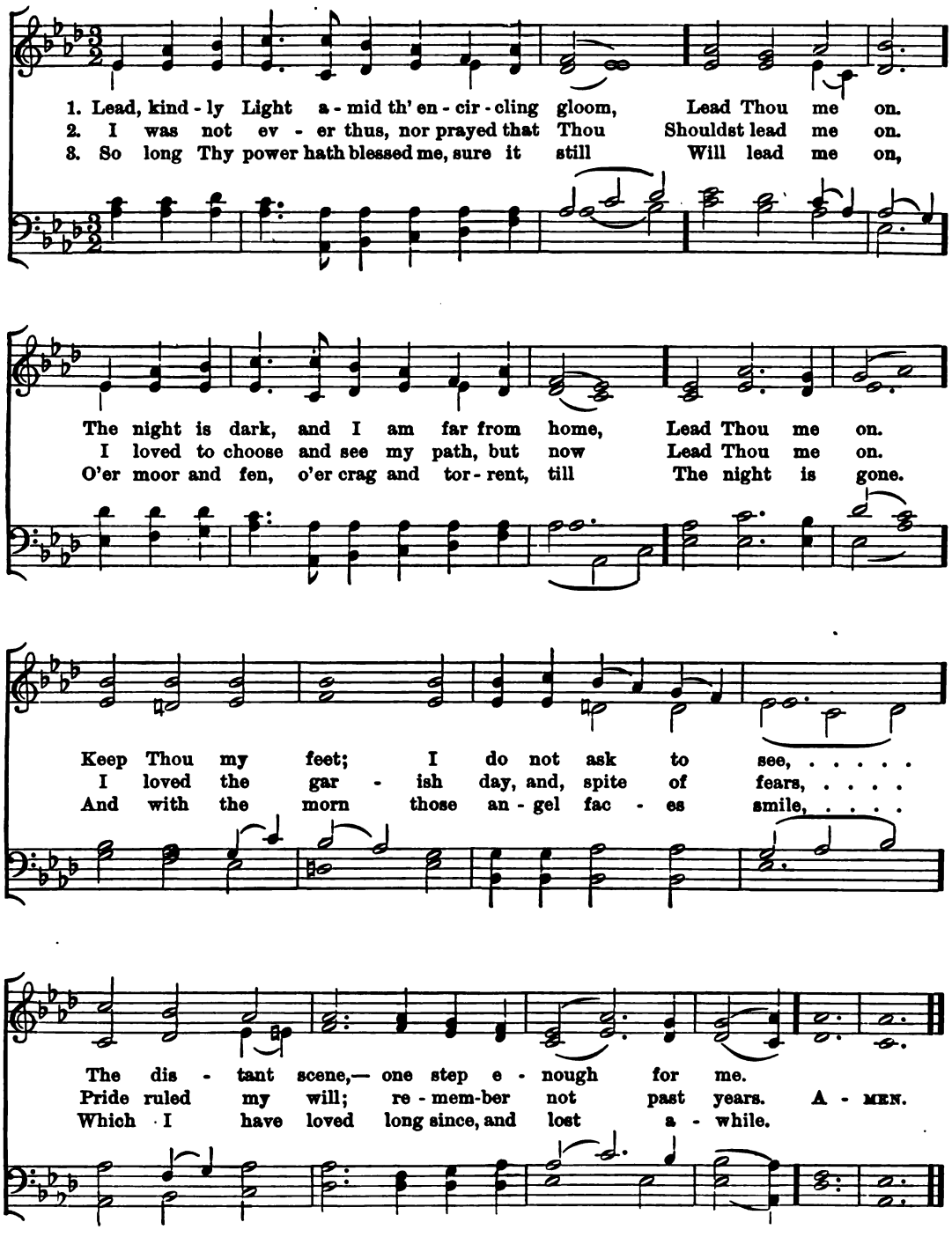
an-gels of light, Sing-ing to wel-come the pil-grims of the night,

Sing-ing to wel-come the pil-grims, the pil-grims of the night. A-men, A-men.

F. W. Faber.

NO. 21. LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

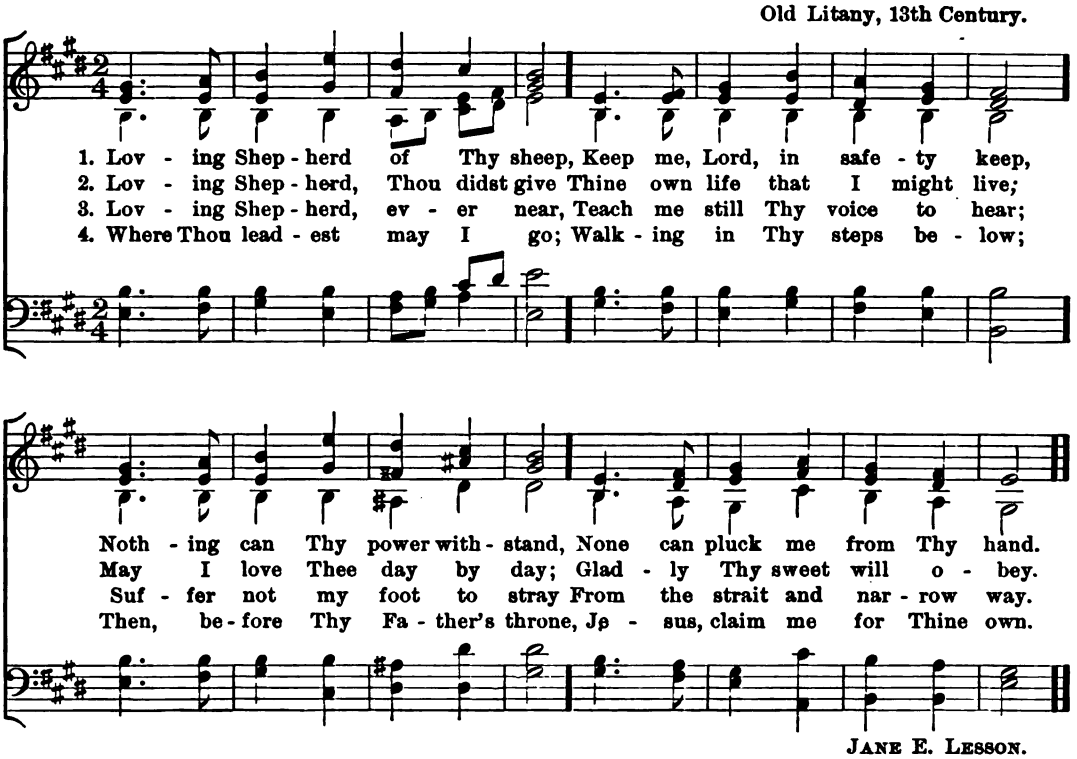
DR. J. B. DYKES.



CARD. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

No. 8. Loving Shepherd of Thy Sheep.

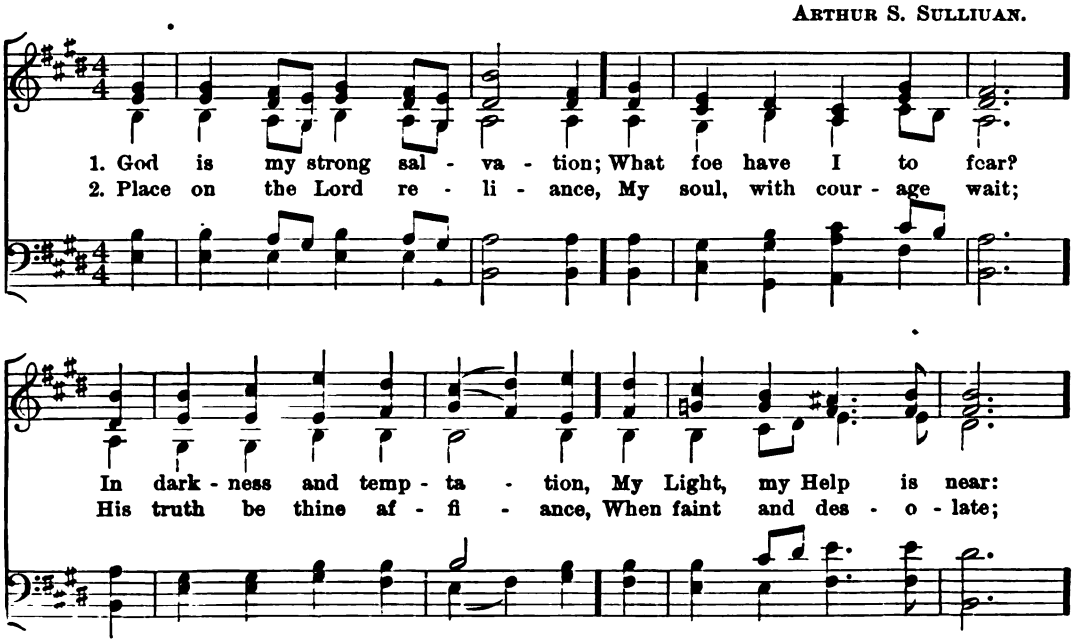
Old Litany, 13th Century.

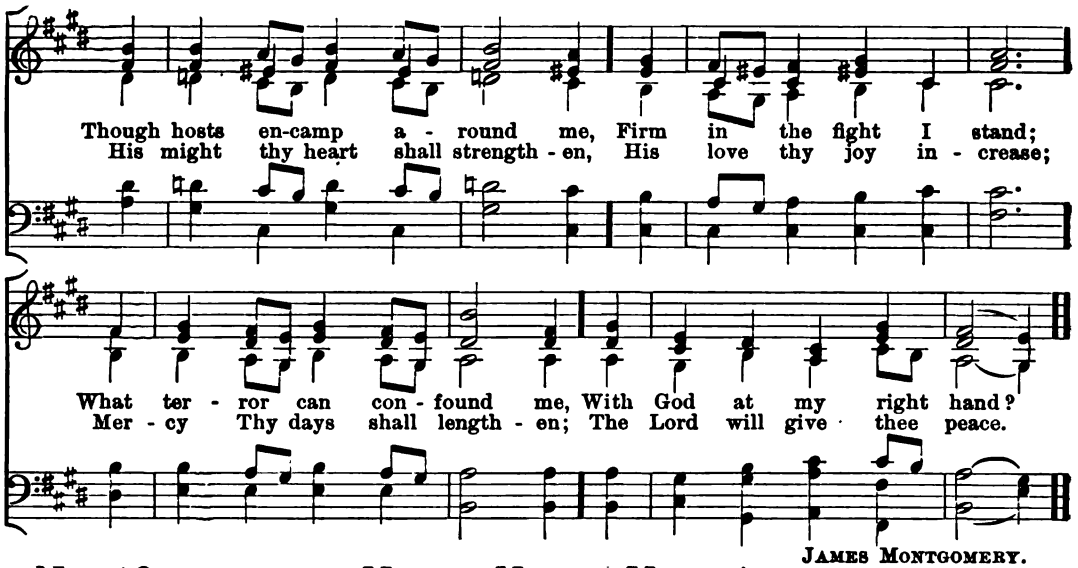


Jane E. Lesson.

No. 9. God is My Strong Salvation.

Arthur S. Sullivan.



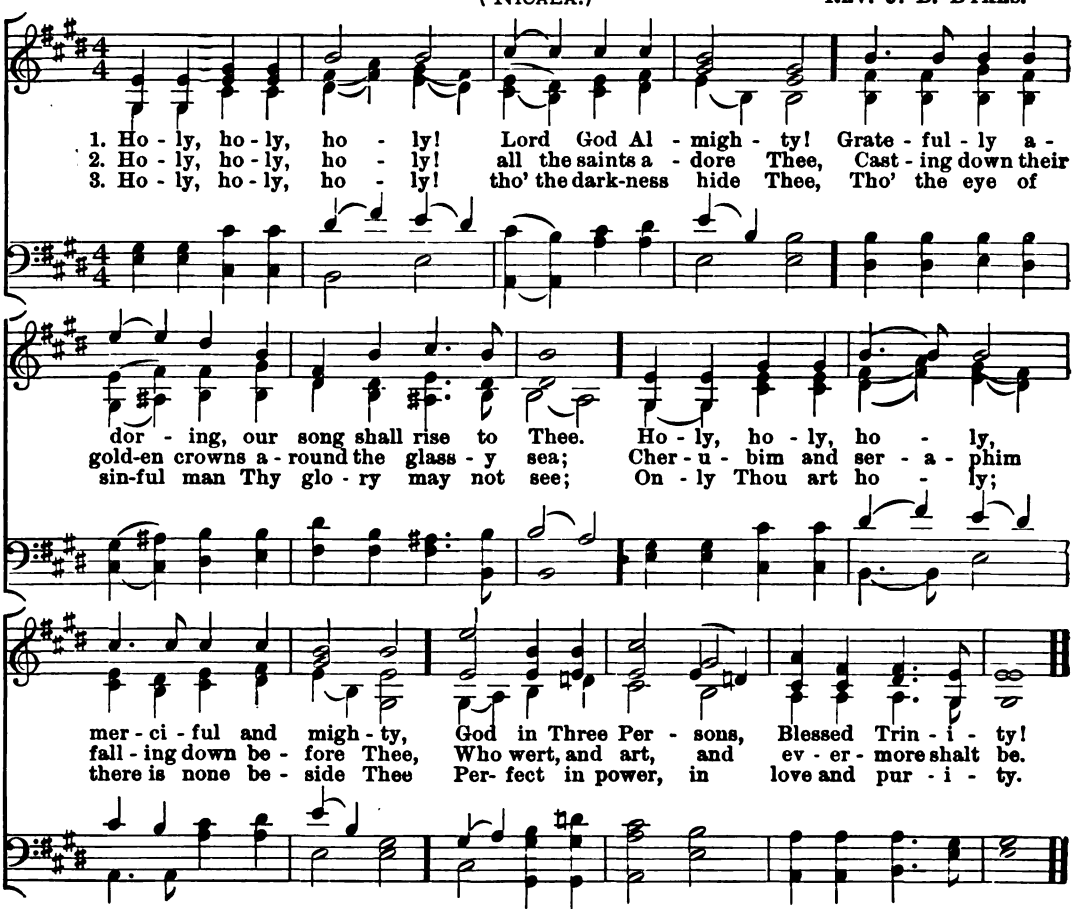


JAMES MONTGOMERY.

NO. 10. HOLY, HOLY, HOLY!

(NICAEA.)

REV. J. B. DYKES.



BISHOP REGINALD HEBER.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] my [illegible] ing, Call for cease - less songs of praise.
[illegible] my soul from dan - ger, Didst re - deem me with Thy blood.

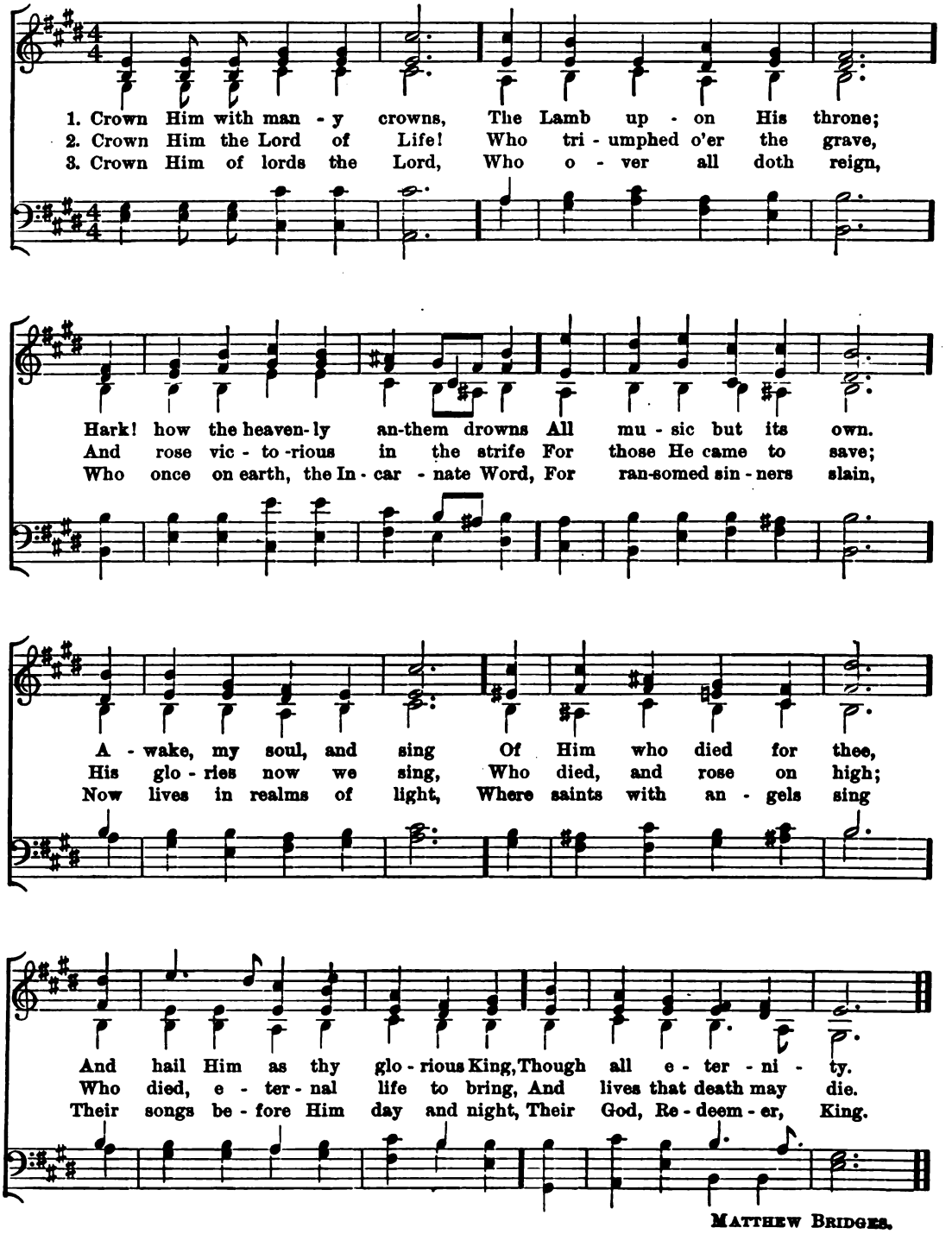
Teach me some mel - o - dious meas - ure, Sung by rap-tured saints a - bove;
By Thy hand, re - stored, de - fend - ed, Safe through life, thus far, I'm come;

Fill my soul with sa - cred pleas - ure, While I sing re - deem - ing love.
Safe, O Lord, when life is end - ed, Bring me to my heavenly home.

ROBINSON.

No. 12. Crown Him with many Crowns.

Geo. J. Elvey.



Matthew Bridges.

NO. 13. COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

(ITALIAN HYMN.) F. GIARDINI.

1. Come, Thou al-migh-ty King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Fa-ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An-cient of days.
2. Come, Thou in-car-nate Word, Gird on thy migh - ty sword; Our pray'r at-tend; Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy word suc-cess; Spir-it of ho - li - ness, On us de-scend.
3. Come, ho-ly Com-fort-er, Thy sa-cred wit - ness bear, In this glad hour, Thou, who al-migh-ty art, Now rule in ev-ery heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir-it of power.

M. MADAN, or CHARLES WESLEY, 1708–1788.

NO. 14. HEAVENLY FATHER, SOVEREIGN LORD.

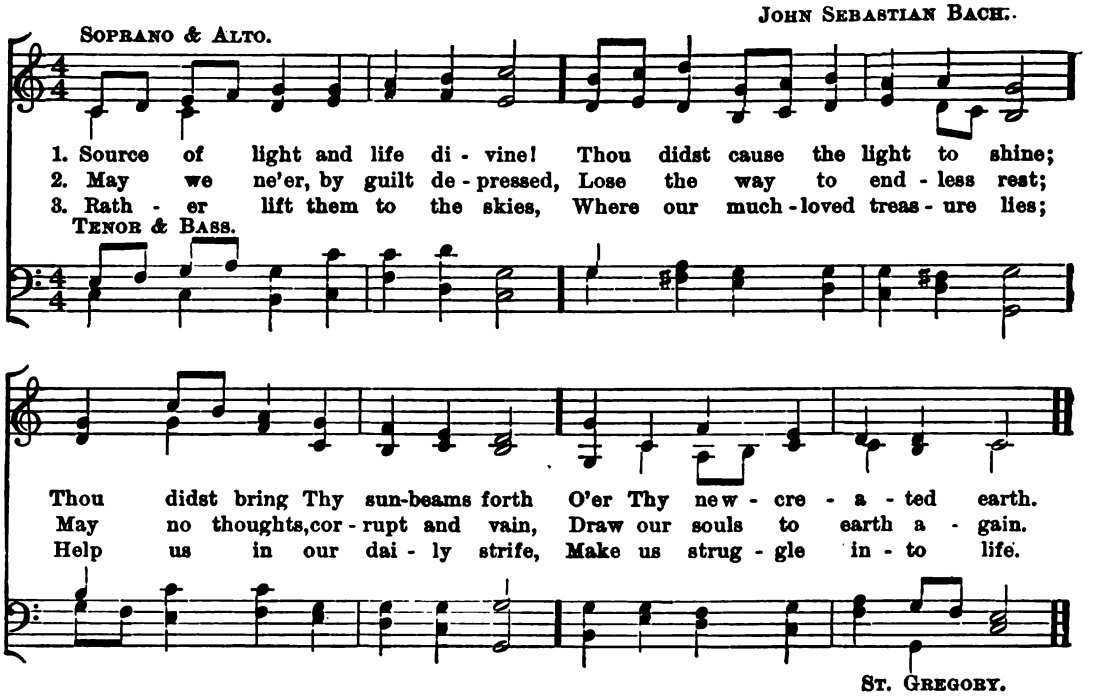
IN UNISON. ARR. fr. MENDELSSOHN'S "ELIJAH."

1. Heavenly Fa - ther, sov-ereign Lord, Be Thy glo - rious name a - dored; Lord, Thy mer - cies nev - er fail; Hail, ce - les - tial good-ness, hail!
2. Though un-wor-thy, Lord, Thine ear; Deign our hum - ble songs to hear; Pur - er praise we hope to bring, When a - round Thy throne we sing.
3. While on earth or-dained to stay, Guide our foot - steps in Thy way, Till we come to dwell with Thee, Till we all Thy glo - ry see.

SALISBURY COLLECTION.

NO. 15. SOURCE OF LIGHT AND LIFE DIVINE!

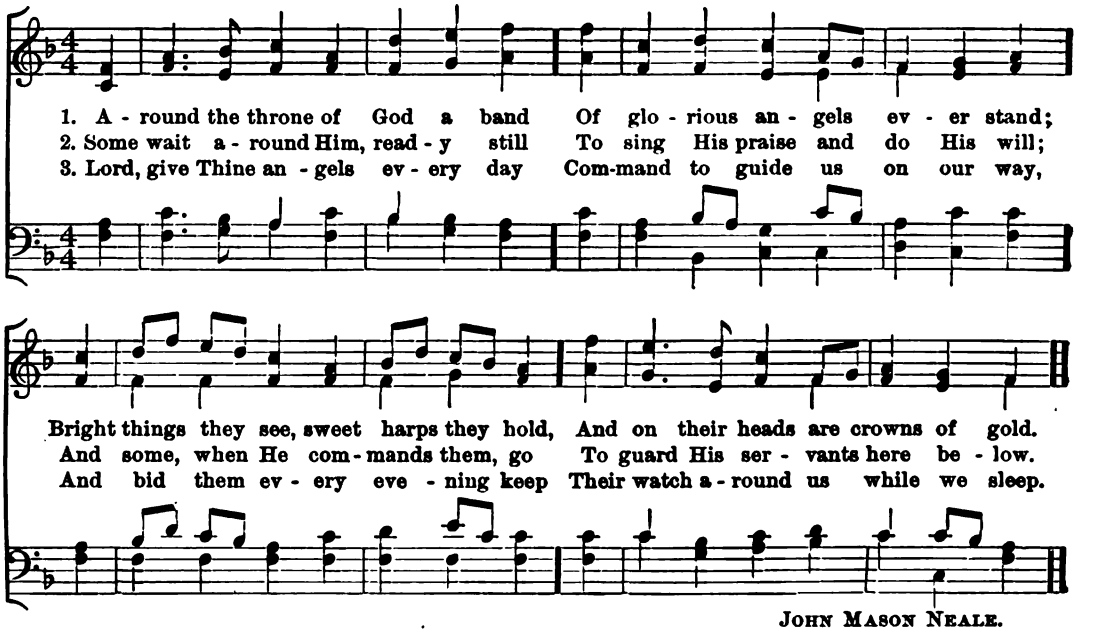
JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH.



ST. GREGORY.

NO. 16. AROUND THE THRONE OF GOD, A BAND.

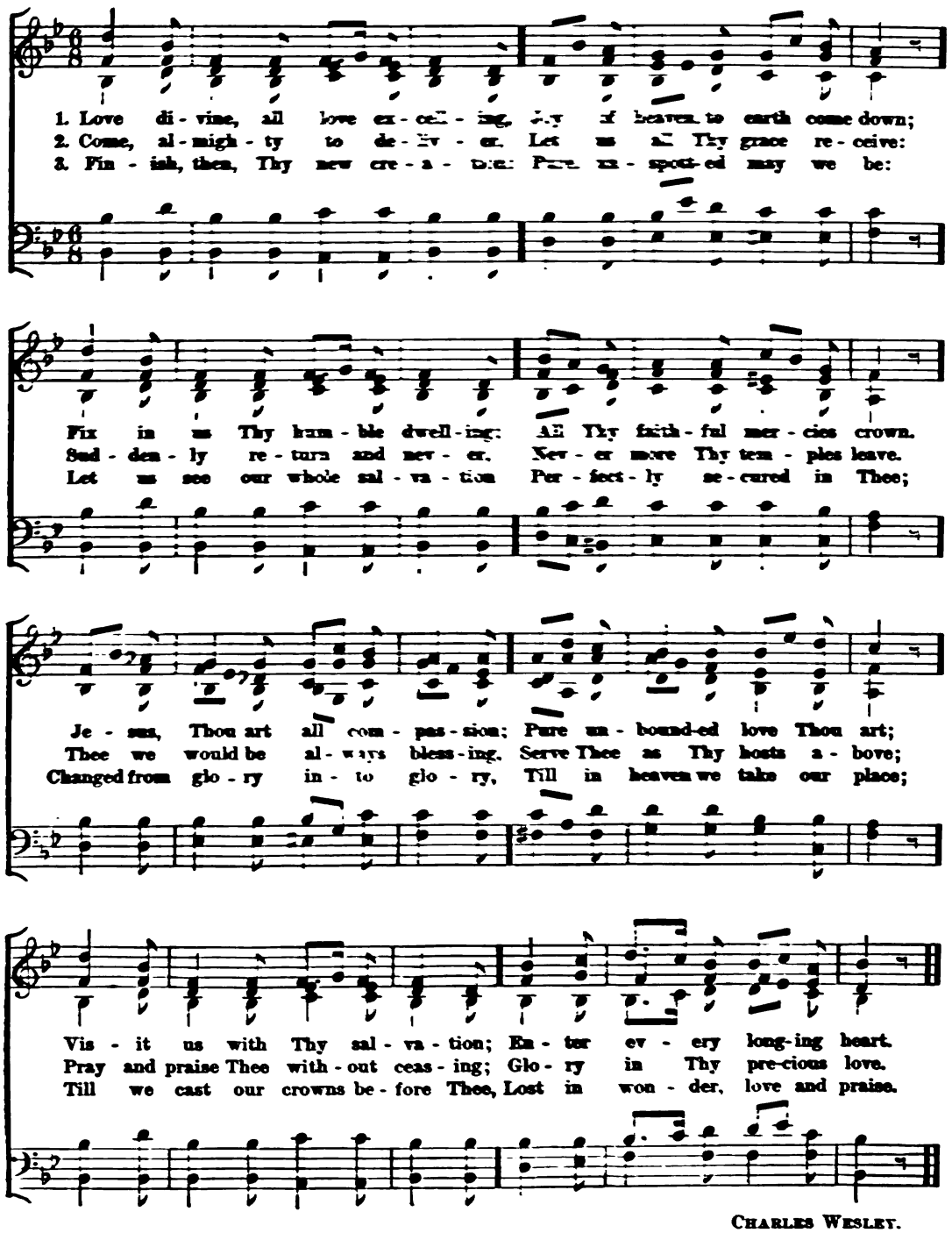
G. F. HANDEL, arr.



JOHN MASON NEALE.

NO. 17. LOVE DIVINE, ALL LOVE EXCELLING.

F. H. HIMMEL, arr.



CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 18. The Lord descended from above.

Madan's Col.

1st & 2nd Soprano.

1. The Lord de-scend - ed from a - bove, And bowed the heav'ns most high, . .
2. On cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim Full roy - al - ly He rode, . .
3. He sat se - rene up - on the floods, Their fu - ry to re - strain;

Tenor & Bass.

And un - der - neath His feet He cast The darkness of the sky.
And on the wings of migh - ty winds Came fly - ing all a - broad.
And He as sov - ereign Lord and King For ev - er - more shall reign.

Thomas Sternhold.

No. 19. God is Love; His Mercy brightens.

German Choral, arr.

In Unison.

1. God is love; His mer - cy bright-ens All the path in which we rove;
2. E'en the hour that dark - est seem - eth, Will His change-less good - ness prove;
3. He with earth - ly cares en - twin - eth Hope and com - fort from a - bove;

Bliss He wakes, and woe He light - ens; God is wis - dom, God is love.
From the gloom His brightness stream-eth; God is wis - dom, God is love.
Ev - ery - where His glo - ry shin - eth; God is wis - dom, God is love.

John Bowring.

No. 20. HARK! HARK MY SOUL.

Dr. John B. Dykes.

1. Hark! hark my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields and
2. Far, far a - way, like bells at eve - ning peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus
3. An - gels, sing on! your faith - ful watch - es keep - ing; Sing us sweet frag-ments

o - cean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing
sounds o'er land and sea, And la - den souls by thousands meek - ly steal - ing,
of the songs a - bove; Till morn-ing's joy shall end the night of weep - ing.

Chorus.

Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An - gels of Je - sus,
Kind Shep-herd, turn their wea - ry steps to Thee. An - gels of Je - sus,
And life's long shadows break in cloud - less love. An - gels of Je - sus,

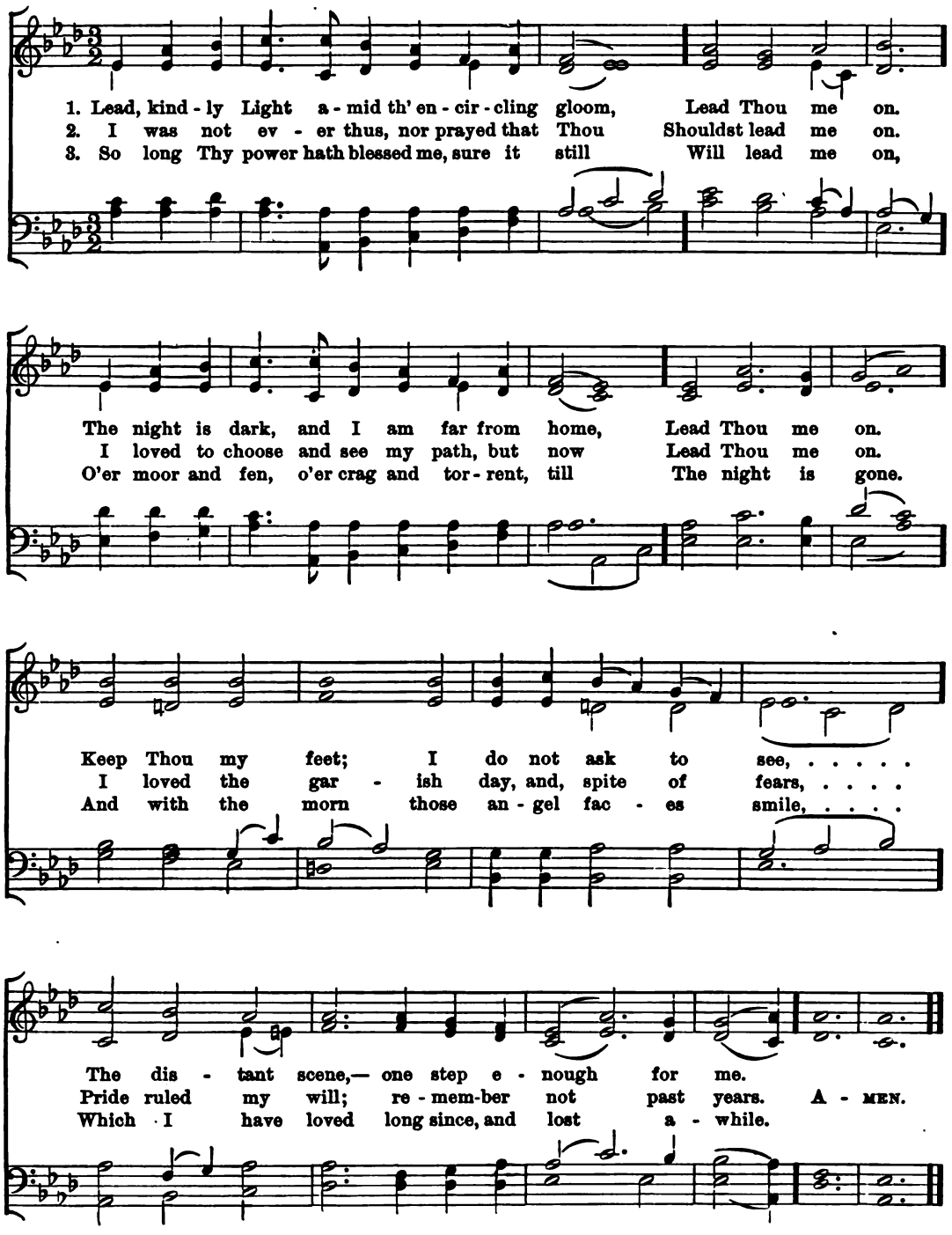
an - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil-grims of the night,

Sing-ing to wel - come the pil-grims, the pil-grims of the night. A - men, A - men.

F. W. Faber.

NO. 21. LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

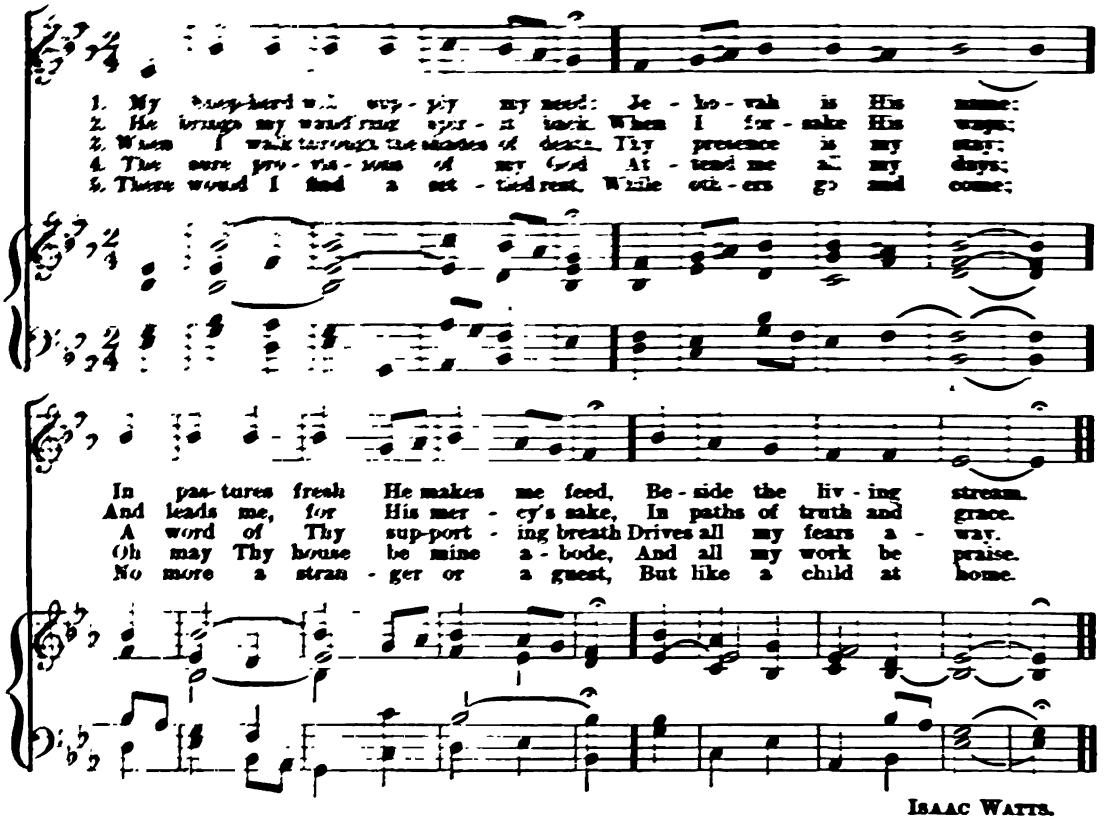
DR. J. B. DYKES.



CARD. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

No. 22. My Shepherd Will Supply My Need.

Melcan Hermann

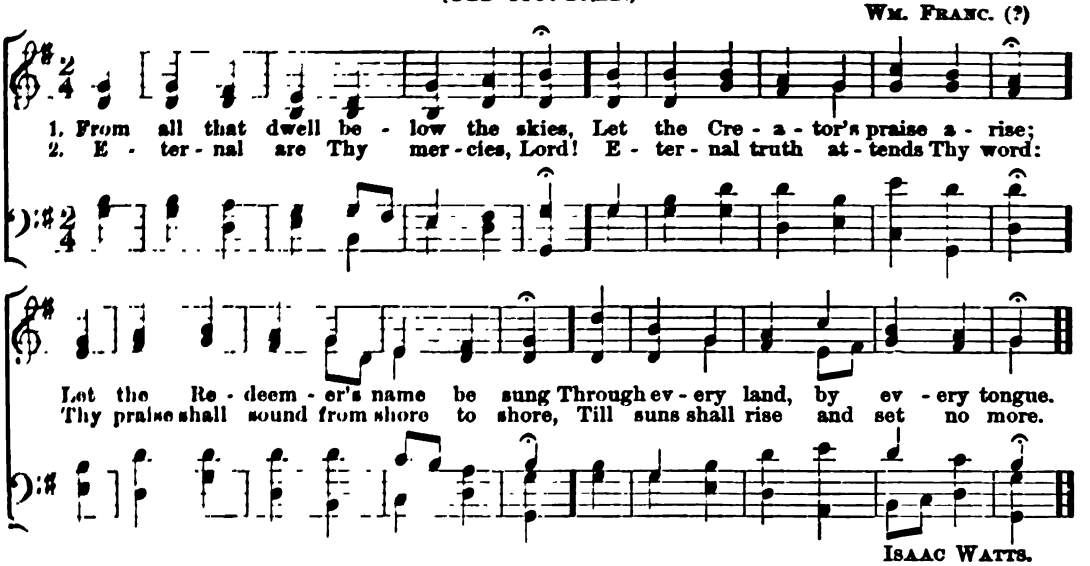


Isaac Watts.

No. 23. From All That Dwell Below the Skies.

(Old Hundred.)

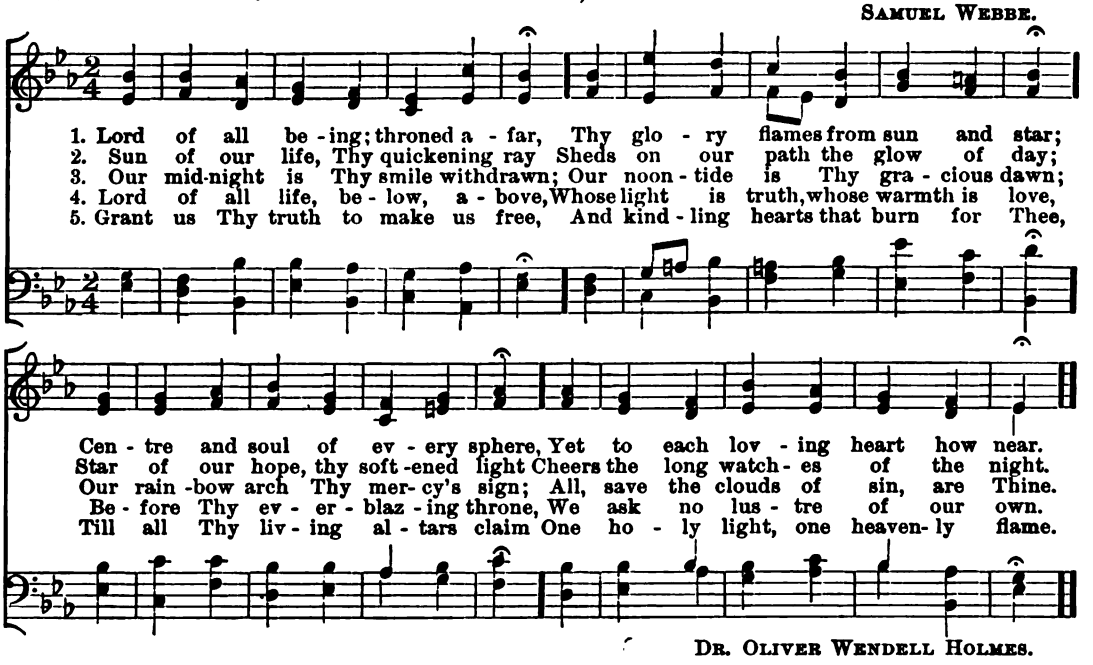
Wm. Franc. (?)



Isaac Watts.

NO. 24. LORD OF ALL BEING; THRONED AFAR.

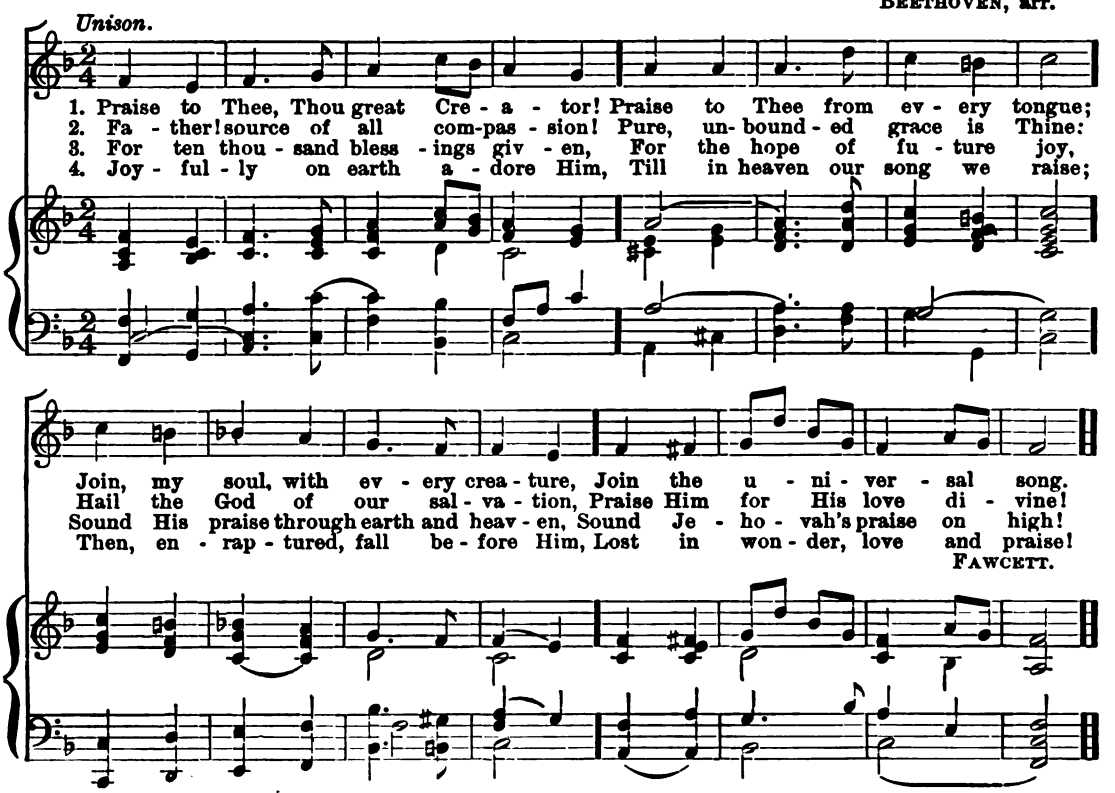
SAMUEL WEBBE.



DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

NO. 25. PRAISE TO THEE, THOU GREAT CREATOR.

BEETHOVEN, arr.



FAWCETT.

No. 26. Upward, where the Stars are burning.

John B. Calkin.

1. Up-ward, where the stars are burn - ing, Si - lent, si - lent in their turn - ing,
2. Far be-yond that arch of glad - ness, Far be-yond these clouds of sad - ness,

Round the nev - er - chang-ing pole; Up - ward where the sky is bright-est,
Are the man - y man-sions fair. Far from pain and sin and fol - ly,

ritenuto.

Upward where the blue is light - est Lift I now my long - ing soul. . . . .
In that pal - ace of the ho - ly, I would find my man - sion there. . . . .

ritenuto.

Horatius Bonar.

No. 27. Now thank we all our God.

John Crueger.

Unison.

1. Now thank we all our God, With heart and hands and voic - es,
Who wondrous things hath done, In whom His world re - joic - es;

2. Oh, may this boun-teous God, Through all our life be near us,
With ev - er joy - ful hearts And bless - ed peace to cheer us;

3. All praise and thanks to God The Fa - ther, now be giv - en,
The Son and Him who reigns With Them in high - est heav - en,

Who from our moth - er's arms Hath blessed us on our way,
And keep us in His grace, And guide us when per - plexed,
The one e - ter - nal God, Whom earth and heaven a - dore,

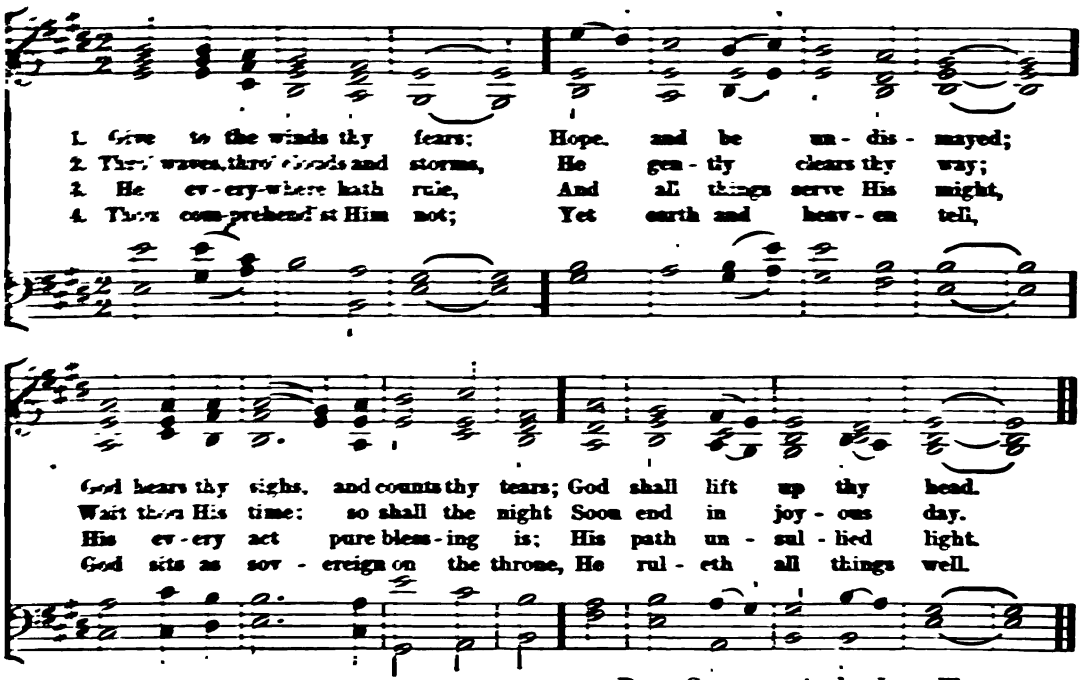
With count - less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.
And free us from all ills In this world and the next.
For thus it was, is now, And shall be ev - er - more.

M. Rinckart.

No. 28. GIVE TO THE WINDS THY FEARS.

(MORRINGTON.

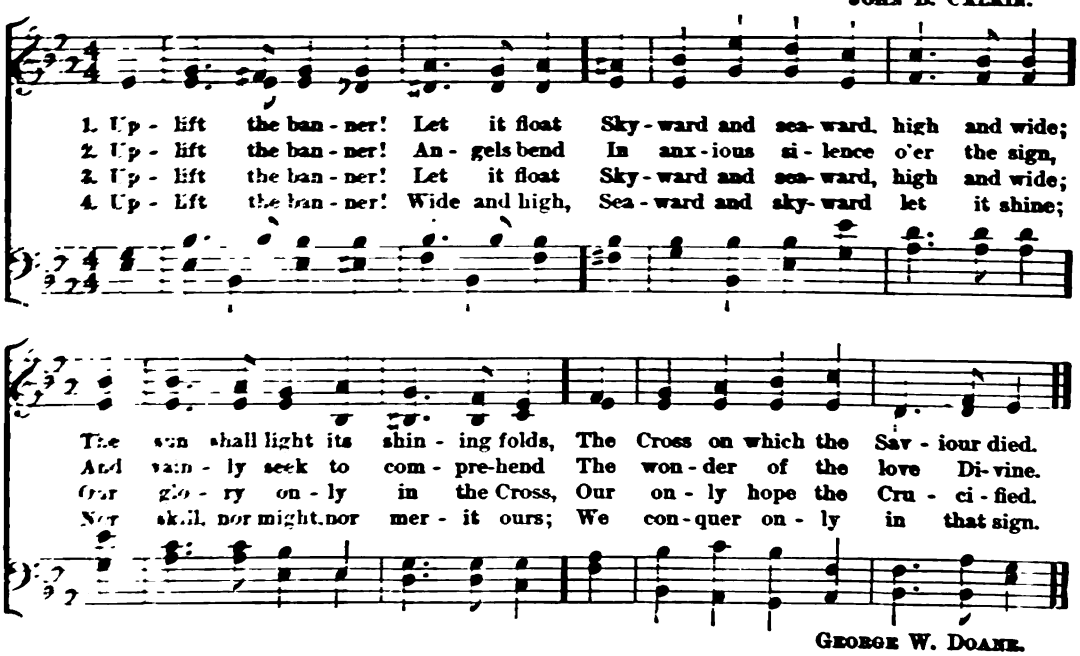
EARL OF MORRINGTON.



PAUL GERHARD, tr. by JOHN WESLEY.

No. 29. UPLIFT THE BANNER!

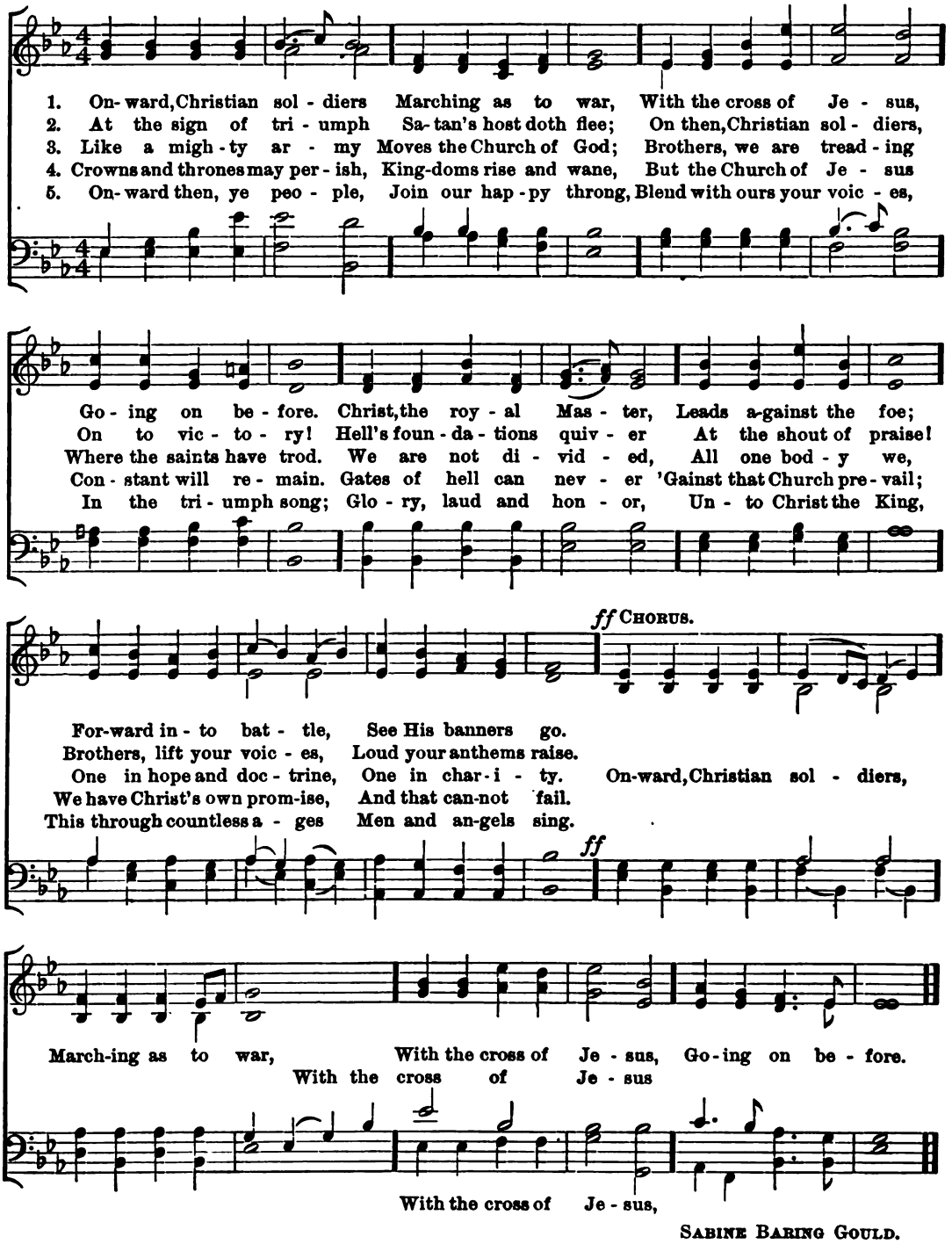
JOHN B. CALKIN.



GEORGE W. DOANE.

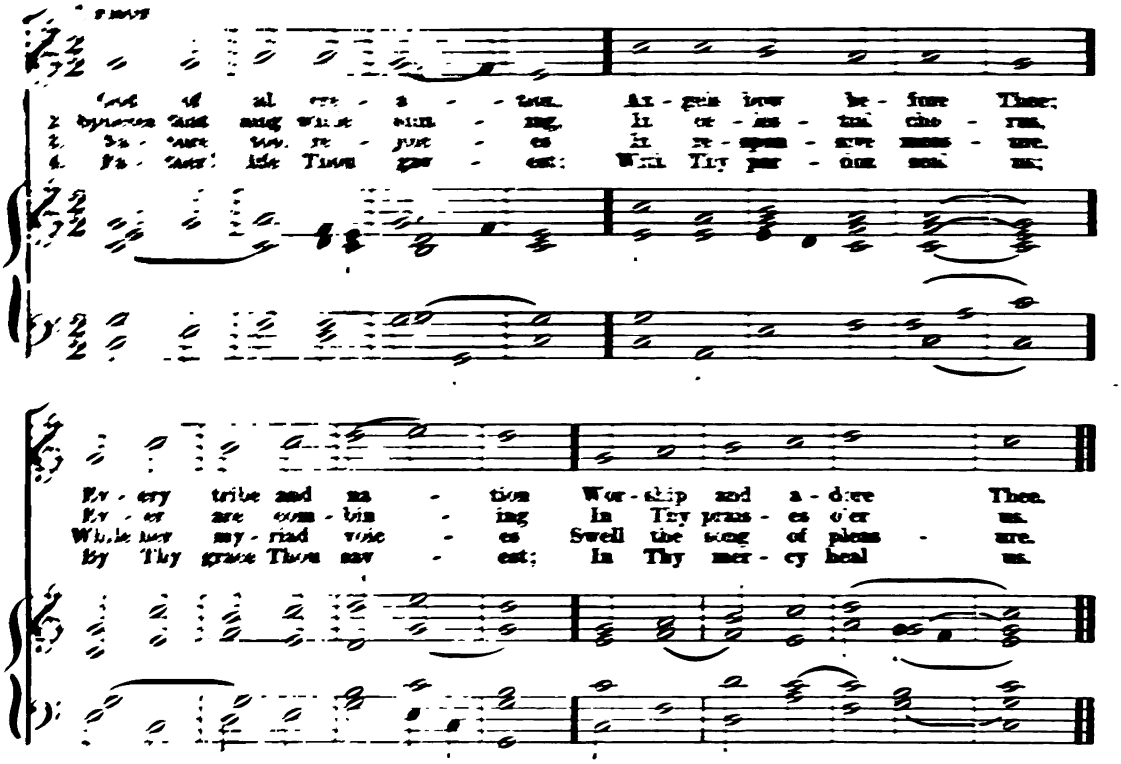
NO. 30. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS!

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



SABINE BARING GOULD.

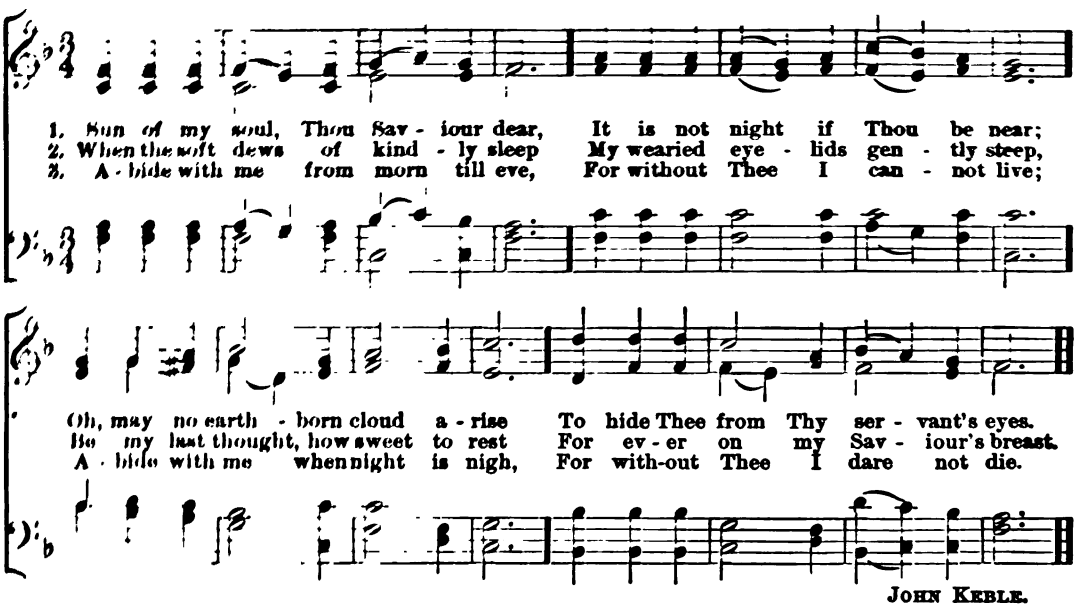
No. 31. GOD OF ALL CREATION.



No. 32 SUN OF MY SOUL.

(HORSLEY.)

PAUL RITTER.



JOHN KEBLE.

No. 33. O Paradise!

Joseph Barnby.

1. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for rest?
2. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! The world is grow - ing old!
3. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Where - fore doth death de - lay?
4. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! 'Tis wea - ry wait - ing here:

cres.

Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that love are bless'd,
Who would not be at rest and free Where love is nev - er cold?
Bright death, that is the wel - come dawn Of our e - ter - nal day;
I long to be where Je - sus is, To feel, to see Him near.

cres.

Where loy - al hearts and true

Where loy - - - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,
Where loy al hearts and true

Where lov - - - al hearts and true

ff

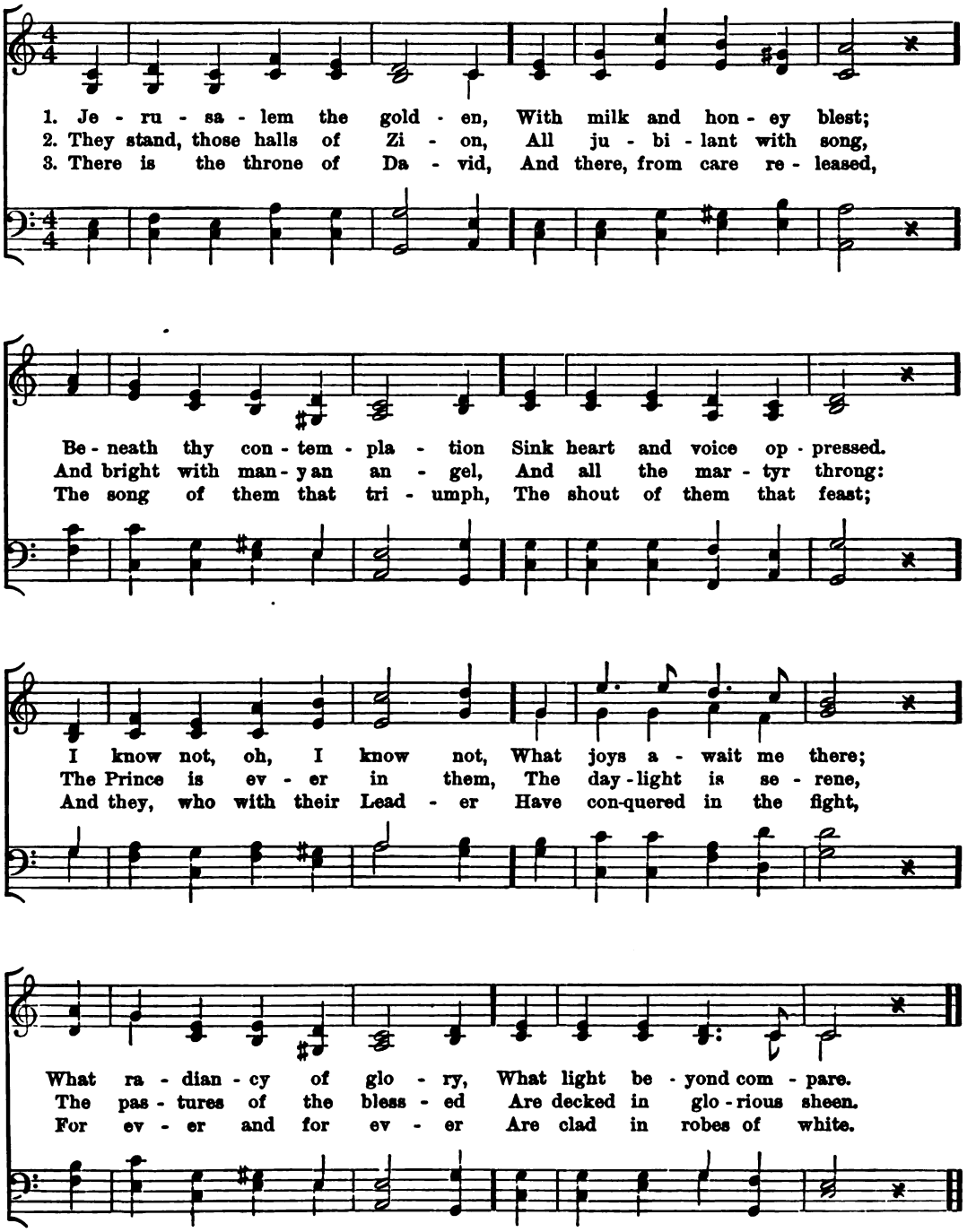
All rap - ture through and through, In God's most ho - ly sight. A - men.

ff

Fred. Wm. Faber.

NO. 34. JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

ALEXANDER EWING.

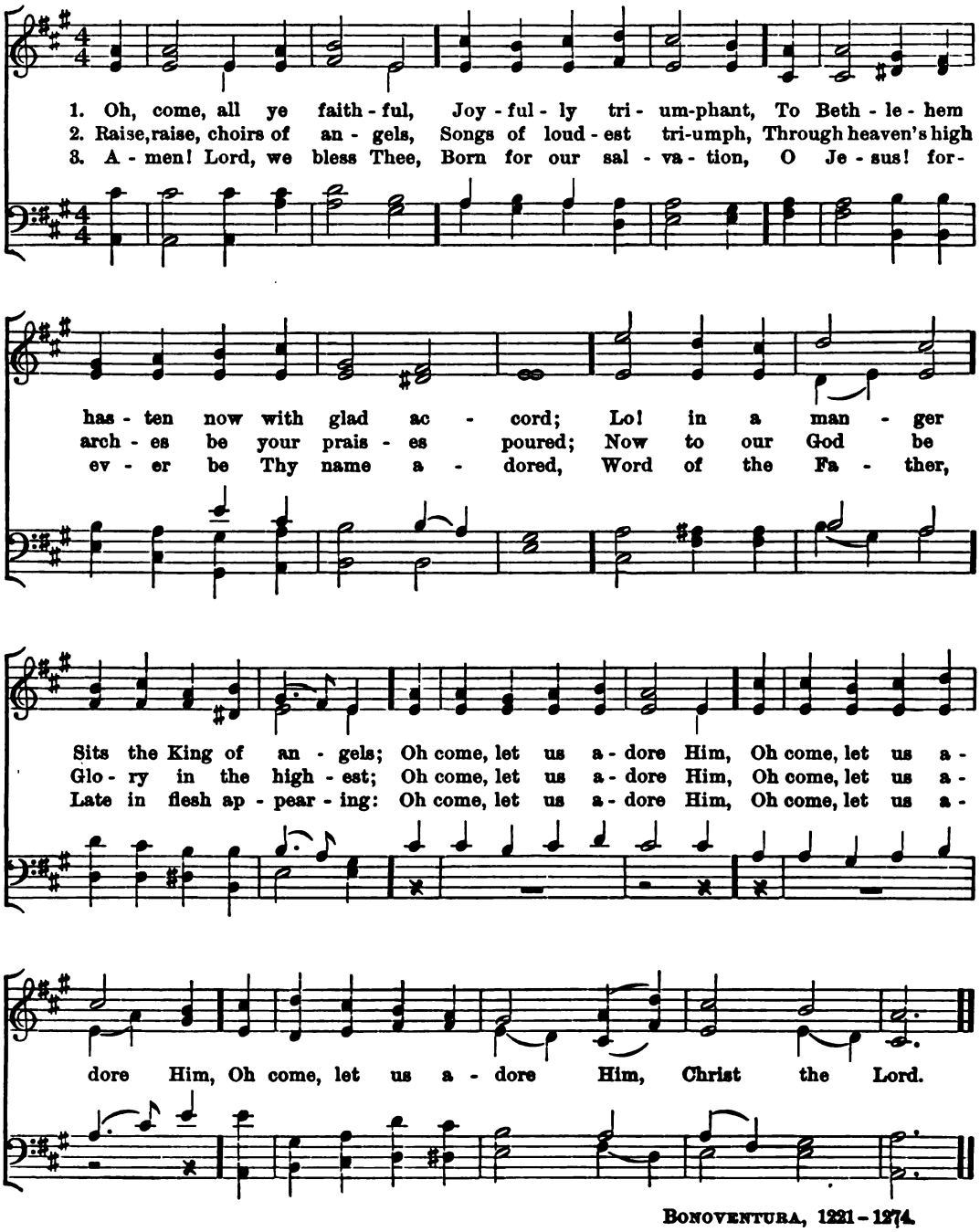


BERNARD OF CLUNY.

No. 35. Oh come, all ye Faithful.

(PORTUGUESE HYMN.)

JOHN READING.



BONOVENTURA, 1221 - 1274.

No. 36. The Shepherd's Nativity Hymn.

(Bethlehem.)

Charles Gounod, arr.

Allegretto.

1st & 2nd Soprano.

Alto.

Bass.

1. Cra - dled all low - ly, Be - hold the Sav - iour child, A be - ing ho - ly In dwell-ing rude and wild! Ne'er yet was re - gal state, Of mon - arch proud and great Who grasped a na - tion's fate, . . So glo - rious as the man - ger bed of Beth - le - hem!....

2. No lon - ger sor - row, As with - out hope, oh, earth! A bright - er mor - row Dawned with that in - fant's birth! Our sins were great and sore, But these the Sav - iour bore, And God was wroth no more, His own Son was the Child that lay in Beth - le - hem!....

p *cres.* *f* *dim.* *p*

Molto maestoso.

f

Babe weak and wail - ing, In low - ly vil - lage stall, Thy glo - ry

veil - ing, Thou cam'st to die for all!... The sac - ri - fice is done, The

world's a - tone - ment won, Till Time its course hath run, O

Je - sus, Sav - iour! Morning Star of Beth - le'm, O Star of Beth - le - hem!

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! . . . . . .

SOPRANOS.

f

A - - - - - - men! A - - - men! . . . . . .

1ST & 2ND ALTO.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - - men! . . . . . .

TENOR & BASS.

A - - - men! A - men! . . . . . .

No. 26. Upward, where the Stars are burning.

John B. Calkin.

1. Up-ward, where the stars are burn - ing, Si - lent, si - lent in their turn - ing,
2. Far be-yond that arch of glad - ness, Far be-yond these clouds of sad - ness,

Round the nev - er - chang-ing pole; Up - ward where the sky is bright-est,
Are the man - y man-sions fair. Far from pain and sin and fol - ly,

ritenuto.

Upward where the blue is light - est Lift I now my long - ing soul. . . . .
In that pal - ace of the ho - ly, I would find my man - sion there. . . . .

ritenuto.

Horatius Bonar.

NO. 27. NOW THANK WE ALL OUR GOD.

JOHN CRUEGER.

UNISON.

1. Now thank we all our God, With heart and hands and voic - es,
Who wondrous things hath done, In whom His world re - joic - es;

2. Oh, may this boun-teous God, Through all our life be near us,
With ev - er joy - ful hearts And bless - ed peace to cheer us;

3. All praise and thanks to God The Fa - ther, now be giv - en,
The Son and Him who reigns With Them in high - est heav - en,

Who from our moth - er's arms Hath blessed us on our way,
And keep us in His grace, And guide us when per - plexed,
The one e - ter - nal God, Whom earth and heaven a - dore,

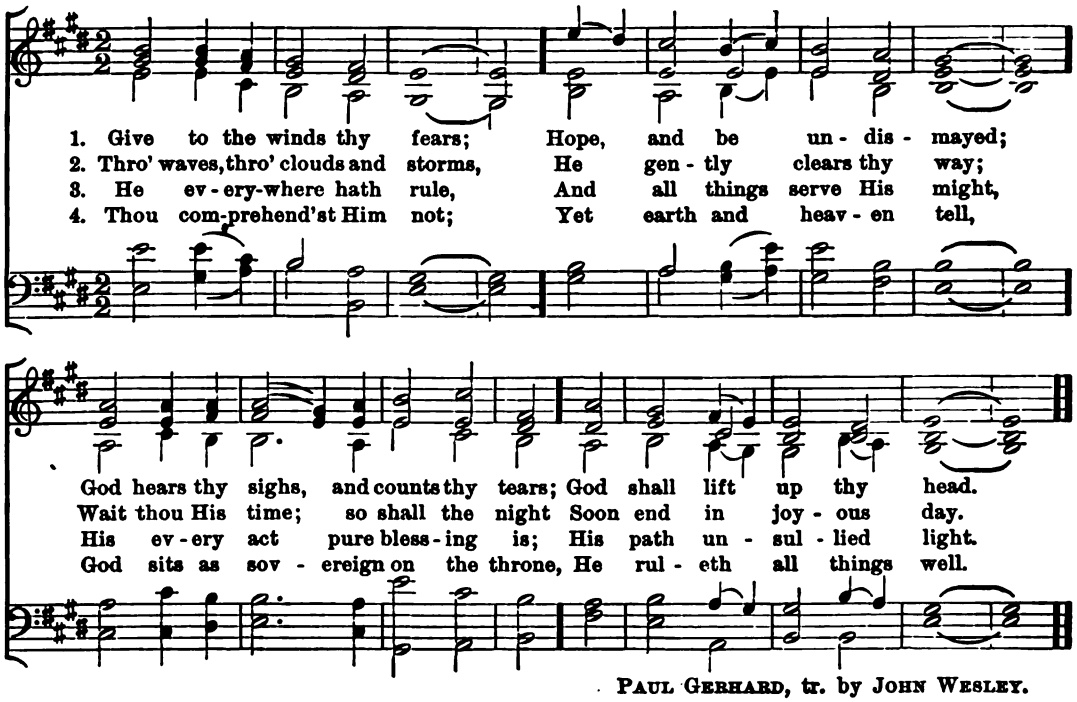
With count - less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.
And free us from all ills In this world and the next.
For thus it was, is now, And shall be ev - er - more.

M. RINCKART.

No. 28. Give to the Winds thy Fears.

(Mornington.)

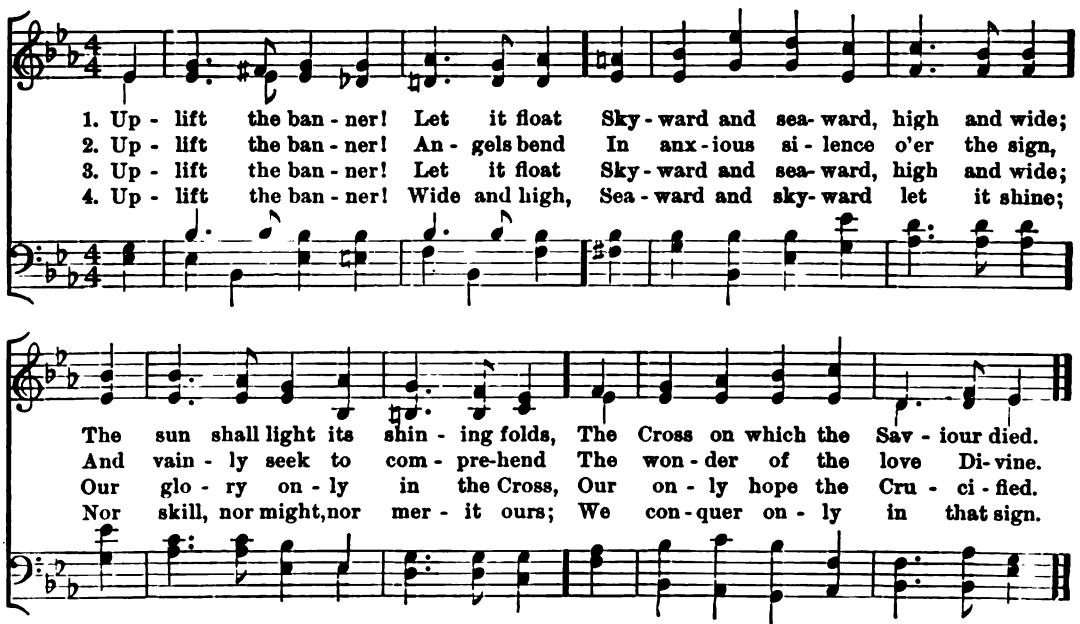
Earl of Mornington.



Paul Gerhard, tr. by John Wesley.

No. 29. Uplift the Banner!

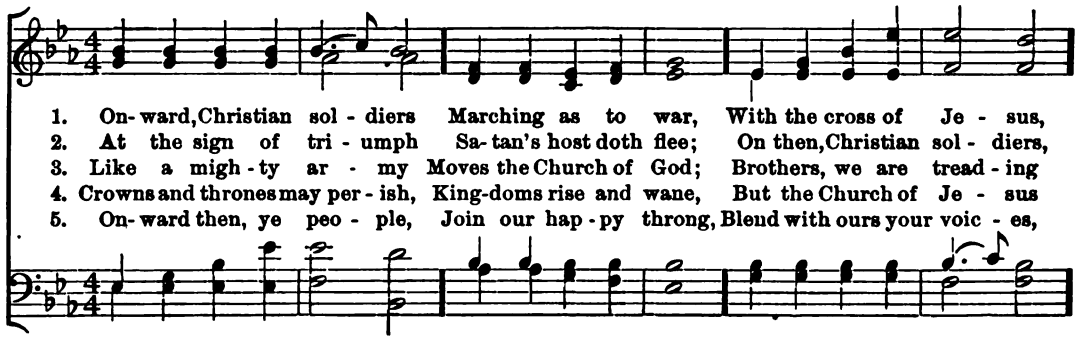
John B. Calkin.



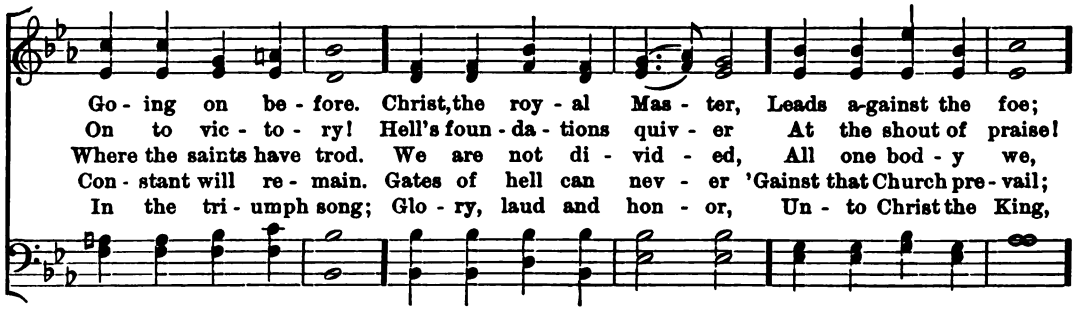
George W. Doane.

NO. 30. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS!

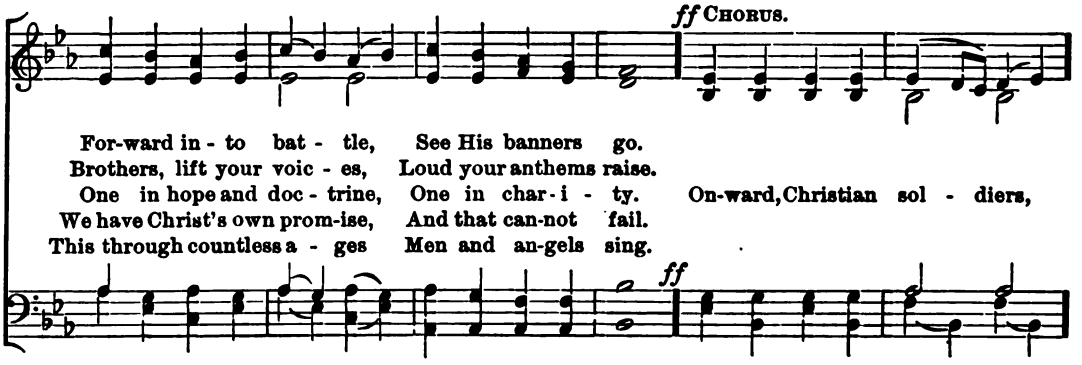
ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



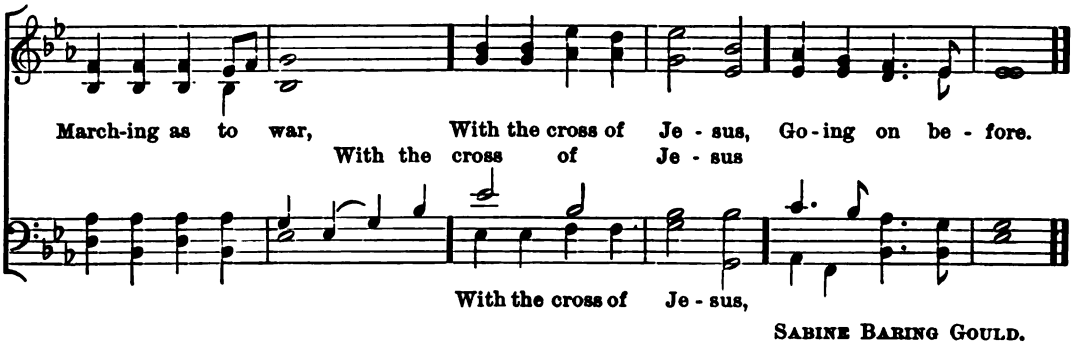
1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus,
2. At the sign of tri - umph Sa-tan's host doth flee; On then, Christian sol - diers,
3. Like a migh - ty ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread - ing
4. Crowns and thrones may per - ish, King-doms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus
5. On-ward then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your voic - es,



Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun - da - tions quiv - er At the shout of praise!
Where the saints have trod. We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
Con - stant will re - main. Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church pre - vail;
In the tri - umph song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King,



For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His banners go.
Brothers, lift your voic - es, Loud your anthems raise.
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty. On-ward, Christian sol - diers,
We have Christ's own prom-ise, And that can-not fail.
This through countless a - ges Men and an-gels sing.



March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus, Go - ing on be - fore.
With the cross of Je - sus
With the cross of Je - sus,

SABINE BARING GOULD.

No. 31. God of all Creation.

Unison.

1. God of all cre - a - - tion, An - gels bow be - fore Thee;
2. Spheres that sing while shin - ing, In ce - les - tial cho - rus,
3. Na - ture, too, re - joic - es In re - spon - sive meas - ure,
4. Fa - ther! life Thou gav - est; With Thy par - don seal us;

Ev - ery tribe and na - tion Wor - ship and a - dore Thee.
Ev - er are com - bin - ing In Thy prais - es o'er us.
While her my - riad voic - es Swell the song of pleas - ure.
By Thy grace Thou sav - est; In Thy mer - cy heal us.

No. 32 Sun of my Soul.

(Hursley.)

Paul Ritter.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wearied eye - lids gen - tly steep,
3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can - not live;

Oh, may no earth - born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes.
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For ev - er on my Sav - iour's breast.
A - bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.

John Keble.

NO. 33. O PARADISE!

JOSEPH BARNBY.

1. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for rest?
2. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! The world is grow - ing old!
3. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Where -fore doth death de - lay?
4. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! 'Tis wea - ry wait - ing here:

cres.

Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that love are bless'd,
Who would not be at rest and free Where love is nev - er cold?
Bright death, that is the wel - come dawn Of our e - ter - nal day;
I long to be where Je - sus is, To feel, to see Him near.

cres.

Where loy - al hearts and true

Where loy - - - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,
Where loy al hearts and true

Where lov - - - al hearts and true

ff

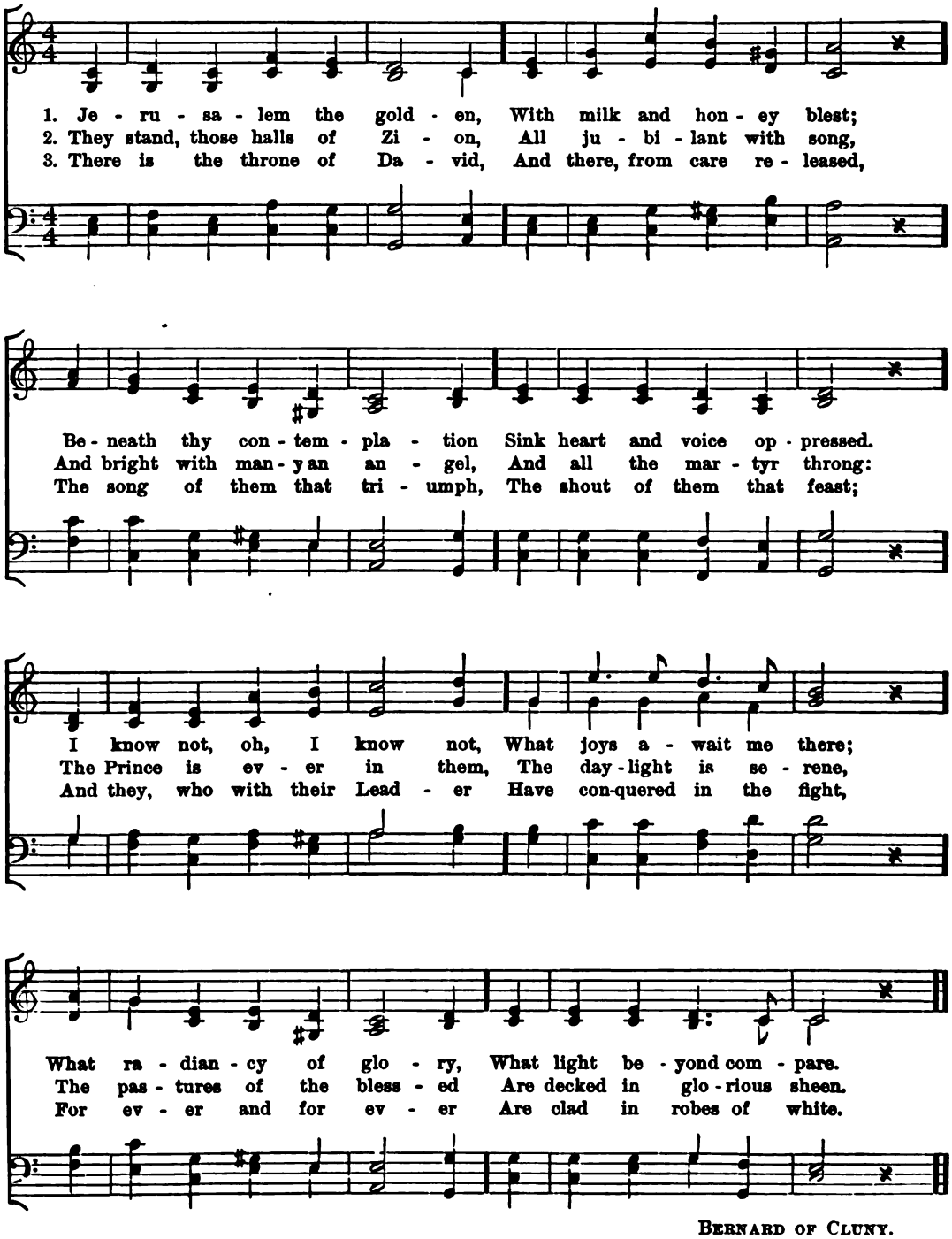
All rap -ture through and through, In God's most ho - ly sight. A - men.

ff

FRED. WM. FABER.

NO. 34. JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

ALEXANDER EWING.



BERNARD OF CLUNY.

No. 35. Oh come, all ye Faithful.

(Portuguese Hymn.)

John Reading.

1. Oh, come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful - ly tri - um-phant, To Beth - le - hem
2. Raise, raise, choirs of an - gels, Songs of loud - est tri-umph, Through heaven's high
3. A - men! Lord, we bless Thee, Born for our sal - va - tion, O Je - sus! for-

has - ten now with glad ac - cord; Lo! in a man - ger
arch - es be your prais - es poured; Now to our God be
ev - er be Thy name a - dored, Word of the Fa - ther,

Sits the King of an - gels; Oh come, let us a - dore Him, Oh come, let us a -
Glo - ry in the high - est; Oh come, let us a - dore Him, Oh come, let us a -
Late in flesh ap - pear - ing: Oh come, let us a - dore Him, Oh come, let us a -

dore Him, Oh come, let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord.

Bonoventura, 1221 - 1274.

No. 36. The Shepherd's Nativity Hymn.

(Bethlehem.)

Charles Gounod, arr.

Allegretto.

1st & 2nd Soprano.

p

Alto.

1. Cra - dled all low - ly, Be - hold the Sav - iour child, A be - ing
2. No lon - ger sor - row, As with - out hope, oh, earth! A bright - er

Bass.

cres.

ho - ly In dwell-ing rude and wild! Ne'er yet was re - gal state, Of
mor - row Dawned with that in - fant's birth! Our sins were great and sore, But

cres.

cres.

mon - arch proud and great Who grasped a na - tion's fate, . . So
these the Sav - iour bore, And God was wroth no more, His

f

f

dim.

glo - rious as the man - ger bed of Beth - le - hem!....
own Son was the Child that lay in Beth - le - hem!....

dim.

p

p

Molto maestoso.

f

Babe weak and wail - ing, In low - ly vil - lage stall, Thy glo - ry

veil - ing, Thou cam'st to die for all!... The sac - ri - fice is done, The

world's a - tone - ment won, Till Time its course hath run, O

Je - sus, Sav - iour! Morning Star of Beth - le'm, O Star of Beth - le - hem!

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! . . . . . .

SOPRANOS.

f

A - - - - - - men! A - - men! . . . . . .

1ST & 2ND ALTO.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - - men! . . . . . .

TENOR & BASS.

A - - - men! A - men! . . . . . .

No. 37. Lift Thine Eyes.

Andante, con moto.

From Mendelssohn's "Elijah."

1st Soprano. *sf* *p*

Lift thine eyes, oh lift thine eyes to the moun - tains, whence com - eth, whence

2nd Soprano. *sf* *p*

Lift thine eyes, oh lift thine eyes to the moun - tains, whence com - eth, whence

Alto. *sf* *p*

Lift thine eyes, oh lift thine eyes to the moun - tains, whence com - eth, whence

com - eth, whence com - eth help. Thy help

com - eth, whence com - eth help. Thy help com - eth, com - eth

com - eth, whence com - eth help. Thy help com - eth

cres. *dim.*

com - eth from the Lord, the mak - er of heav - en and

cres. *dim.*

from, . . the Lord, from the Lord, the mak - er of heav - en and

cres. *dim.*

from, . . the Lord, the mak - - er of heav - en and

p *cres.* *pp*

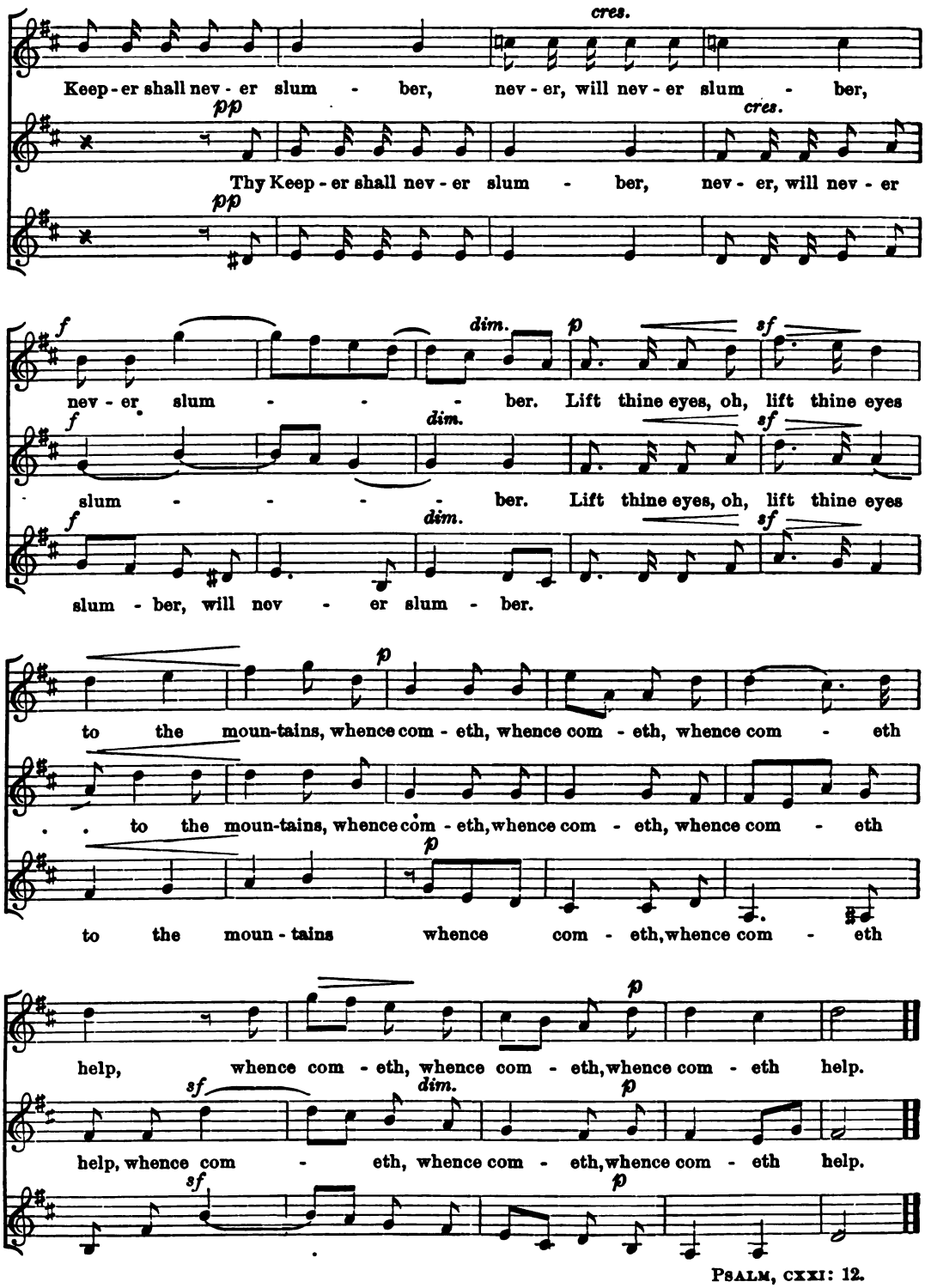
earth, He hath said, thy foot . . shall not be mov - ed, Thy

p *cres.*

earth, He hath said, thy foot shall not be mov - ed,

p *cres.*

earth, He hath said, thy foot shall not be mov - ed,



PSALM, CXXI: 12.

No. 37. Lift thine Eyes.

Andante, con moto.

From Mendelssohn's "Elijah."

1st Soprano. *sf* *p*

Lift thine eyes, oh lift thine eyes to the moun - tains, whence com - eth, whence

2nd Soprano. *sf* *p*

Lift thine eyes, oh lift thine eyes to the moun - tains, whence com - eth, whence

Alto. *sf* *p*

Lift thine eyes, oh lift thine eyes to the moun - tains, whence com - eth, whence

com - eth, whence com - eth help. Thy help

com - eth, whence com - eth help. Thy help com - eth, com - eth

com - eth, whence com - eth help. Thy help com - eth

cres. *dim.*

com - eth from the Lord, the mak - er of heav - en and

cres. *dim.*

from, . . the Lord, from the Lord, the mak - er of heav - en and

cres. *dim.*

from, . . the Lord, the mak - - er of heav - en and

p *cres.* *pp*

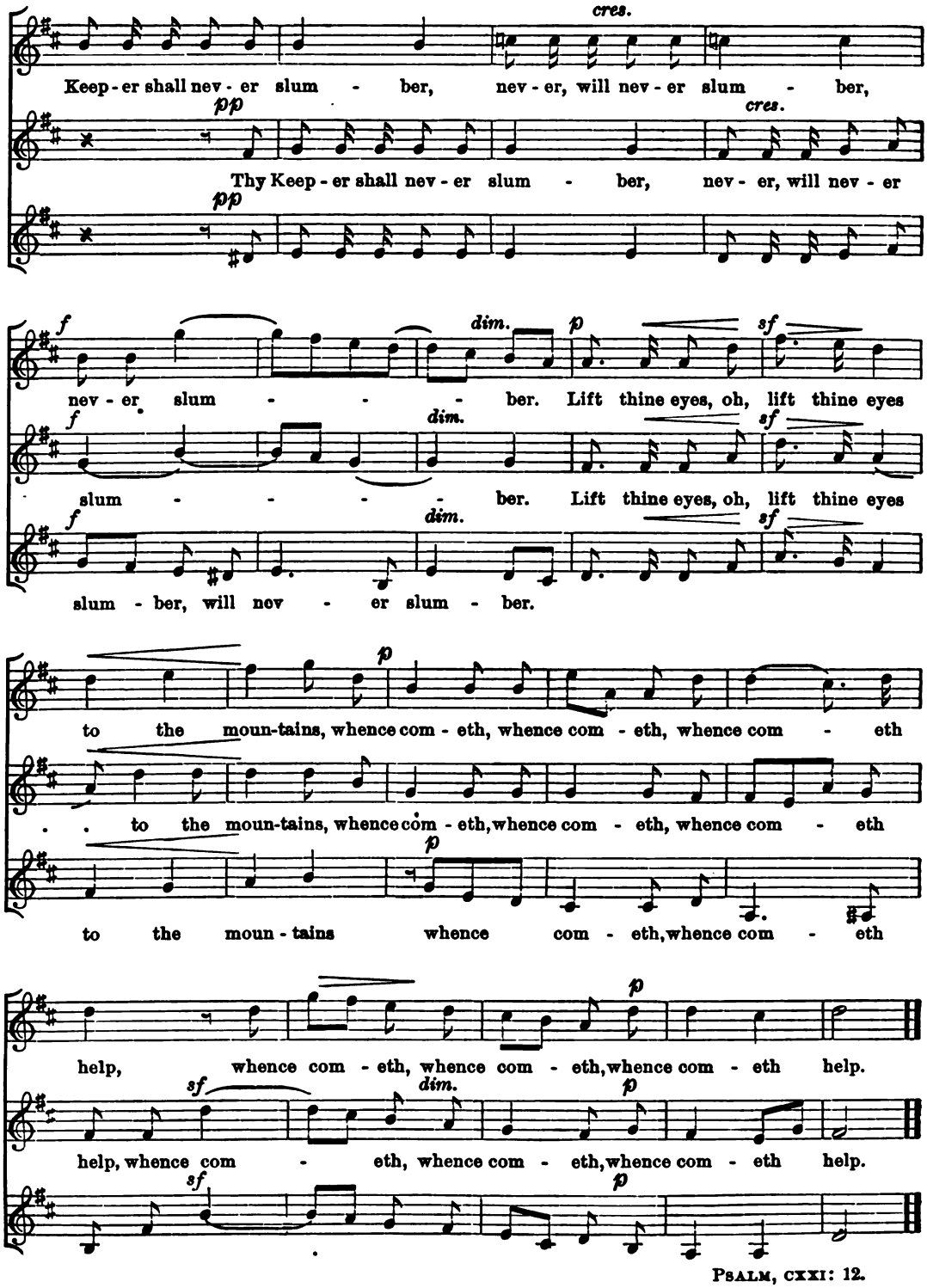
earth, He hath said, thy foot . . shall not be mov - ed, Thy

p *cres.*

earth, He hath said, thy foot shall not be mov - ed,

p *cres.*

earth, He hath said, thy foot shall not be mov - ed,



PSALM, CXXI: 12.

No. 38. To the Lord our God.

J. M. McLaughlin.

Andante.

To the Lord our God be-long mer-cies and for-giv-ness-es,

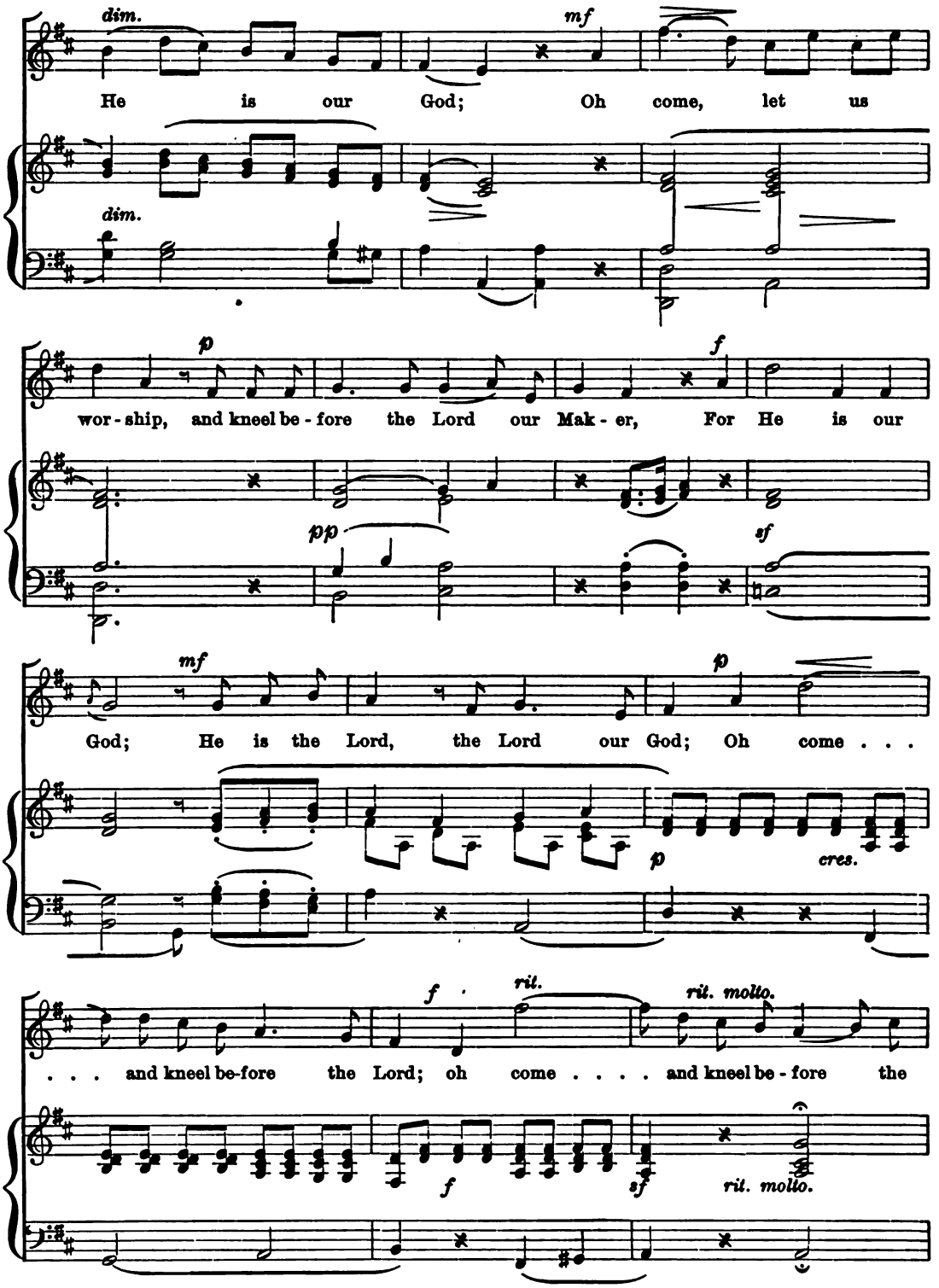
To the Lord our God be-long mer-cies and for-giv-ness-es,

though we have re-bell-ed

though we have re-bell-ed a-gainst Him;

though we have re-bell-ed a-gainst Him;

though we have re-bell-ed a-gainst Him; neith-er have we o-


dim.
mf
He is our God; Oh come, let us
dim.
p
f
wor-ship, and kneel be-fore the Lord our Mak-er, For He is our
pp
sf
mf
p
God; He is the Lord, the Lord our God; Oh come . . .
p
cres.
f
rit.
rit. molto.
. . . and kneel be-fore the Lord; oh come . . . . and kneel be-fore the
f
sf
rit. molto.

No. 38. To the Lord our God.

J. M. McLaughlin.

Andante.

p

To the Lord our God be-long mer-cies and for-giv-ness-es,

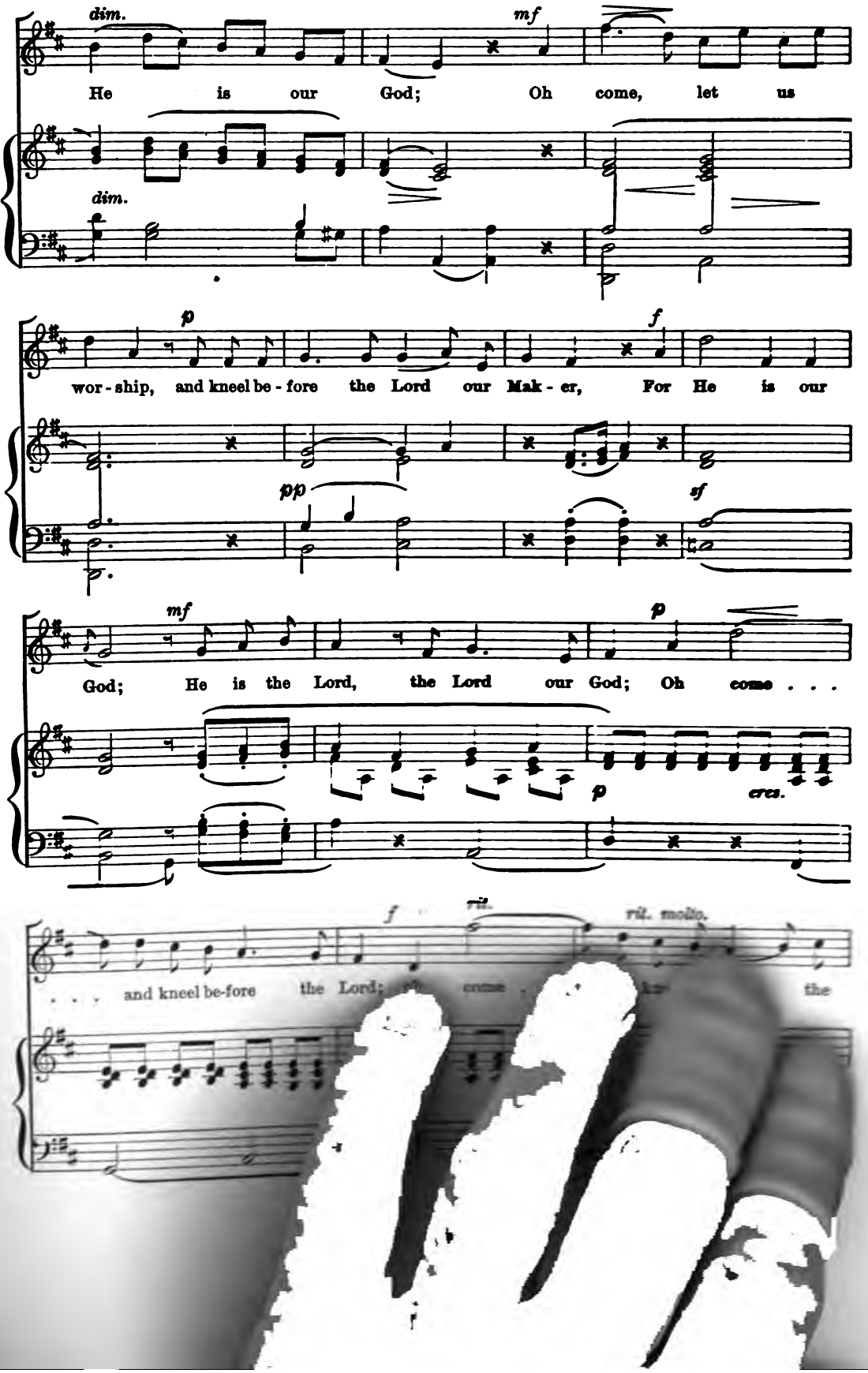
To the Lord our God be-long mer-cies and for-giv-ness-es,

though we have re-bell-ed

though we have re-bell-ed a-gainst Him;

though we have re-bell-ed a-gainst Him;

though we have re-bell-ed a-gainst Him; neith-er have we o-


dim.
mf
He is our God; Oh come, let us
dim.
p
f
wor - ship, and kneel be - fore the Lord our Mak - er, For He is our
pp
sf
mf
p
God; He is the Lord, the Lord our God; Oh come . . .
p
cres.
f
rit.
rit. molto.
. . . and kneel be-fore the Lord; Oh come
the

Oh come, let us worship.

mf Chorus.

Lord. Oh come, let us wor-ship, and kneel be-fore the Lord, Oh

dim. *p*

mf

Oh come, let us wor-ship, and kneel be-fore the Lord, Oh

dim. *p*

mf

dim. *p*

cres.

come, let us wor-ship, let us kneel be-fore the Lord, He is the

mf For

p

cres.

come, let us wor-ship, let us kneel be-fore the Lord, He is the

p

p

SOPRANO. SOLO.

mf

He is the Lord our God, He is our God: Oh

cres. *dim.*

Lord our God, He is the Lord, the Lord our God:

Lord our God, He is the Lord our God:

dim.

mf

come, let us wor-ship For

pp *mf*

let us wor-ship be-fore the Lord our Mak-er,

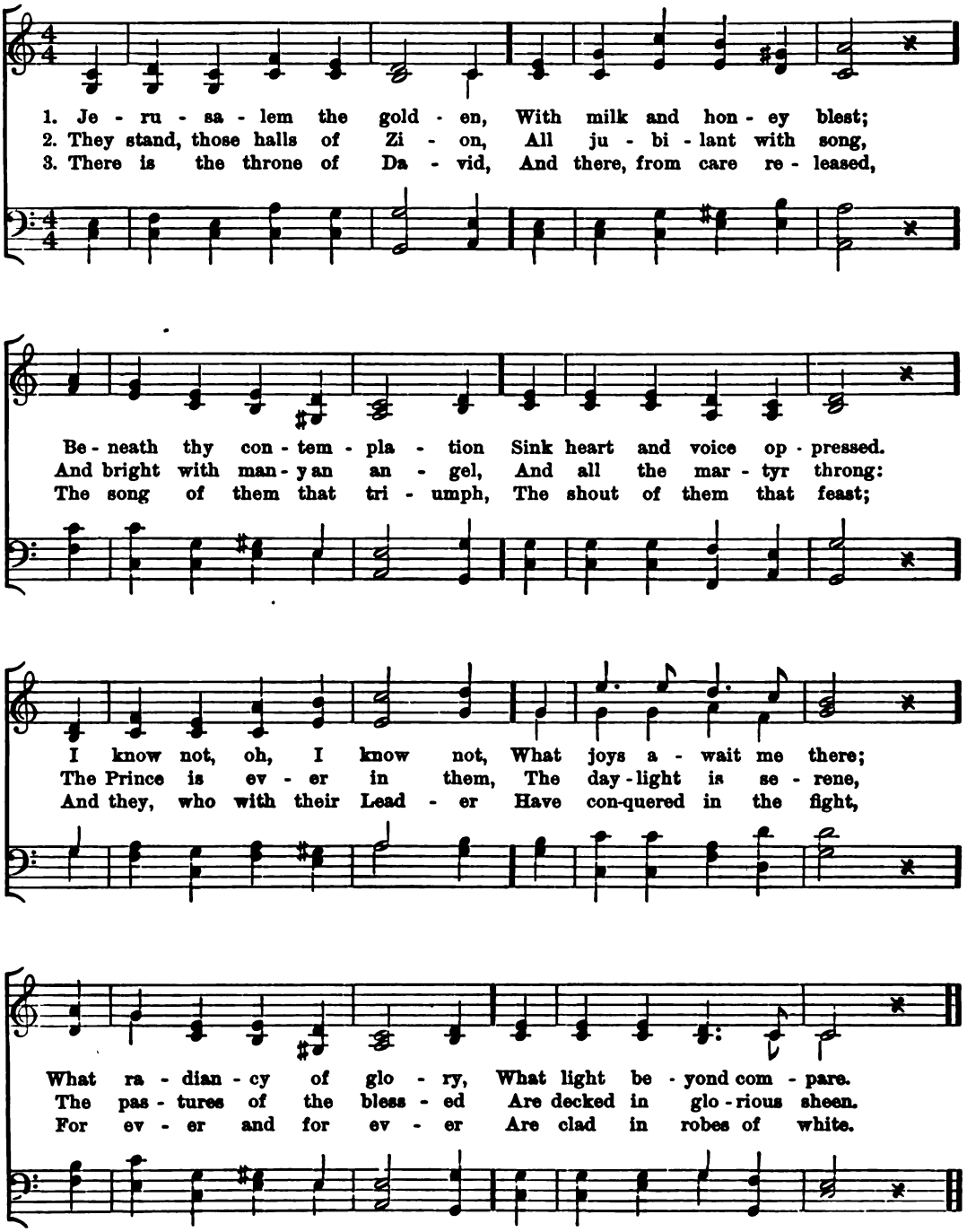
let us wor-ship be-fore the Lord our Mak-er,

pp

pp *mf*

NO. 34. JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

ALEXANDER EWING.

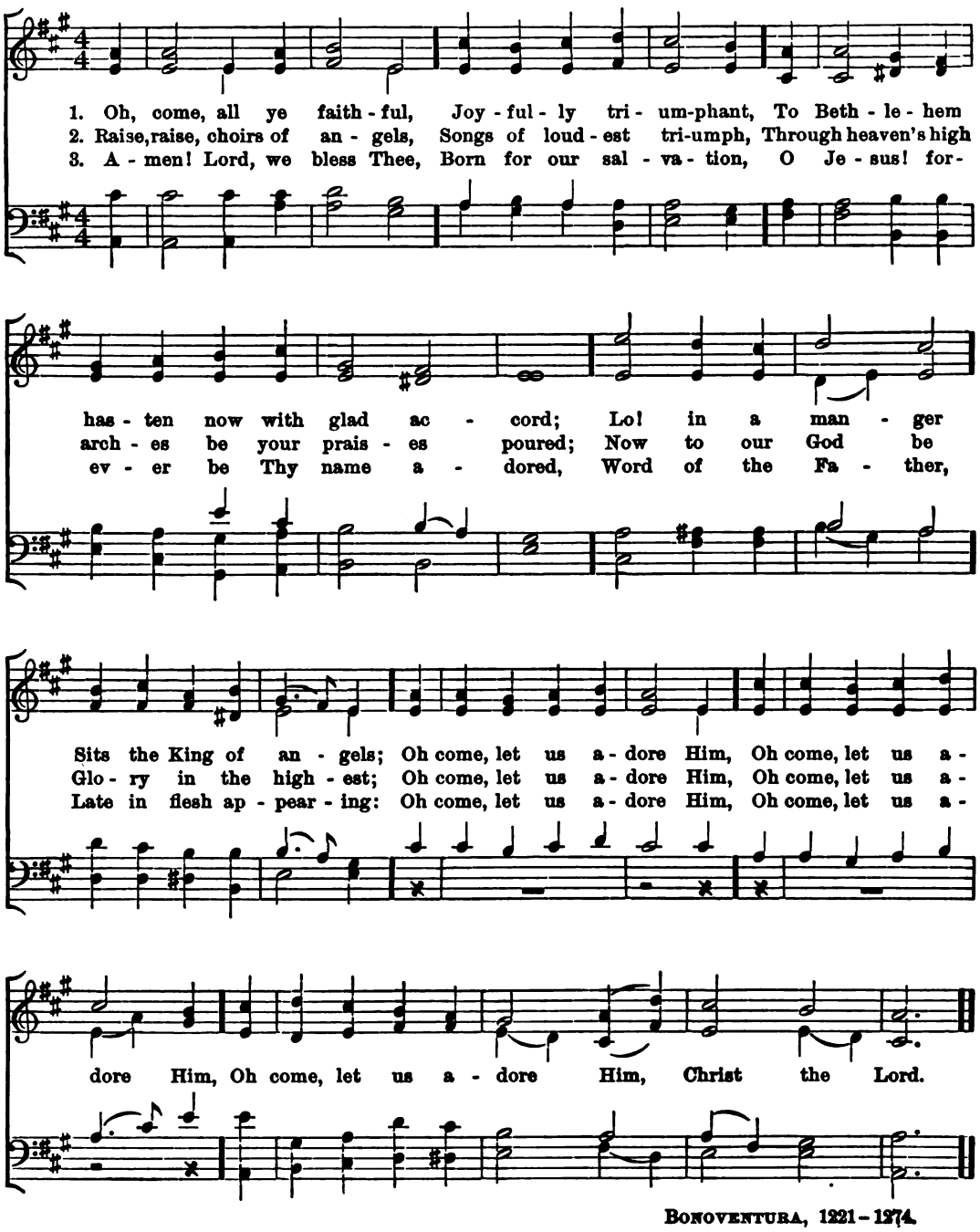


BERNARD OF CLUNY.

No. 35. Oh come, all ye Faithful.

(PORTUGUESE HYMN.)

JOHN READING.



BONOVENTURA, 1221 - 1274.

No. 36. The Shepherd's Nativity Hymn.

(Bethlehem.)

Charles Gounod, arr.

Allegretto.

1st & 2nd Soprano.

p

Alto.

1. Cra - dled all low - ly, Be - hold the Sav - iour child, A be - ing
2. No lon - ger sor - row, As with - out hope, oh, earth! A bright - er

Bass.

cres. *cres.*

ho - ly In dwell-ing rude and wild! Ne'er yet was re - gal state, Of
mor - row Dawned with that in - fant's birth! Our sins were great and sore, But

cres. *cres.*

f

mon - arch proud and great Who grasped a na - tion's fate, . . So
these the Sav - iour bore, And God was wroth no more, His

f

dim. *p*

glo - rious as the man - ger bed of Beth - le - hem!....
own Son was the Child that lay in Beth - le - hem!....

dim. *p*

Molto maestoso.

f

Babe weak and wail - ing, In low - ly vil - lage stall, Thy glo - ry

veil - ing, Thou cam'st to die for all!... The sac - ri - fice is done, The

world's a - tone - ment won, Till Time its course hath run, O

Je - sus, Sav - iour! Morning Star of Beth - le'm, O Star of Beth - le - hem!

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! . . . . . .

SOPRANOS.

f

A - - - - - - men! A - - - men! . . . . . .

1ST & 2ND ALTO.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - - men! . . . . . .

TENOR & BASS.

A - - - men! A - men! . . . . . .

No. 37. Lift thine Eyes.

Andante, con moto.

From Mendelssohn's "Elijah."

1st Soprano. *sf* *p*

Lift thine eyes, oh lift thine eyes to the moun - tains, whence com - eth, whence

2nd Soprano. *sf* *p*

Lift thine eyes, oh lift thine eyes to the moun - tains, whence com - eth, whence

Alto. *sf* *p*

Lift thine eyes, oh lift thine eyes to the moun - tains, whence com - eth, whence

com - eth, whence com - eth help. Thy help

com - eth, whence com - eth help. Thy help com - eth, com - eth

com - eth, whence com - eth help. Thy help com - eth

cres. *dim.*

com - eth from the Lord, the mak - er of heav - en and

cres. *dim.*

from, . . the Lord, from the Lord, the mak - er of heav - en and

cres. *dim.*

from, . . the Lord, the mak - - er of heav - en and

p *cres.* *pp*

earth, He hath said, thy foot . . shall not be mov - ed, Thy

p *cres.*

earth, He hath said, thy foot shall not be mov - ed,

p *cres.*

earth, He hath said, thy foot shall not be mov - ed,

cres.

Keep - er shall nev - er slum - ber, nev - er, will nev - er slum - ber,

pp *cres.*

Thy Keep - er shall nev - er slum - ber, nev - er, will nev - er

pp

f *dim.* *p* *sf*

nev - er slum - - - ber. Lift thine eyes, oh, lift thine eyes

f *dim.* *sf*

slum - - - - ber. Lift thine eyes, oh, lift thine eyes

f *dim.* *sf*

slum - ber, will nev - er slum - ber.

p

to the moun-tains, whence com - eth, whence com - eth, whence com - eth

to the moun-tains, whence com - eth, whence com - eth, whence com - eth

p

to the moun - tains whence com - eth, whence com - eth

p

help, whence com - eth, whence com - eth, whence com - eth help.

sf *dim.* *p*

help, whence com - eth, whence com - eth, whence com - eth help.

sf *p*

PSALM, CXXI: 12.

No. 38. To the Lord our God.

J. M. McLaughlin.

Andante.

p

To the Lord our God be-long mer-cies and for-giv-ness-es,

p

To the Lord our God be-long mer-cies and for-giv-ness-es,

p

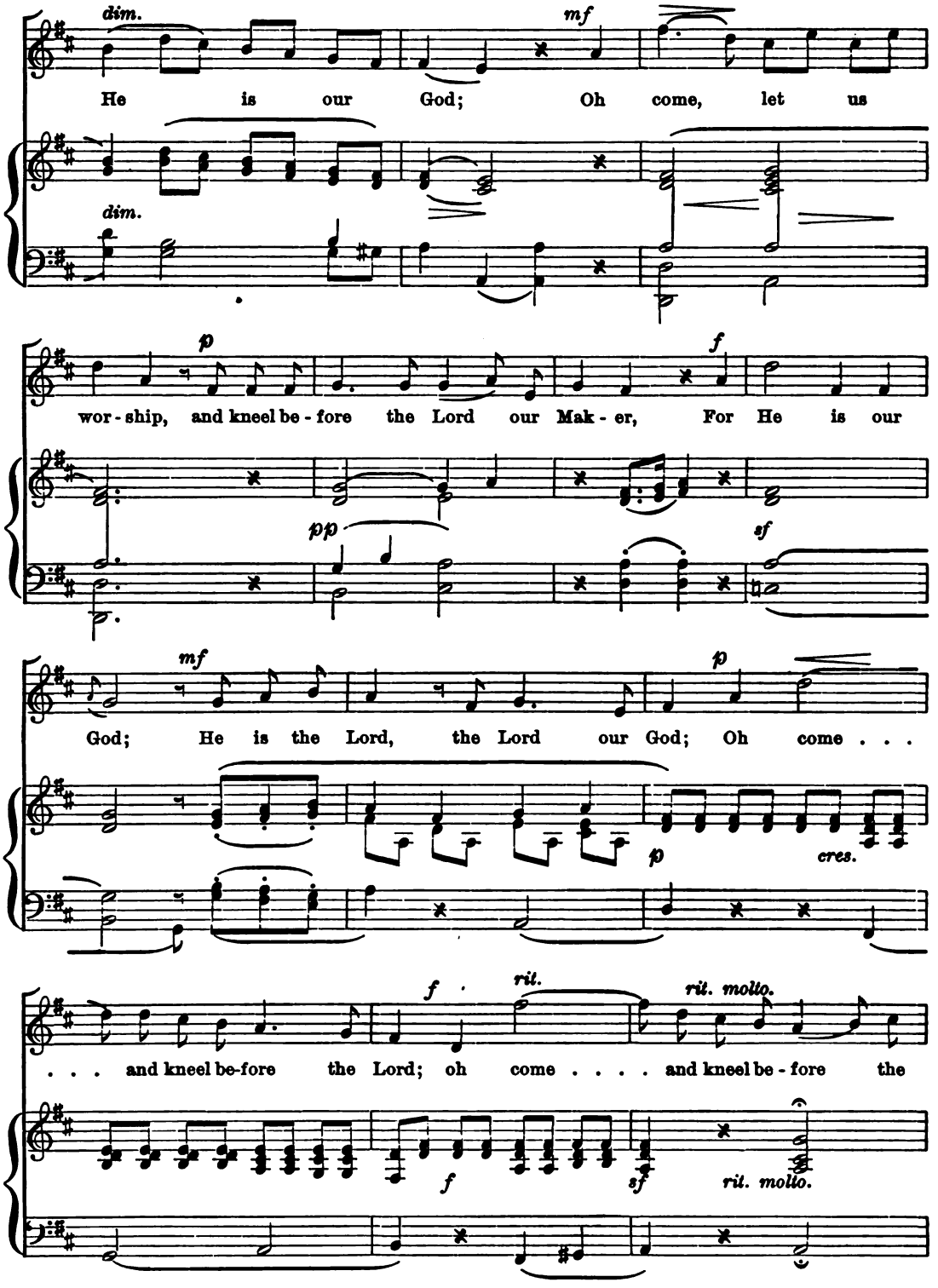
p

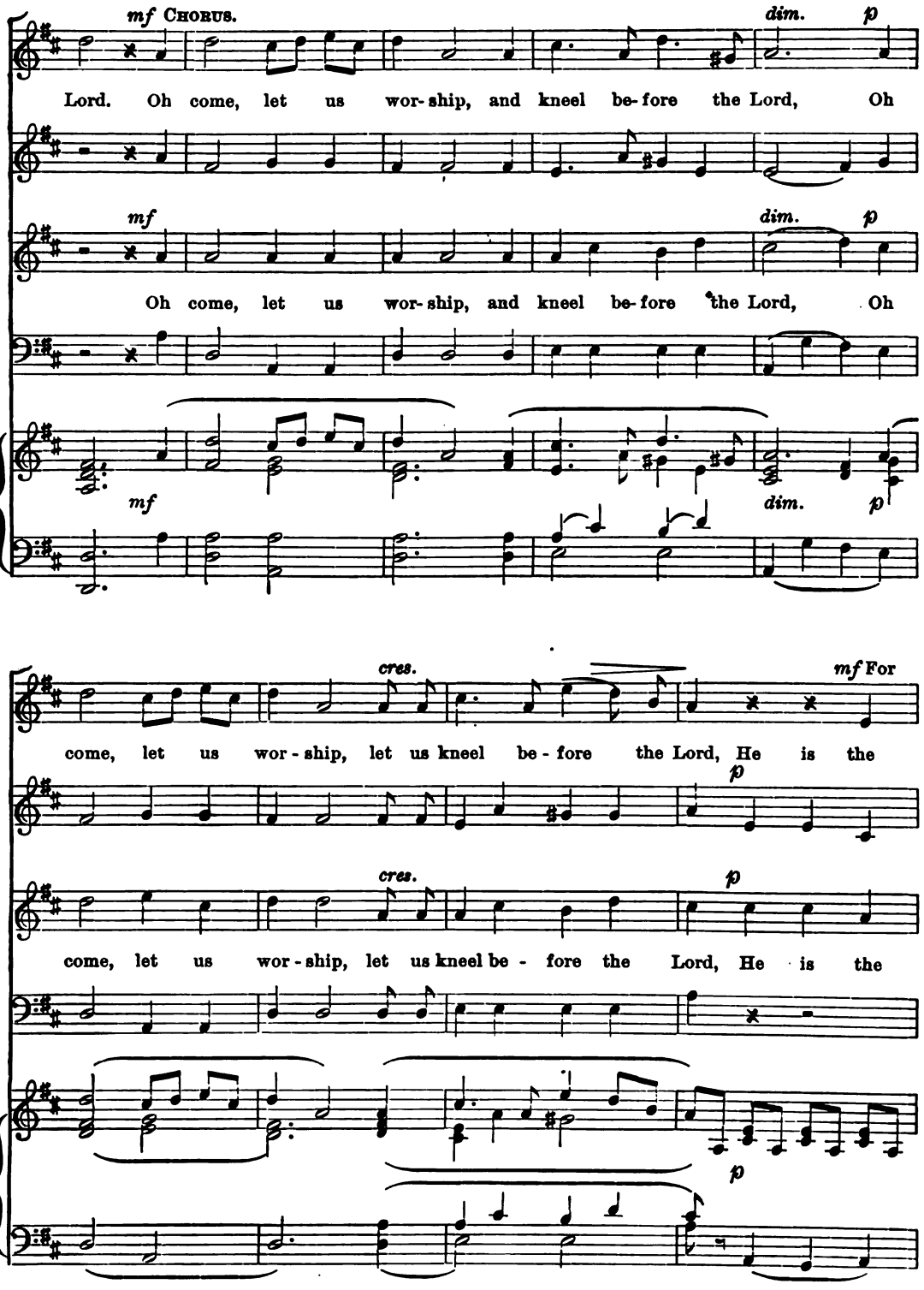
though we have re-bell-ed

though we have re-bell-ed a-gainst Him;

though we have re-bell-ed a-gainst Him;

though we have re-bell-ed a-gainst Him; neith-er have we o-


dim.
mf
He is our God; Oh come, let us
dim.
p
f
wor - ship, and kneel be - fore the Lord our Mak - er, For He is our
pp
sf
mf
p
God; He is the Lord, the Lord our God; Oh come . . .
p
cres.
f
rit.
rit. molto.
. . . and kneel be-fore the Lord; oh come . . . . and kneel be - fore the
f
sf
rit. molto.


mf CHORUS.
dim. p
Lord. Oh come, let us wor-ship, and kneel be-fore the Lord, Oh
mf
dim. p
Oh come, let us wor-ship, and kneel be-fore the Lord, Oh
mf
dim. p
cres.
mf For
come, let us wor-ship, let us kneel be-fore the Lord, He is the
p
cres.
p
come, let us wor-ship, let us kneel be-fore the Lord, He is the
p

SOPRANO. SOLO.

mf

He is the Lord our God, He is our God: Oh

cres. *dim.*

Lord our God, He is the Lord, the Lord our God:

Lord our God, He is the Lord our God:

dim.

mf

come, let us wor-ship For

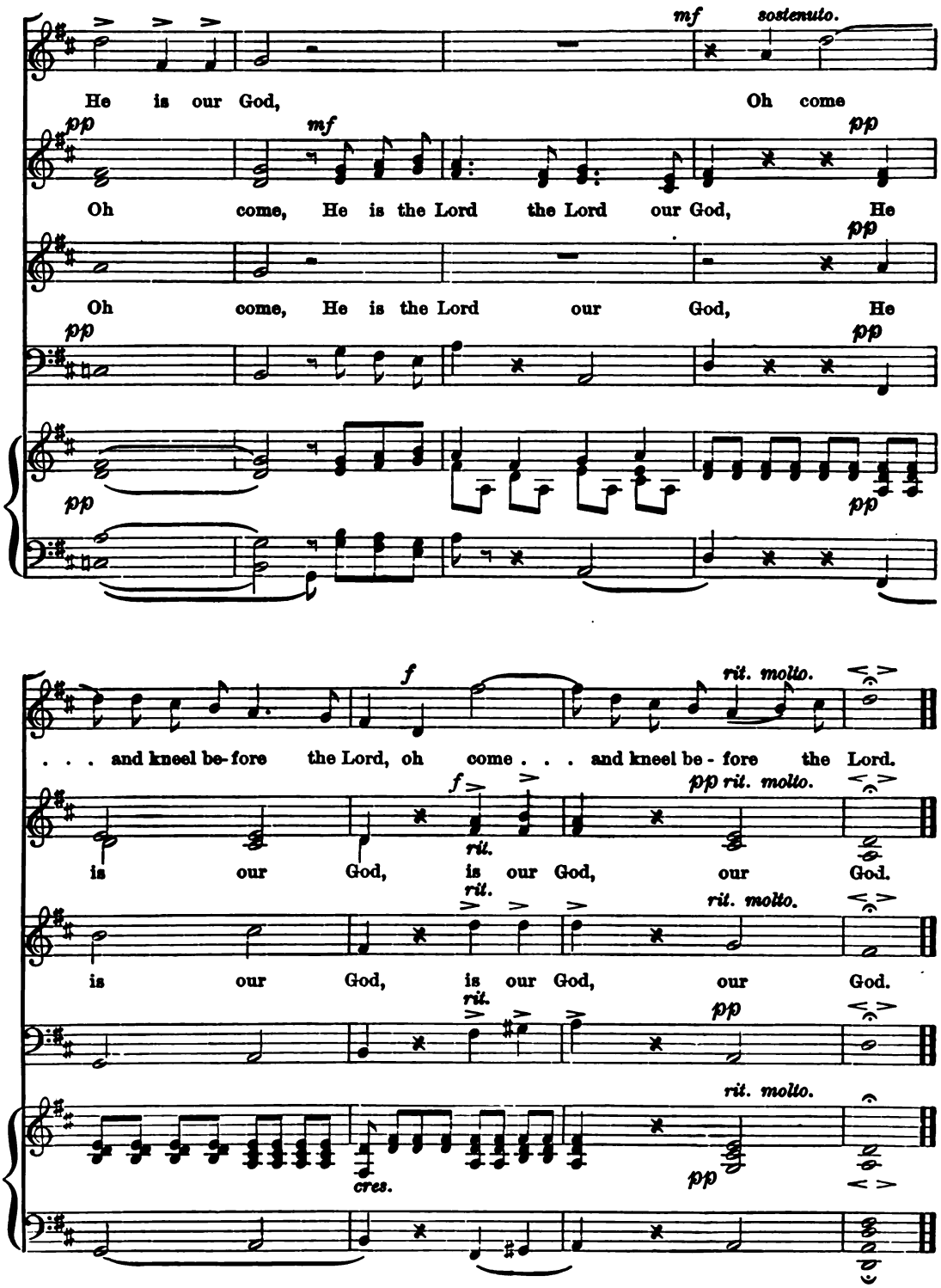
pp *mf*

let us wor-ship be-fore the Lord our Mak-er,

let us wor-ship be-fore the Lord our Mak-er,

pp

pp *mf*


mf
sostenuto.
He is our God, Oh come
pp
mf
pp
Oh come, He is the Lord the Lord our God, He
pp
Oh come, He is the Lord our God, He
pp
pp
pp
pp
f
rit. molto.
. . . and kneel be-fore the Lord, oh come . . . and kneel be - fore the Lord.
f
rit.
pp rit. molto.
is our God, is our God, our God.
rit.
rit. molto.
is our God, is our God, our God.
rit.
pp
rit. molto.
cres.
pp

NO. 40. JESUS CHRIST IS RISEN TO-DAY!

EASTER HYMN, 1531.

1. Je - sus Christ is risen to - day,
2. Hymns of praise then let us sing,
3. But the pains which He en - dured,

Al - - - le - lu - ia!

Our tri - um - phant ho - ly day,
Un - to Christ, our heav'n - ly King,
Our sal - va - tion have pro - cured;

Al - - le - lu - ia!

Who did once up - on the cross,
Who en - dured the cross and grave,
Now a - bove the sky He's King,

Al - - le - lu - ia!

Suf - fer to re - deem our loss.
Sin - ners to re - deem and save.
Where the an - gels ev - er sing.

Al - - le - lu - ia!

HENRY CAREY.

No. 41. THE LORD'S PRAYER.

L. Sherrerhayer, arr. by Czerny.

Solo and Chorus.

Andante.

Solo.

Our Fa - ther, Who art in heav - en, hal - low - ed, hal-lowed be thy

1st & 2nd Sopranos.

Our Fa - ther, Who art in heav - en,

Alto.

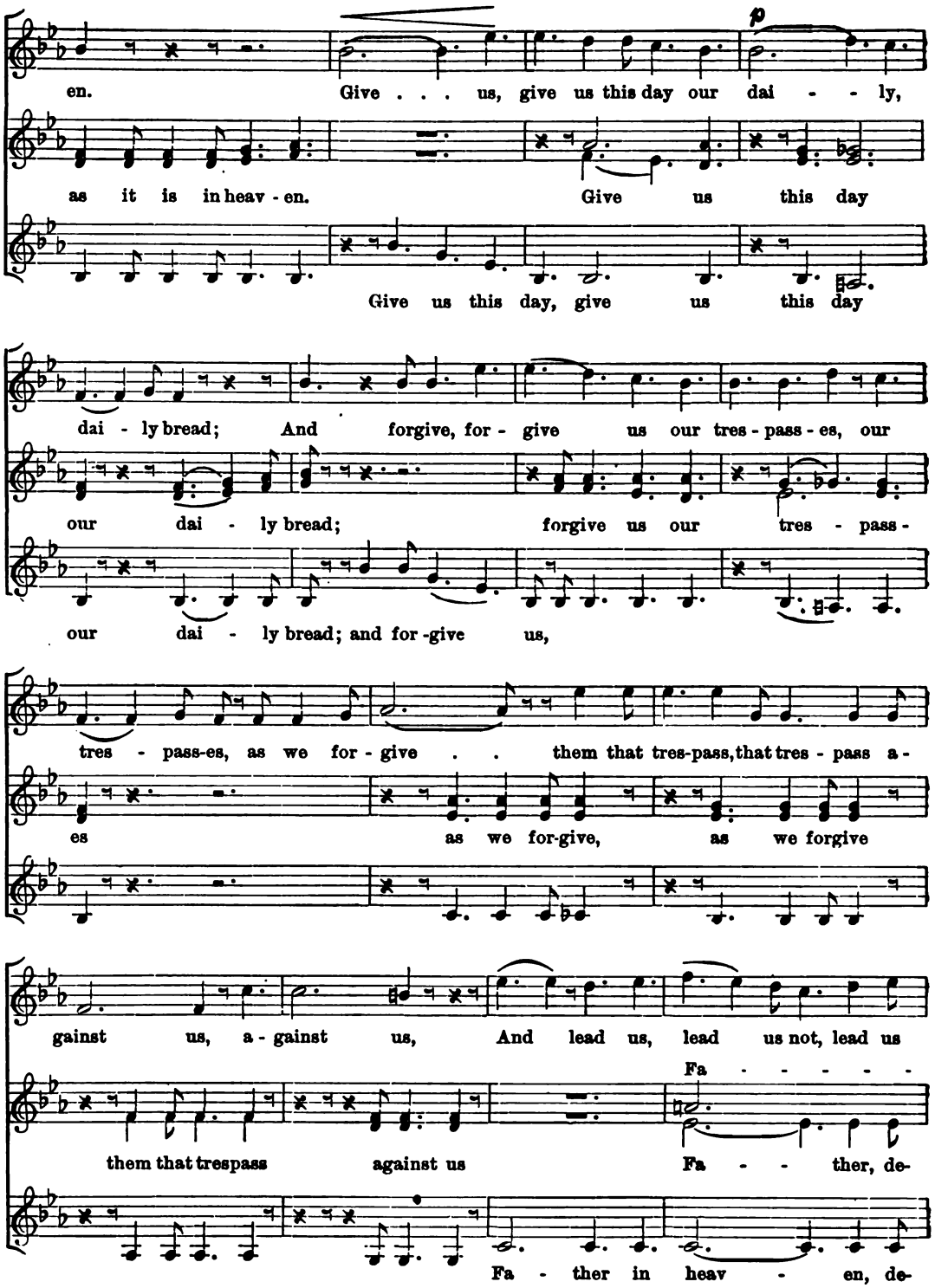
p

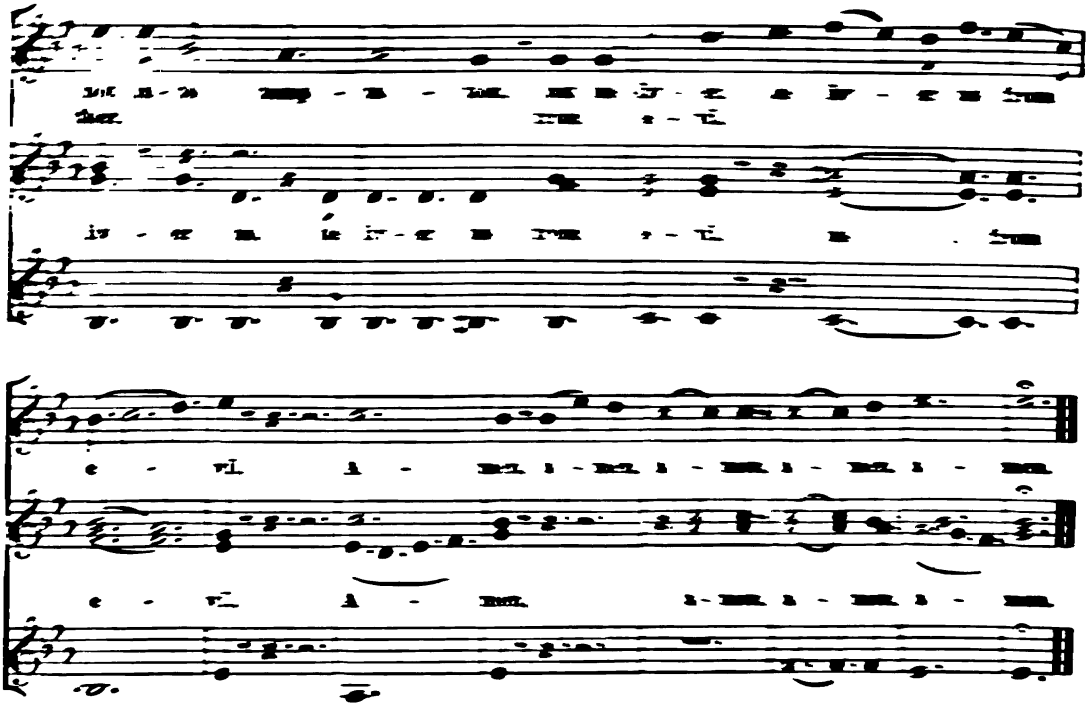
name, Thy king- dom come, Thy will be done, Thy

hal -low - ed be Thy name, Thy king - dom come, Thy will be done,

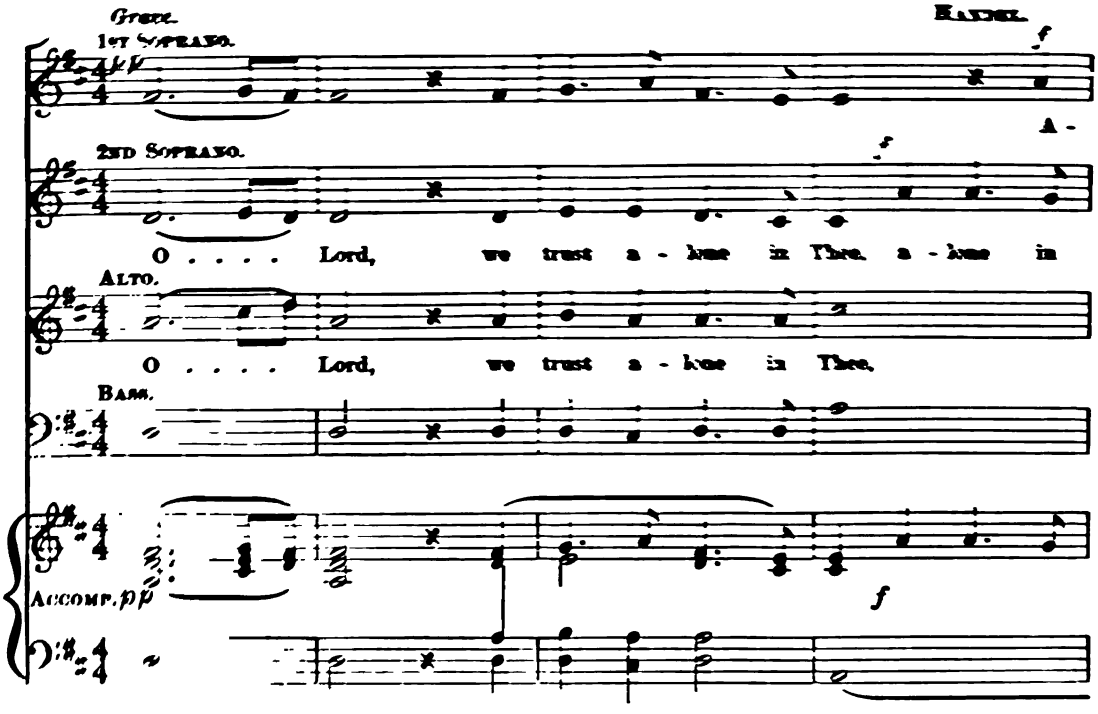
king - dom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heav - -

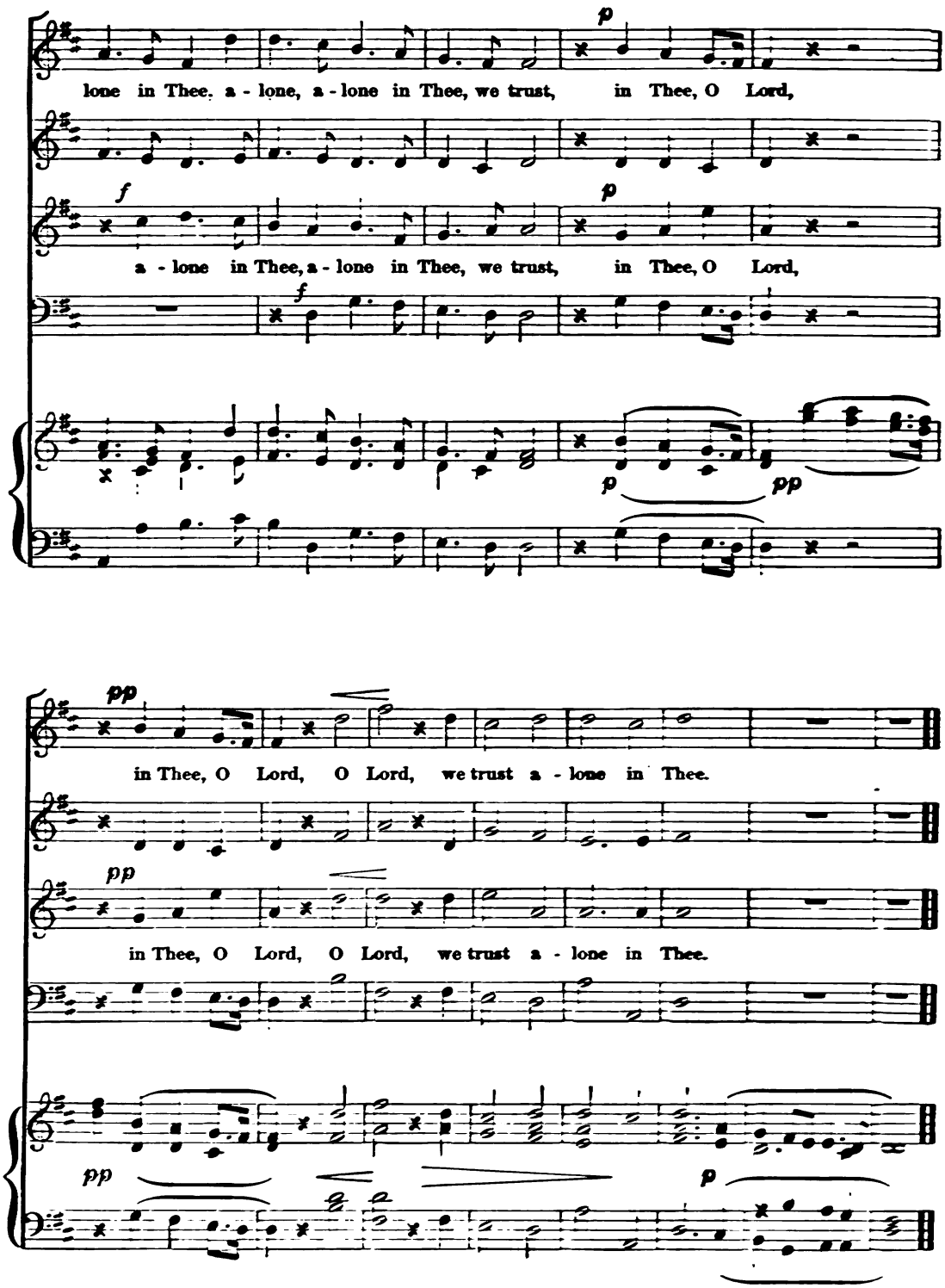
Thy will be done on earth, on earth,


en. Give . . . us, give us this day our dai - - ly,
as it is in heav - en. Give us this day
Give us this day, give us this day
dai - ly bread; And forgive, for - give us our tres - pass - es, our
our dai - ly bread; forgive us our tres - pass -
our dai - ly bread; and for - give us,
tres - pass-es, as we for - give . . them that tres-pass, that tres - pass a -
es as we for-give, as we forgive
gainst us, a - gainst us, And lead us, lead us not, lead us
Fa - - - - -
them that trespass against us Fa - - ther, de-
Fa - ther in heav - en, de-



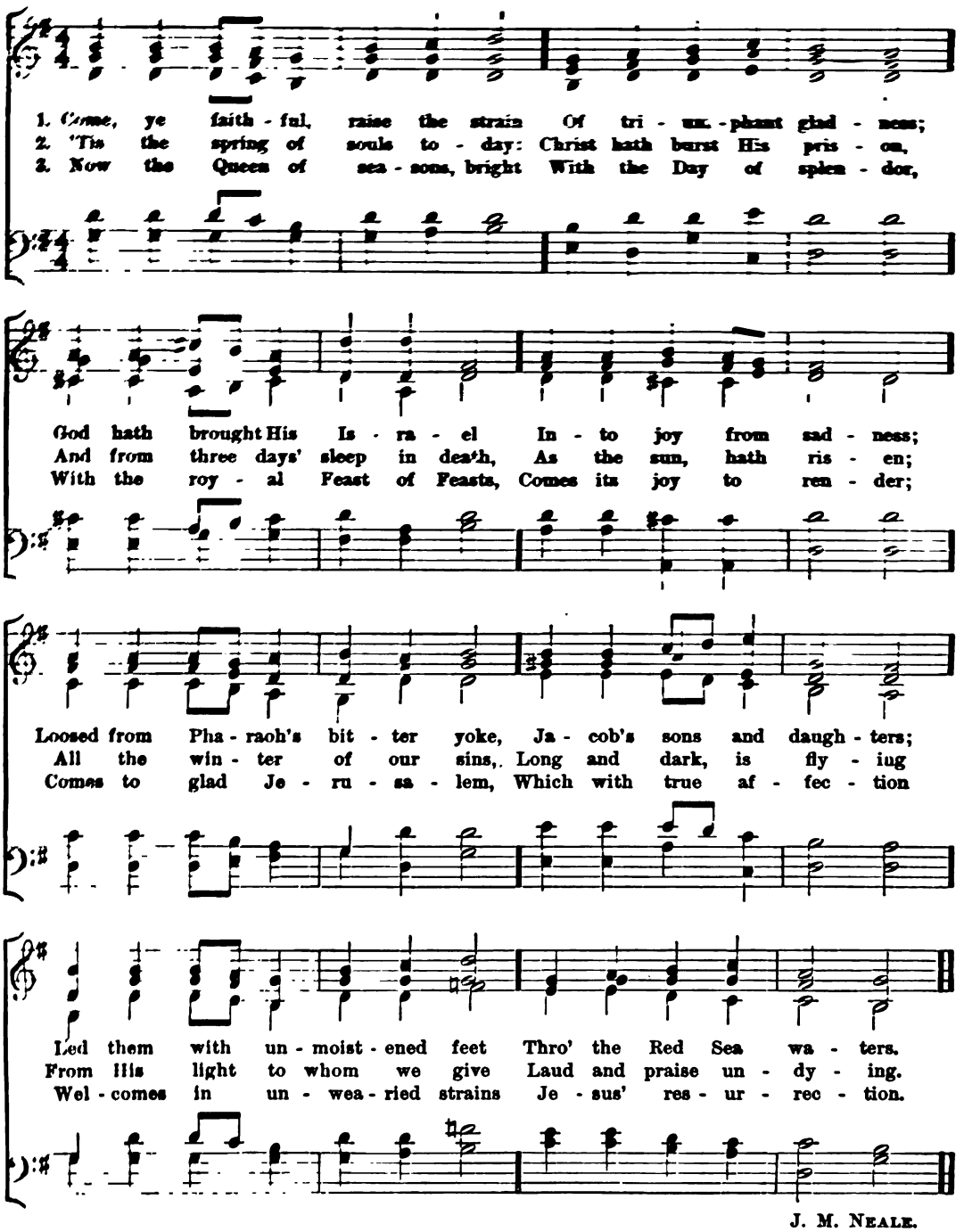
No. 42. O LORD! WE TRUST ALONE IN THEE.




p
lone in Thee. a - lone, a - lone in Thee, we trust, in Thee, O Lord,
f
p
a - lone in Thee, a - lone in Thee, we trust, in Thee, O Lord,
f
p
pp
pp
in Thee, O Lord, O Lord, we trust a - lone in Thee.
pp
in Thee, O Lord, O Lord, we trust a - lone in Thee.
pp
p

No. 43. Come, Ye Faithful, Raise the Strain.

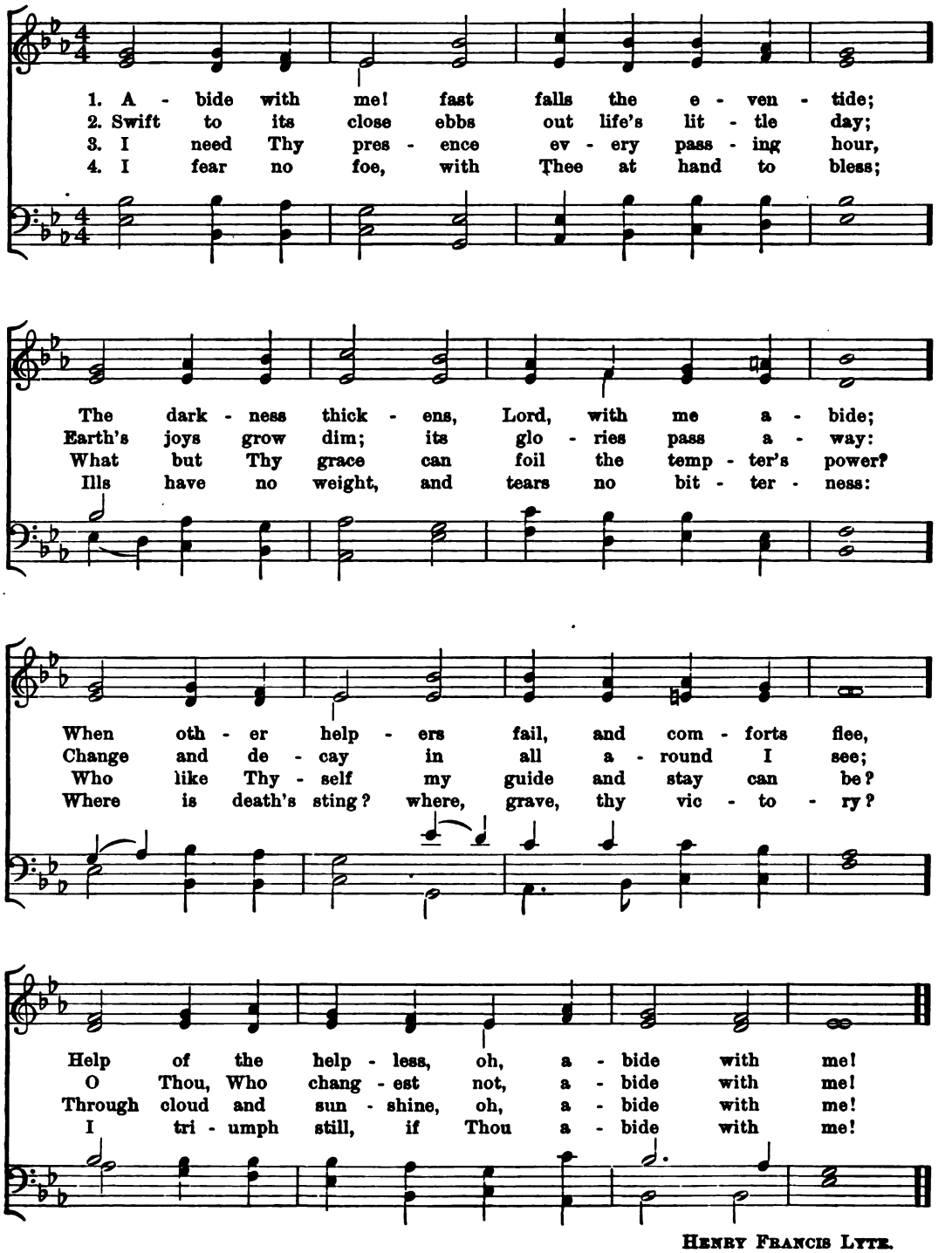
Arthur S. Sullivan.



J. M. Neale.

NO. 44. ABIDE WITH ME!

(EVENTIDE.) WILLIAM HENRY MONK.



HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

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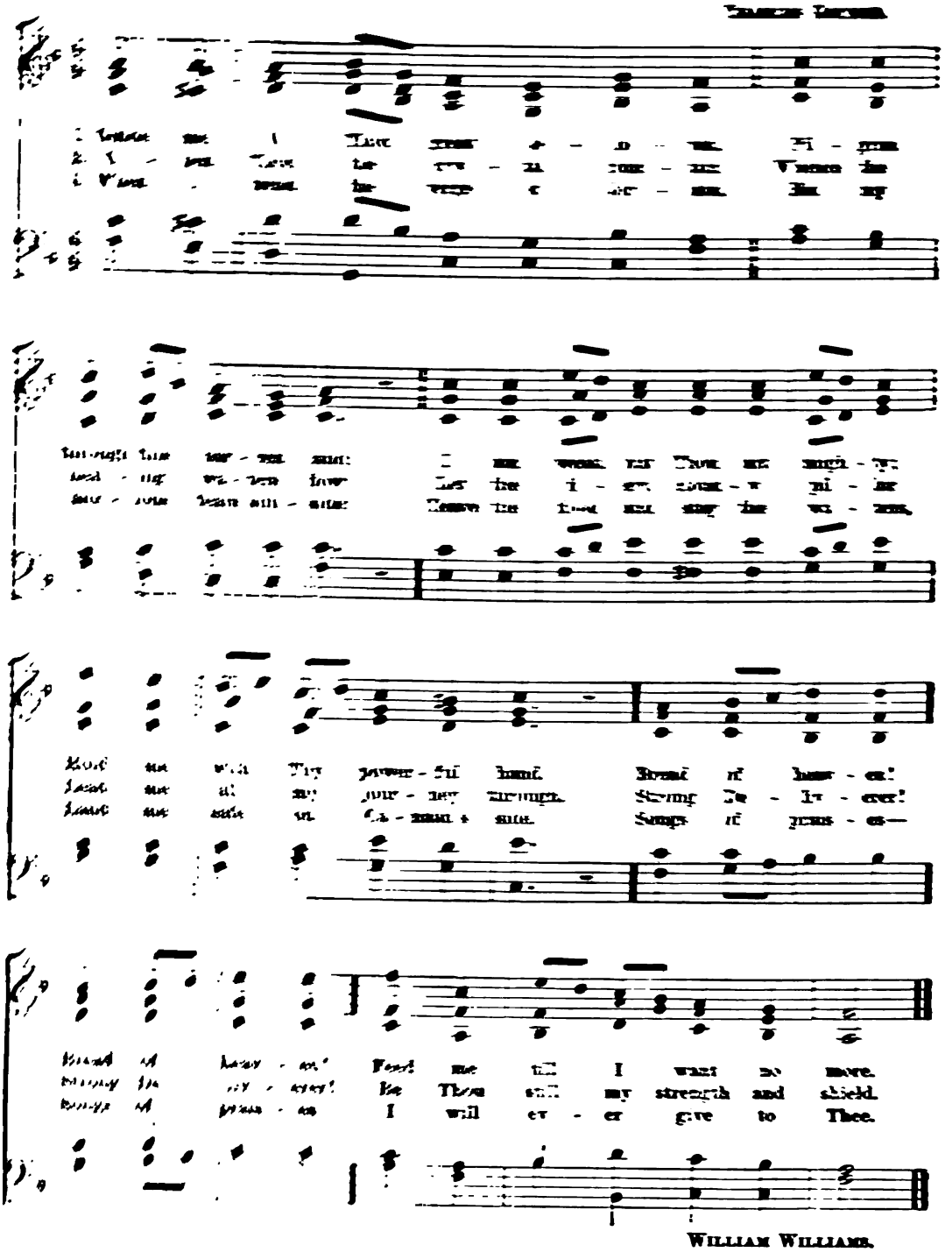
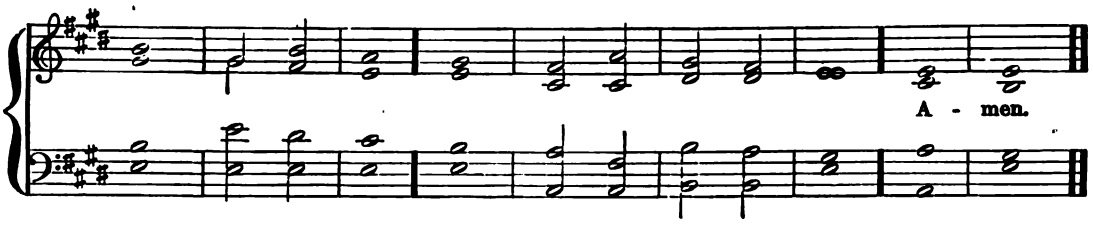


WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

No. 46. The Lord is my Shepherd.

Joseph Barnby.



1. The *Lord* | is my | shepherd ‖ *I* | shall — | — not | want.

2. He maketh me to lie *down* in | green — | pastures: ‖ He *lead*eth me be- | side the | still — | waters.

3. *He* re- | storeth my | soul: ‖ He leadeth me in the paths of *right*eousness | for His | name's — | sake.

4. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of *death*, I will | fear no evil; ‖ for thou art with me; thy *rod* and thy | staff, they | comfort | me.

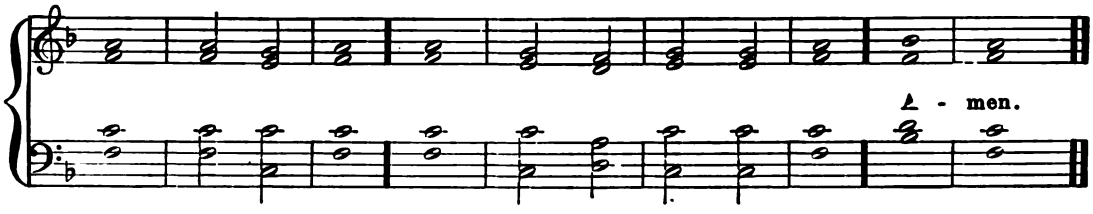
5. Thou preparest a table before me in the *pres*ence | of mine | enemies; ‖ Thou anointest my head with *oil*; my | cup — | runneth | over.

6. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me *all* the | days — of my | life; ‖ And I will dwell in the *house* of the | Lord for - | ev — | er.

Ps. xxiii.

No. 47. I will lift up mine Eyes.

Thomas Tallis.



1. I will lift up mine *eyes* | unto — the | hills, ‖ *from* | whence — | cometh — my | help.

2. My help *com*eth | from the | Lord ‖ *which* | made — | heaven — and | earth.

3. He will not suffer thy *foot* | to be | movéd ‖ *He* that | keepeth — thee | will not | slumber.

4. Behold, *He* that | keepeth | Israel ‖ *shall* | neither | slumber nor | sleep.

5. The *Lord* | is thy | keeper; ‖ The Lord is thy *shade* up - | on thy | right — | hand.

6. The sun shall not *smite* | thee by | day, ‖ *nor* the | moon — | by — | night.

7. The Lord shall pre*serve* thee | from all | evil; ‖ *He* | shall pre - | serve thy | soul.

8. The Lord shall preserve thy going *out* and thy | com-ing | in; ‖ from this time *forth*, and | even — for- | ev - er | more.

Ps. cxxi.

The syllables and words in Italics should be accented.

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NO. 41. THE LORD'S PRAYER.

L. NIEDERMEYER, ART. by CZERNY.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

Andante.

SOLO.

Our Fa - ther, Who art in heav - en, hal - low - ed, hal-lowed be thy

1ST & 2ND SOPRANOS.

Our Fa - ther, Who art in heav - en,

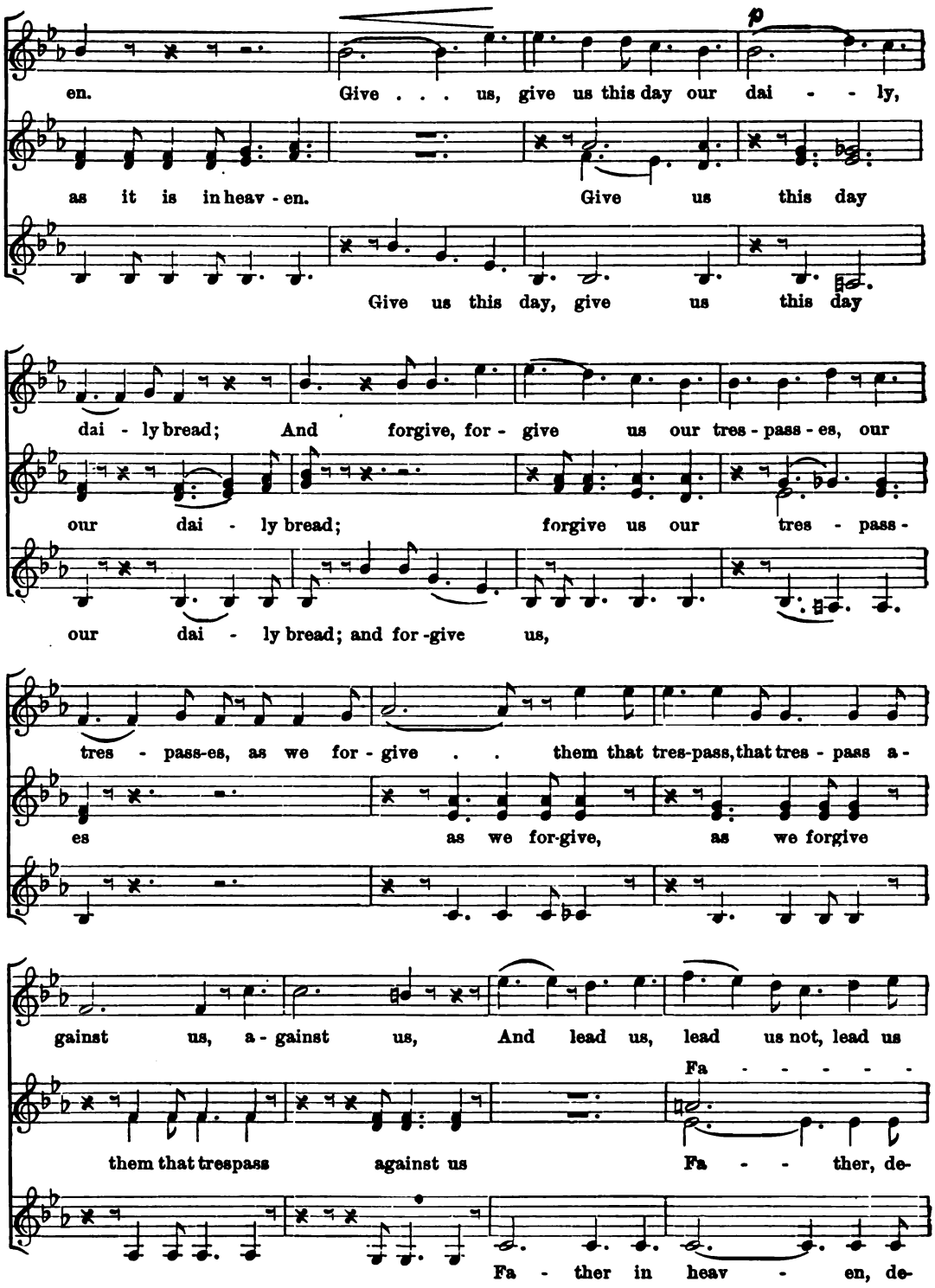
ALTO.

name, Thy king- dom come, Thy will be done, Thy

hal - low - ed be Thy name, Thy king - dom come, Thy will be done,

king - dom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heav - -

Thy will be done on earth, on earth,


en. Give . . . us, give us this day our dai - - ly,
as it is in heav - en. Give us this day
Give us this day, give us this day
dai - ly bread; And forgive, for - give us our tres - pass - es, our
our dai - ly bread; forgive us our tres - pass -
our dai - ly bread; and for - give us,
tres - pass-es, as we for - give . . them that tres-pass, that tres - pass a -
es as we for-give, as we forgive
gainst us, a - gainst us, And lead us, lead us not, lead us
Fa - - - - -
them that trespass against us Fa - - ther, de-
Fa - ther in heav - en, de-

not in - to temp - ta - tion, but de - liv - er, de - liv - er us from
ther, from e - vil,

liv - er us, de - liv - er us from e - vil, us . . . . from

e - vil, A - men, a - men, a - men, a - men, a - men.

e - vil, A - men, a - men, a - men, a - men.

NO. 42. O LORD! WE TRUST ALONE IN THEE.

Grave. HANDEL.

1ST SOPRANO. *pp* *f*

A -

2ND SOPRANO. *f*

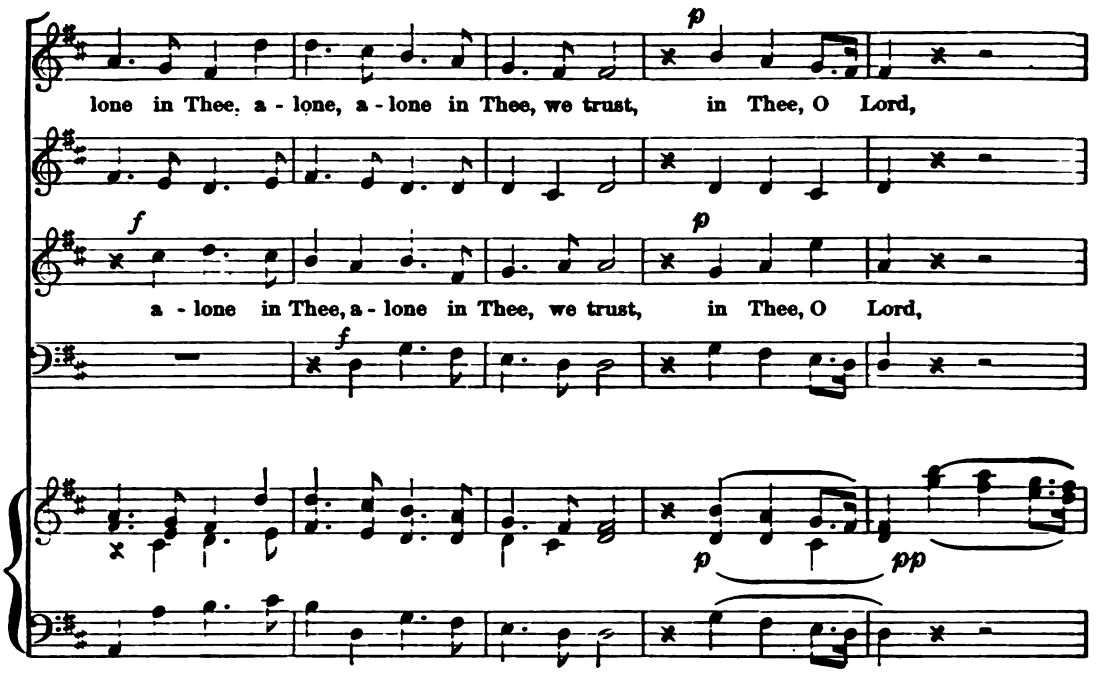
O . . . . Lord, we trust a - lone in Thee, a - lone in

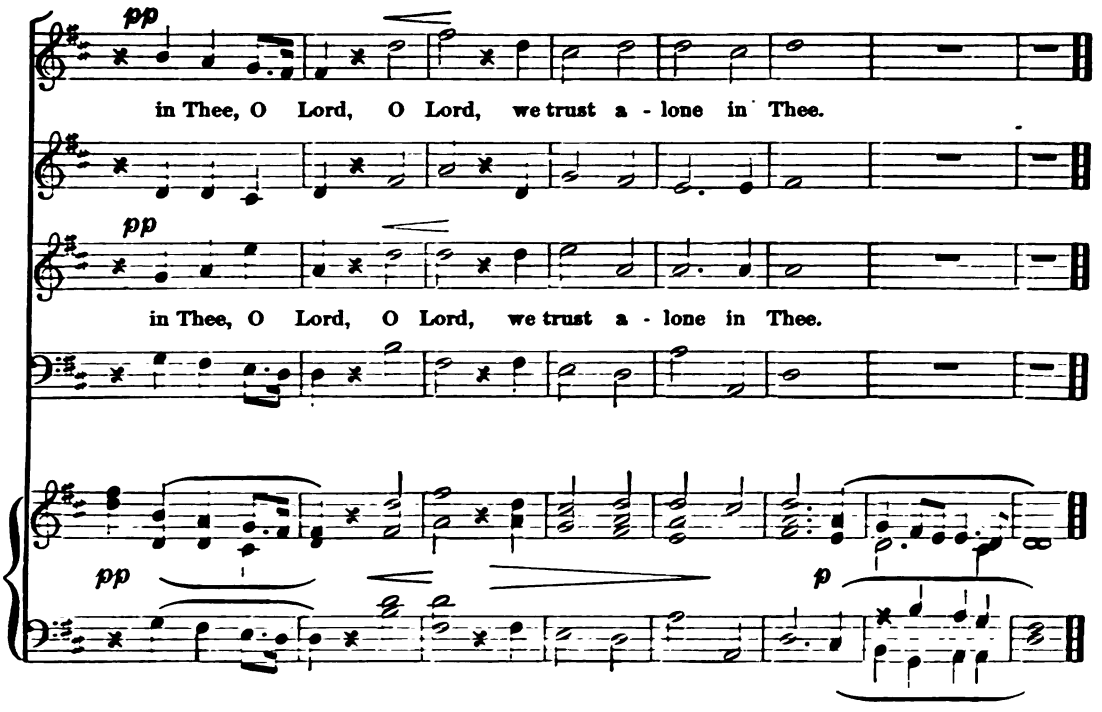
ALTO.

O . . . . Lord, we trust a - lone in Thee,

BASS.

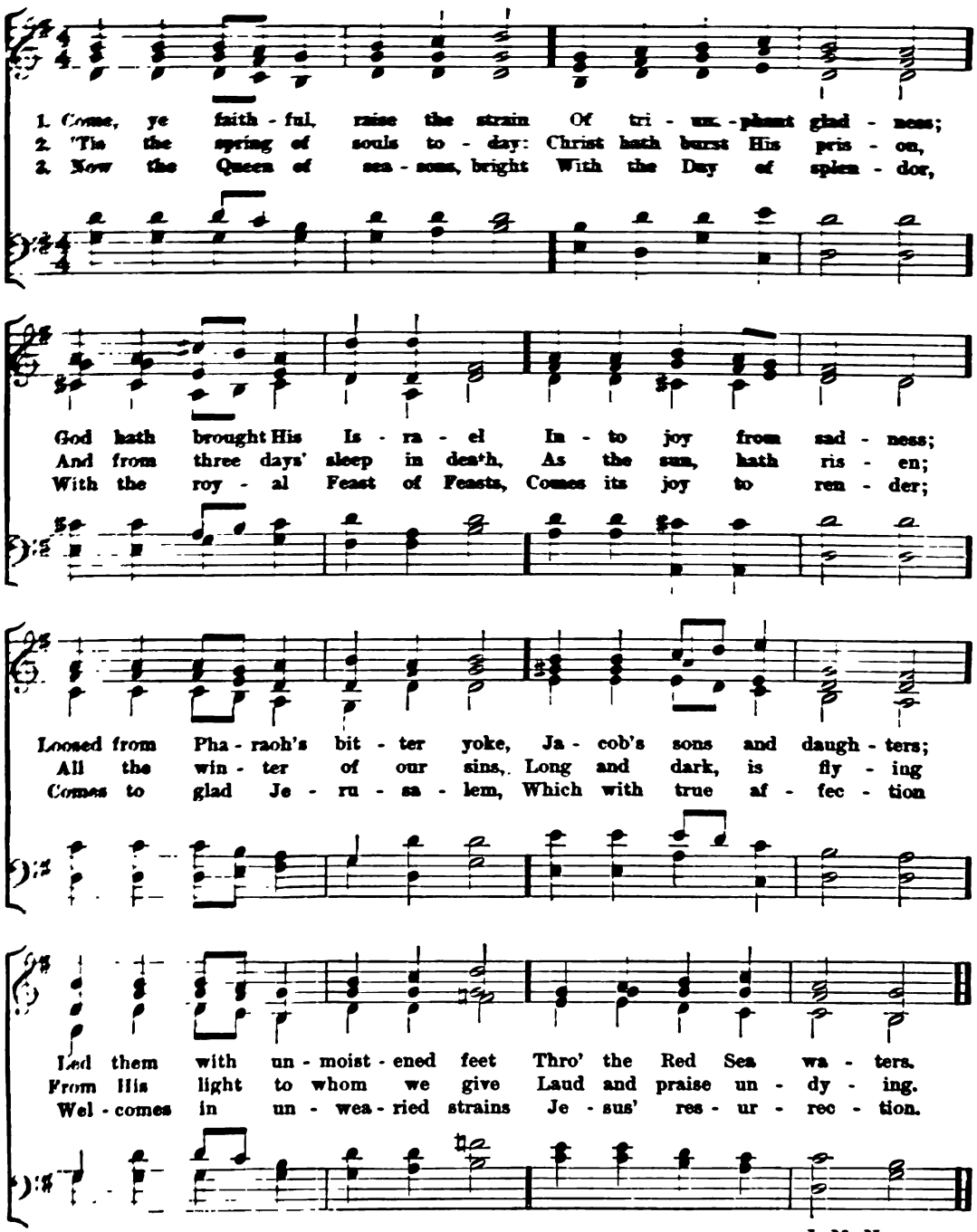
ACCOMP. *pp* *f*


p
lone in Thee, a - lone, a - lone in Thee, we trust, in Thee, O Lord,
f
p
a - lone in Thee, a - lone in Thee, we trust, in Thee, O Lord,
f
p
pp


pp
in Thee, O Lord, O Lord, we trust a - lone in Thee.
pp
in Thee, O Lord, O Lord, we trust a - lone in Thee.
pp
p

No. 43. COME, YE FAITHFUL, RAISE THE STRAIN.

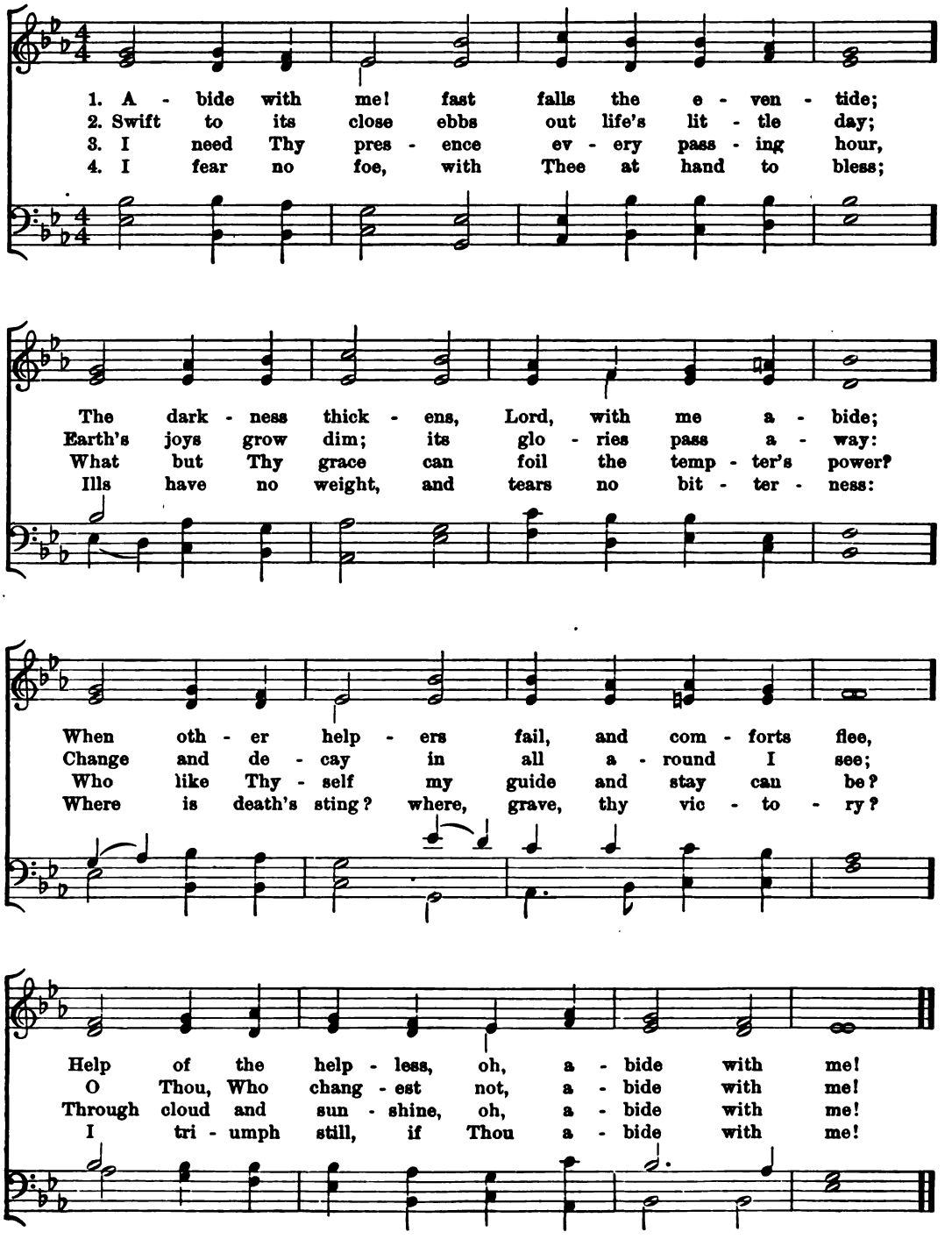
ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



J. M. NEALE.

No. 44. ABIDE WITH ME!

(EVENTIDE.) WILLIAM HENRY MONK.



HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

No. 45. Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah.

Charles Gounod.

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim
2. O - pen Thou the crys - tal foun - tain Whence the
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my

through this bar - ren land; I am weak, but Thou art migh - ty;
heal - ing wa - ters flow; Let the fi - ery, cloud - y pil - lar
anx - ious fears sub - side: Cleave the flood and stay the wa - ters,

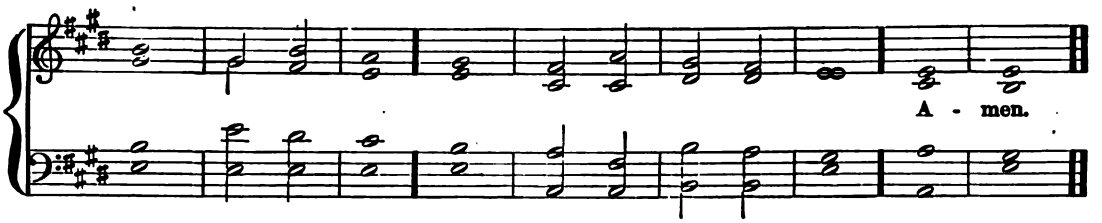
Hold me with Thy power - ful hand. Bread of heav - en!
Lead me all my jour - ney through. Strong De - liv - erer!
Land me safe on Ca - naan's side. Songs of prais - es—

Bread of heav - en! Feed me till I want no more.
Strong De - liv - erer! Be Thou still my strength and shield.
Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee.

William Williams.

NO. 46. THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

JOSEPH BARNBY.



1. The *Lord* | is my | shepherd ‖ *I* | shall — | — not | want.

2. He maketh me to lie *down* in | green — | pastures: ‖ He *lead*eth me be- | side the | still — | waters.

3. *He* re- | storeth my | soul: ‖ He leadeth me in the paths of *right*eousness | for His | name's — | sake.

4. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of *death*, I will | fear no evil; ‖ for thou art with me; thy *rod* and thy | staff, they | comfort | me.

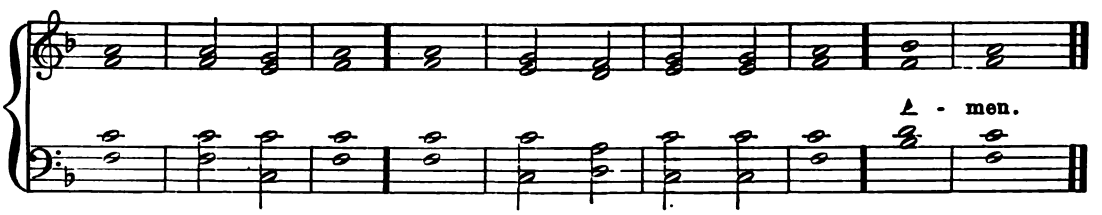
5. Thou preparest a table before me in the *pres*ence | of mine | enemies; ‖ Thou anointest my head with *oil*; my | cup — | runneth | over.

6. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me *all* the | days — of my | life; ‖ And I will dwell in the *house* of the | Lord for - | ev — | er.

Ps. XXIII.

NO. 47. I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES.

THOMAS TALLIS.



1. I will lift up mine *eyes* | unto — the | hills, ‖ *from* | whence — | cometh — my | help.

2. My help *com*eth | from the | Lord ‖ *which* | made — | heaven — and | earth.

3. He will not suffer thy *foot* | to be | movéd ‖ *He* that | keepeth — thee | will not | slumber.

4. Behold, *He* that | keepeth | Israel ‖ *shall* | neither | slumber nor | sleep.

5. The *Lord* | is thy | keeper; ‖ The Lord is thy *shade* up - | on thy | right — | hand.

6. The sun shall not *smite* | thee by | day, ‖ *nor* the | moon — | by — | night.

7. The Lord shall pre*serve* thee | from all | evil; ‖ *He* | shall pre - | serve thy | soul.

8. The Lord shall preserve thy going *out* and thy | com-ing | in; ‖ from this time *forth*, and | even — for- | ev - er | more.

Ps. CXXI.

The syllables and words in Italics should be accented.

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Their native Land	*F. Masini*	S. S — A. A. T. B.	58	165
The Lark	*J. L. Hatton*	S. S. A. B.	1	5
The little Voice	*W. J. Westbrook*	S. S. A. B.	30	90
The Postillion	*J. L. Molloy*	A — S. S. A. B.	6	21
The Primrose	*Mendelssohn*	S. S. A. B.	36	103
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The Star-spangled Banner		S — S. A. T. B.	2	195
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'Tis the last Rose of Summer	*Irish Melody*	S. A. T. B.	8	207

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Around the Throne of God	*Handel*	S. A. T. B.	16	227
Awake, my Soul	*Barthelemon*	S. A. T. B.	1	217

No. 41. THE LORD'S PRAYER.

L. NIEDERMEYER, arr. by CZERNY.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

Andante.

SOLO.

Our Fa - ther, Who art in heav - en, hal - low - ed, hal-lowed be thy

1ST & 2ND SOPRANOS.

Our Fa - ther, Who art in heav - en,

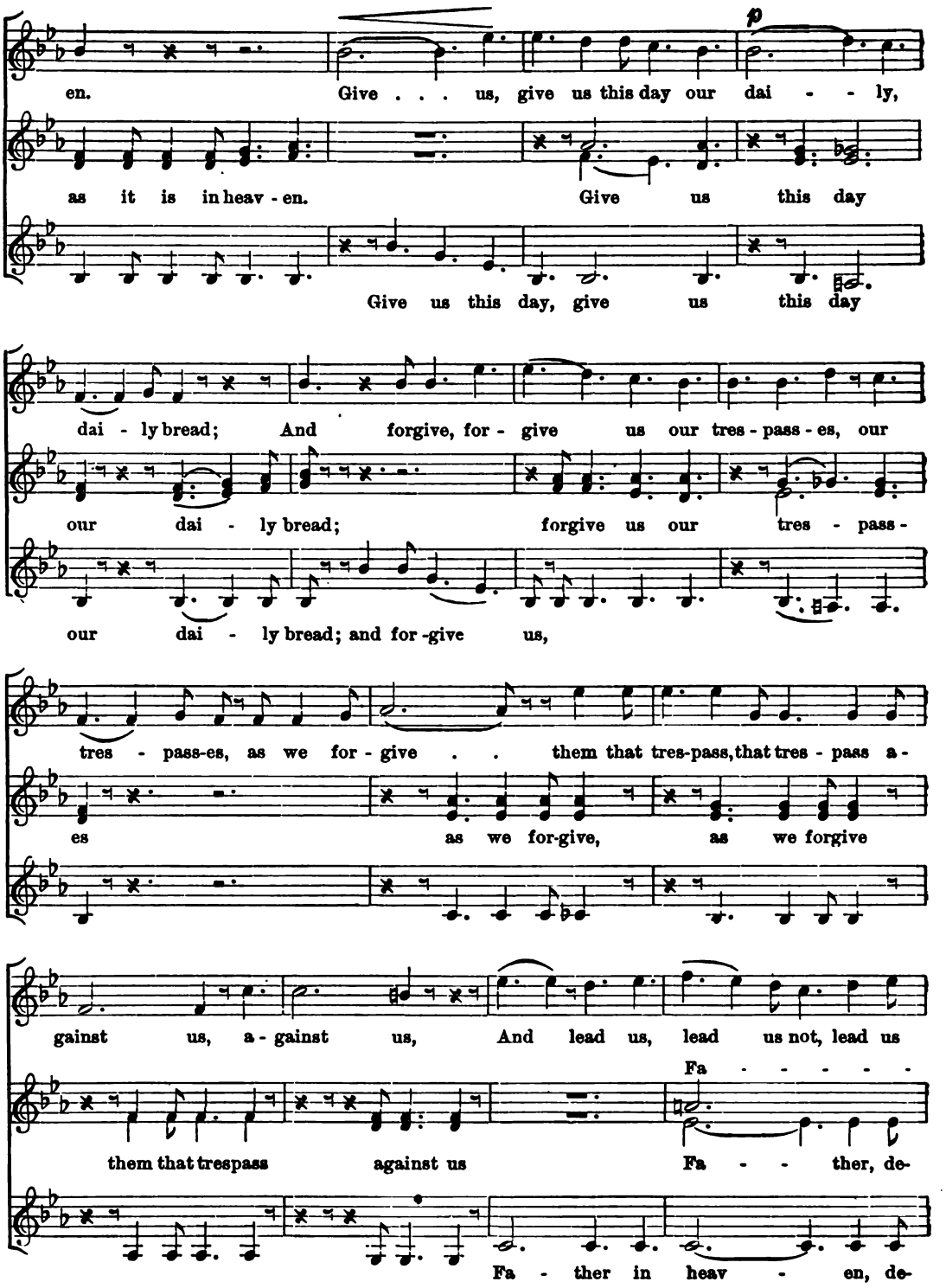
ALTO.

name, Thy king- dom come, Thy will be done, Thy

hal -low - ed be Thy name, Thy king - dom come, Thy will be done,

king - dom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heav - -

Thy will be done on earth, on earth,


en. Give . . . us, give us this day our dai - - ly,
as it is in heav - en. Give us this day
Give us this day, give us this day
dai - ly bread; And forgive, for - give us our tres - pass - es, our
our dai - ly bread; forgive us our tres - pass -
our dai - ly bread; and for -give us,
tres - pass-es, as we for - give . . them that tres-pass, that tres - pass a -
es as we for-give, as we forgive
gainst us, a - gainst us, And lead us, lead us not, lead us
Fa - - - - -
them that trespass against us Fa - - ther, de-
Fa - ther in heav - en, de-

not in - to temp - ta - tion, but de - liv - er, de - liv - er us from
ther, from e - vil,

liv - er us, de - liv - er us from e - vil, us . . . . from

e - vil, A - men, a - men, a - men, a - men, a - men.

e - vil, A - men, a - men, a - men, a - men.

NO. 42. O LORD! WE TRUST ALONE IN THEE.

Grave. HANDEL.

1ST SOPRANO. *pp* *f*

A -

2ND SOPRANO. *f*

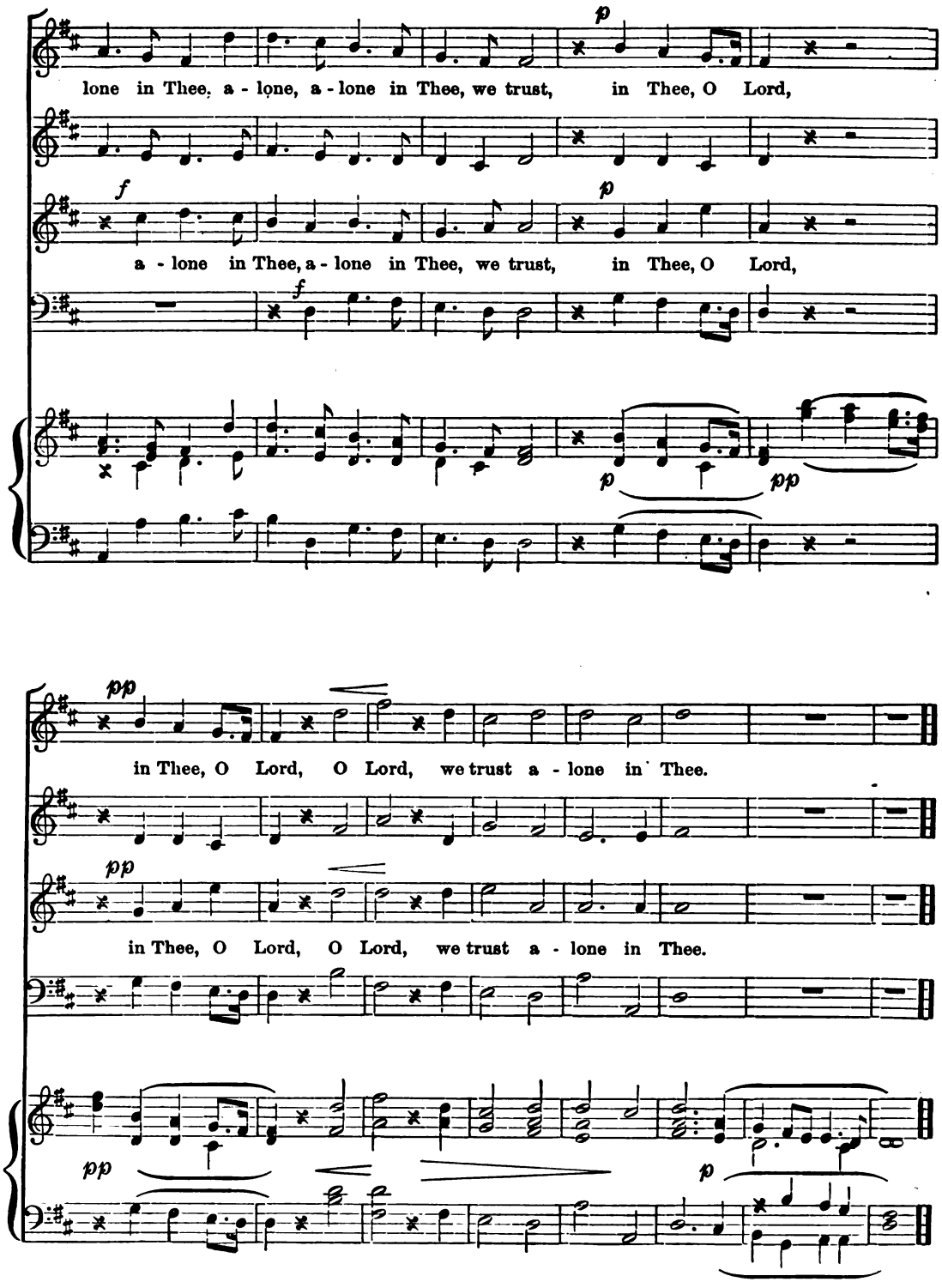
O . . . . Lord, we trust a - lone in Thee, a - lone in

ALTO.

O . . . . Lord, we trust a - lone in Thee,

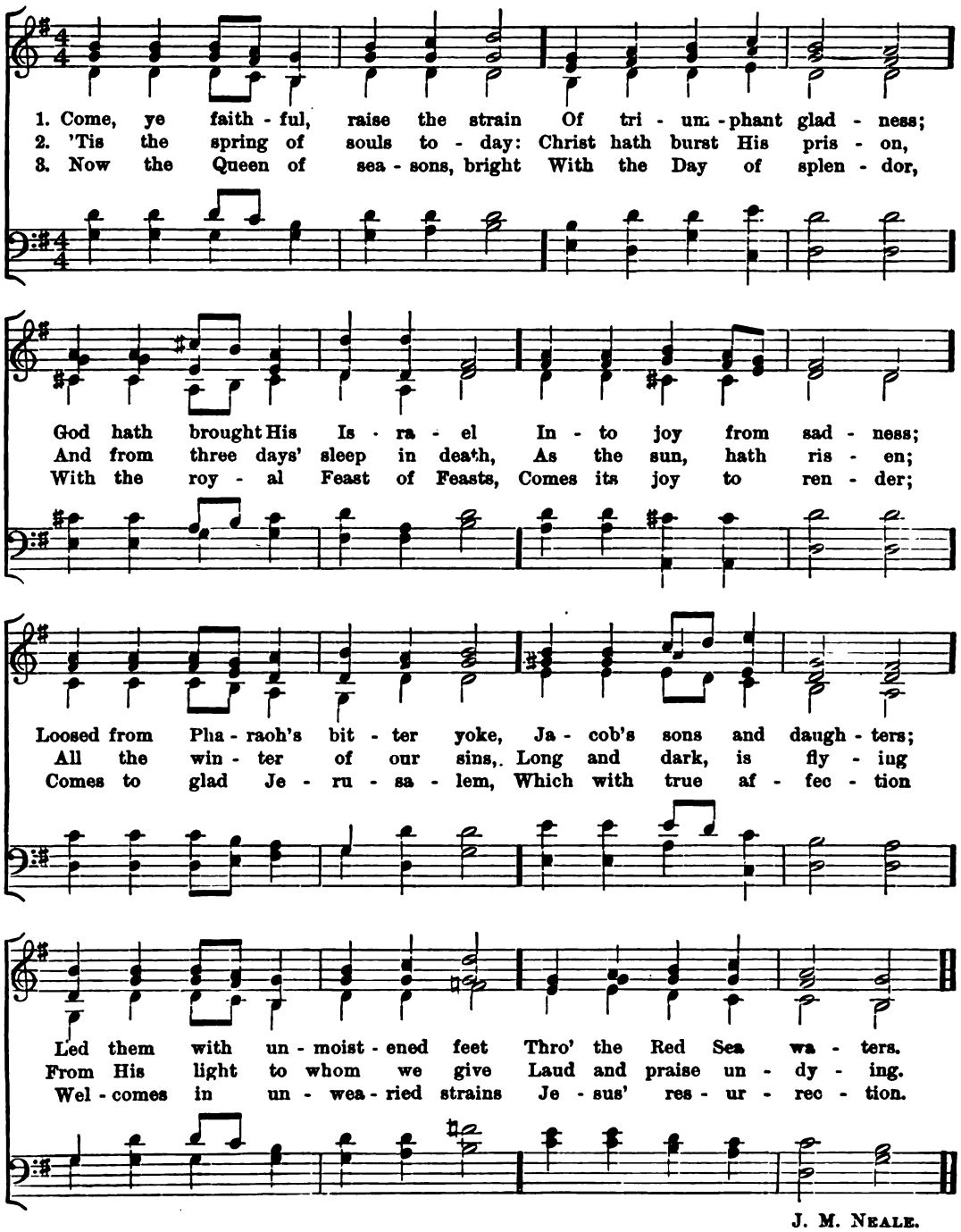
BASS.

ACCOMP. *pp* *f*


lone in Thee, a - lone, a - lone in Thee, we trust, in Thee, O Lord,
a - lone in Thee, a - lone in Thee, we trust, in Thee, O Lord,
in Thee, O Lord, O Lord, we trust a - lone in Thee.
in Thee, O Lord, O Lord, we trust a - lone in Thee.

No. 43. Come, ye Faithful, raise the Strain.

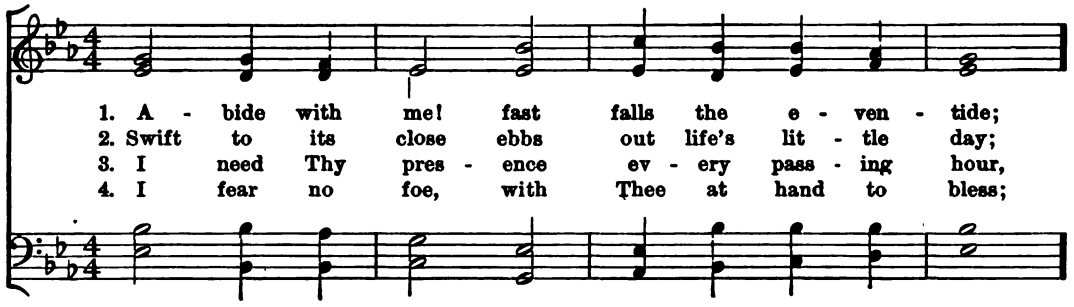
Arthur S. Sullivan.



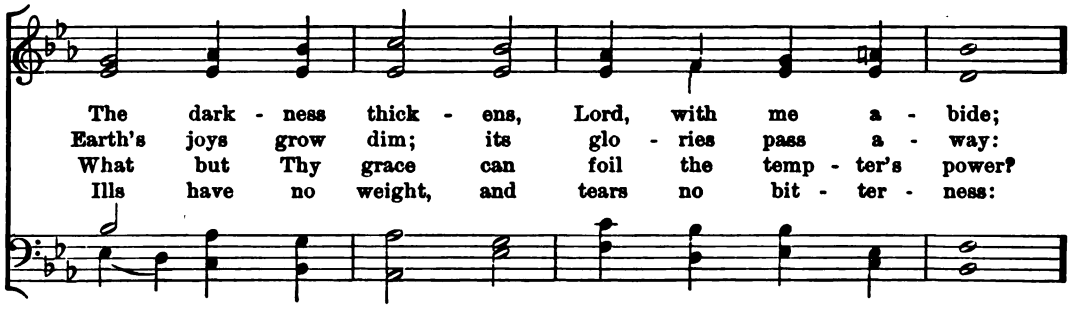
J. M. Neale.

NO. 44. ABIDE WITH ME!

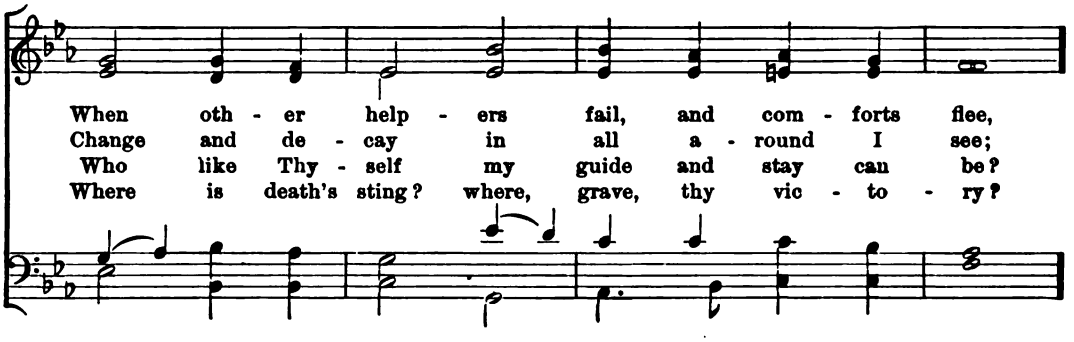
(EVENTIDE.) WILLIAM HENRY MONK.



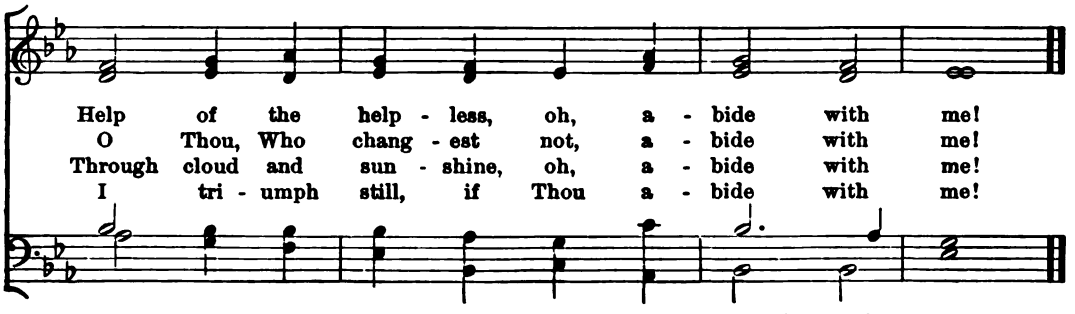
1. A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide;
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - ery pass - ing hour,
4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;



The dark - ness thick - ens, Lord, with me a - bide;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glo - ries pass a - way:
What but Thy grace can foil the temp - ter's power?
Ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness:



When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee,
Change and de - cay in all a - round I see;
Who like Thy - self my guide and stay can be?
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy vic - to - ry?



Help of the help - less, oh, a - bide with me!
O Thou, Who chang - est not, a - bide with me!
Through cloud and sun - shine, oh, a - bide with me!
I tri - umph still, if Thou a - bide with me!

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

No. 45. Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah.

Charles Gounod.

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim
2. O - pen Thou the crys - tal foun - tain Whence the
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my

through this bar - ren land; I am weak, but Thou art migh - ty;
heal - ing wa - ters flow; Let the fi - ery, cloud - y pil - lar
anx - ious fears sub - side: Cleave the flood and stay the wa - ters,

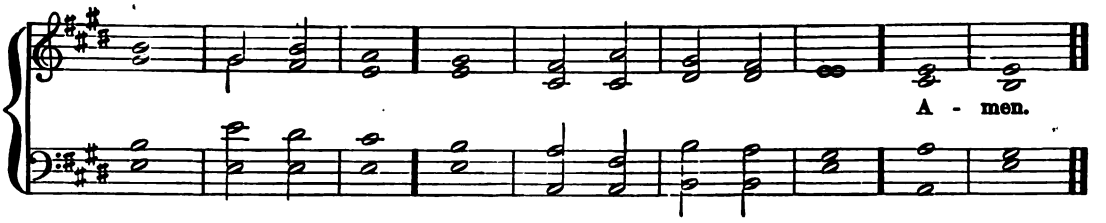
Hold me with Thy power - ful hand. Bread of heav - en!
Lead me all my jour - ney through. Strong De - liv - erer!
Land me safe on Ca - naan's side. Songs of prais - es—

Bread of heav - en! Feed me till I want no more.
Strong De - liv - erer! Be Thou still my strength and shield.
Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee.

William Williams.

No. 46. The Lord is my Shepherd.

Joseph Barnby.



1. The *Lord* | is my | shepherd ‖ *I* | shall — | — not | want.

2. He maketh me to lie *down* in | green — | pastures: ‖ He *lead*eth me be- | side the | still — | waters.

3. *He* re- | storeth my | soul: ‖ He leadeth me in the paths of *right*eousness | for His | name's — | sake.

4. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of *death*, I will | fear no evil; ‖ for thou art with me; thy *rod* and thy | staff, they | comfort | me.

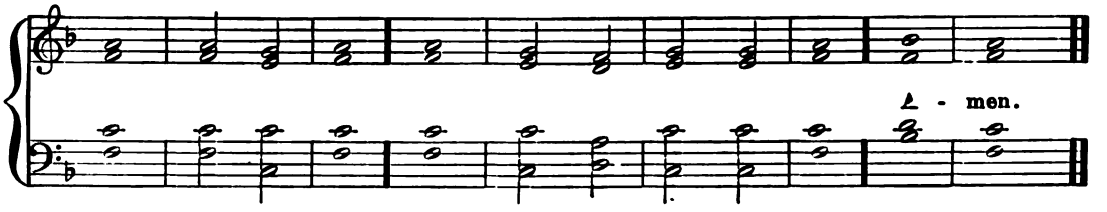
5. Thou preparest a table before me in the *pres*ence | of mine | enemies; ‖ Thou anointest my head with *oil*; my | cup — | runneth | over.

6. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me *all* the | days — of my | life; ‖ And I will dwell in the *house* of the | Lord for - | ev — | er.

Ps. xxiii.

No. 47. I will lift up mine Eyes.

Thomas Tallis.



1. I will lift up mine *eyes* | unto — the | hills, ‖ *from* | whence — | cometh — my | help.

2. My help *come*th | from the | Lord ‖ *which* | made — | heaven — and | earth.

3. He will not suffer thy *foot* | to be | movéd ‖ *He* that | keepeth — thee | will not | slumber.

4. Behold, *He* that | keepeth | Israel ‖ *shall* | neither | slumber nor | sleep.

5. The *Lord* | is thy | keeper; ‖ The Lord is thy *shade* up - | on thy | right — | hand.

6. The sun shall not *smite* | thee by | day, ‖ *nor* the | moon — | by — | night.

7. The Lord shall pre*serve* thee | from all | evil; ‖ *He* | shall pre - | serve thy | soul.

8. The Lord shall preserve thy going *out* and thy | com-ing | in; ‖ from this time *forth*, and | even — for- | ev - er | more.

Ps. cxxi.

The syllables and words in Italics should be accented.

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